

## **I'm not a villain, I swear!**

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# **I'm not a villain, I swear!**

by [CoyoteFang1987](#)

## Summary

Tim wakes up in a world in which Batman doesn't exist. And by consequence, the Robins never became heroes.

Dick is a Talon, Jason is Red Hood (a villain), and Damian is a League of Assassins assassin. And Tim apparently is a hero called Draken, who, frankly, sucks at being a hero.

And in this weird alternate reality, something big is brewing and Batman isn't here to keep the Justice League from tearing itself apart.

Tim is really really done with everything. Dick, Jason, and Damian aren't helping.

Tim really really hates magic as well.

## Notes

From this prompt from my prompt list: Batboys are thrown into an AU in which Dick is a Talon, Red Hood is still a 'villain' and Damian is going take his place as the leader of the league of assassins (aka he's also considered evil). Tim is the only hero of the group. But like, Tim gets his brothers into the -tower, cave, hideout, whatever- and all the other heroes freak out but like Tim's just like, whateves. Dick is a sunshine boy and not particularly bothered by being a Talon while Jason enjoys scaring the heroes by making creepy statements about doing evil stuff. Damian is just Damian.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Tim has already screwed up

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tim had blanked during a mission. It never happened before. It was a simple recon mission, really, so Tim wasn't particularly focused. He didn't have to be particularly focused. He got hurt during a previous mission and had sprained his ankle. So for the past how many days, he was stationed to man the comms and monitors during missions. Super boring.

"Two floors down, Kid Flash," Tim instructed Bart boredly. The young speedster confirmed with a chipper response and was off. Tim heaved a sigh and put his face in his hands. He wanted to help, not sit in the monitor room being a human GPS. But of course, he was the weakest out of the team so obviously, keeping him out of harm's way was the way to go. But come on! His ankle was practically healed by now!

"Draken!" Cassie called out over the comms. Tim hummed in response. Cassie continued, "Where's the Talon?"

It was a recon mission in Gotham, infiltrate the Wayne Enterprise, steal some sensitive data and get out without being caught. However, Tim had spotted a lone Talon on one of the cameras and had alerted the team. The didn't know its motives, but definitely didn't want to engage it, so Tim was also tasked to keep an eye on it. So far, all it has done was jump from building to building in no pattern whatsoever. Despite this, Tim did was Cassie asked for.

Tim leaned over to look at all the motion cameras, "Two streets away, you guys are safe for now." The Talon was perched on a rooftop, unmoving and hidden well in Gotham's natural shadows. Tim was to monitor the Talon and alert the others if the Talon made a move towards them. It was the only part of Tim's current job that was decently interesting. Unfortunately, the Talon only seemed interested in watching the city lights or something.

Suddenly, the creature's posture changed. It's back straightened and it rose. Tim shot upright in his chair immediately and was about to call the others, but something stopped him. The Talon wasn't moving to jump, no, it was stumbling back away from the edge and further into the roof. *Stumbling*. Talons didn't stumble. They were made to be perfect assassins. Then its hands shot up to its head, clutching the sides of the mask as if it was trying to nurse a painful headache. It fell to its knees. Tim didn't know what was happening.

Then the mask came off. Through the grainy video feed of the bug, Tim could see a mop of black hair and pale skin. When it looked up, piercing yellow eyes seemed to stare directly at him. Then Tim realized the Talon was staring not at *Tim*, but at his *bug*. Something shot out from the Talon's hand.

"Shit!" Tim shouted when the feed went dead. He pulled up the feed from another bug that was pointing in the same general area. Nothing. The Talon was gone. Tim then scanned through all the channels, there was no sign of the Talon. He quickly initiated a call with Cassie, Bart, and Kon, "The Talon found my bug and destroyed it, I don't know how or where he is so please keep alert."

Cassie was the first to reply, "Okay, you heard Drake-"

Suddenly, sound cut off for Tim. White filled his vision, everything was loud and bright yet at the same time distant and dull. It felt as if Tim was fainting and being murdered at the same time. Like he was flying and drowning. There were no ups and downs and gravity seemed to be a vague concept. But it wasn't exactly painful, it was just overwhelming to an extensive degree. Then, Tim came crashing to reality, breathing heavily and noticed barely any time had passed as Cassie was still talking.

"Bart's got the info we needed from Wayne, we'll head back now-"

Tim then had a splitting migraine that lasted a total of two seconds. Well, it felt more like a lifetime to Tim, but when he snapped back to reality the timer on the corner of his screen informed him that barely any time has passed. But in those two seconds, Tim had fallen out of his chair and was on the floor clutching his head, not unlike the Talon earlier.

Tim quickly began to rationalize. His priority right now is to make sure the team made it back safe. He could figure out everything else later. He shook himself off and pushed off the floor. He settled into his chair and scanned the control for the computer. He could do this.

He watched the feeds, his hand flying across the keyboard as he hacked into different cameras that weren't part of the bugs Tim had planted.

Apparently, this level of hacking wasn't something Tim was able to do before. Tim quickly shook out his head, he'll have time for that later.

Cassie was running through the building, leading Bart and Kon in a quick retreat. However, Tim could see that there was someone in the direction Cassie was prepared to go.

"Take a left, and go up the stairs," Tim quickly informed the girl.

"But-"

"Trust me!"

They did.

"Okay, two flight up there should be a door. It leads straight to the roof."

Kon's voice came through the comm this time as he opened said door, "How do you know this?"

"I hacked the Wayne building blueprints," Tim answered simply, not giving the question a second thought, "Okay, duck down, surveillance camera to your right."

Tim guided them through the rooftop area in the blindspot until they reached the ledge.

"The jet is on the roof of the building to your right," Tim informed them. Kon picked up Bart and the three flew to the location.

Tim then finally turned away from the screen when they all boarded the jet. Now he could focus on what just fucked up his mind.

Tim was very acutely aware that whoever this 'Draken' was, he wasn't real. Or at least, not as real as Red Robin. Draken's memories were fuzzy at best, and largely reflective of Red Robin's. In addition, Tim could only remember the more important stuff. But Red Robin, Tim's, memory were

very clear to him. Very detailed, and he could fully recall the petty argument he's had with different people over the years. 'Draken' felt implanted and fabricated. Red Robin felt real.

What this was clones felt like? Eh, probably not.

Tim knew he was Red Robin. The third Robin. The one after Red Hood, Jason Todd, and before the fourth one, Damian. He was Timothy Drake-Wayne, an adopted son of Bruce Wayne, Batman. But some fuzzy part of his brain told him that he was 'Draken' a superhero who was basically the baby of the team because of his lack of powers and skills compared to the others. He was being fostered by Clark Kent.

Wait what.

Draken seemed to think Bruce Wayne was some kind of evil manipulator like Lex Luthor. Tim knew Clark. Clark was Bruce's best friend, even though the man would never admit it. Tim began labeling information in his brain, sorting them into imaginary boxes. There was a Draken box, with two sides, the correct one matched with Tim's side and the incorrect and weird side that didn't make enough sense to be real. The incorrect side had a lot more information than the other, which worried Tim a lot.

First, Batman doesn't exist. Second, Bruce Wayne was basically considered the same as Lex Luthor. Third, Red Hood is a league recognized supervillain. Fourth, some of his allies were supervillains, some villains were 'allies'. Fifth, Tim was the baby of his team, not the leader. Sixth, Tim found no sign of Damian in Draken's memories. And on and on. All mostly centered around the Bats. Finally, Dick was a Talon and not Nightwing.

Tim now knew that face he saw on the monitor. It was undeniably his older brother, the first Robin, Dick Grayson. Even if his eyes were a glowing yellow instead of a soft blue, Tim knew his brothers. That was a confused Dick Grayson stumbling around on a roof when his memories came in like Tim. Tim put 'contacting Dick' into a mental to-do list.

Clearly someone had altered reality or something. Maybe they were targeting Batman, trying to erase the cowl from history or something. It appeared it didn't work as intended, as Tim was slowly piecing together this puzzle. Or maybe someone messed up the timeline again, Wally? Barry? Bart? No. Why would Tim or Dick remember then? Parallel dimension? Alternate universe? But Tim never heard of taking the place of the parallel version of yourself in those cases, but Tim'll keep his mind open. After all, magic was real and it could do some weird shit. Tim could feel his initial confusion ebbing away as he rationalized his situation.

Whatever was happening, both Tim and Dick were stuck in some weird world where they don't know each other. And well, if Tim and Dick were here, Tim's betting both Jason and Damian were too. He quickly added 'and Jay and Dami' to his mental list of things to accomplish.

Tim's not exactly sure why he's so sure it's just the four of them. They were doing something together...something important. But Tim couldn't seem to grasp the memory, the more he tried the further it fled. What were they doing together? Why wasn't B there? Why was-

Tim heard the hanger door open.

Tim was Red Robin, but for now, he needed to be Draken. Because so far, Tim was the only Bat in the hero society in this messed-up reality. He's seen no sign of Damian, Jason or Dick in his memories. Well, Talon, Red Hood and Ghul were pretty prominent. And also pretty obvious who

they were. Well, yippee. Tim's brothers are a bunch of villains. Wouldn't that just be a joy to explain when the time comes.

"Ugh, I hate how Red Arrow keeps hounding us about his suspicions about a mole. There's no way there's a mole! Someone needs to tell him to back off!" Beast Boy was heard, seeming to have greeted the returning heroes and struck up a conversation about his earlier meeting with Roy.

Tim swiveled in his chair and jokingly said, "I've been expecting you." In his Batman imitation voice, causing both Bart and Gar to jump because they didn't see Tim.

"Holy shit, Tim!" Bart placed a hand over his racing heart as Tim grinned cheekily. Bart continued, "I didn't know you had that in you!"

"Yeah," Gar agreed, "You can totally pull off that evil villain shtick with that one line!"

Tim smiled at that, imagining the time that Batman had pulled this on the Justice League because they managed to talk him into it. They were all terrified and Tim had their reactions stored on his computer. Well, his computer in the other reality.

"Anyways, down to business, boys," Cassie commanded and pulled out a drive. "This is all the info we got from WI. Tim, if you would."

Tim took the red flash drive plugged it in. Suddenly a virus alert popped up on the computer.

"I'll get Cyborg-" Bart began.

Tim interrupted, "No, I got this." Tim quickly pulled open the drive's code and crypts and within the next thirty seconds cleared out the viruses. The team regarded him in slight awe. Tim was confused for a second because this was normal-Oh, right. Draken can't hack.

Before anyone could say anything, however, Tim went right ahead and opened the drive.

Bart whistled, "Woah, what are these?"

Inside were tons and tons of blueprints, research papers, and general data over one collective topic. Tim recognized the calculations and formulas right away. After all, he helped develop the antidote to it before. Mind control. But this was slightly different. Tim practically ignored his team as he scrolled through the information. His thought of acting like Draken practically flew out the window. If he could help he was going to help, being out of character, goddammit.

Kon frowned at the complicated papers, "We should get Jaime and Cyborg, they might be able to make sense of this. None of us here-"

"Dopamine, endorphin, melanin, acetylcholine, gamma-aminobutyric acid," Tim read out loud. "You guys know what these are? They're chemicals that can affect a person's emotions and moods. Which includes the decision-making portion of one's prefrontal cortex."

Tim pointed then to another part of the screen. "Electric pulse emitting nanobots," Tim stated matter of factly, "A person's brain runs primarily on neuroelectric signals. These emulate that."

Tim then scrolled down a bit to some scanned documents with tiny writing and elaborate designs on it and concluded with, "Magic. I don't know magic. But this all points to mind control."

Albeit slightly different than the mind control Tim was familiar with, it was mind control tech nonetheless. His version didn't include magic, but Tim was sure someone could call up Zatanna, Captain Marvel or Constantine and figure it out. While it was clear they haven't finished building the component to this technology yet, Tim slotted this matter up pretty high on his priority list. But based on the file, this wasn't the only copy they had, this wouldn't deter the enemy at all, if anything, it alerted them that Tim's team was onto them.

The team stared at Tim with unconcealed awe. Tim ignored this and leaned back into his chair with his arms crossed. He couldn't do this now. He had too many other things going through his mind. Tim then pushed away from the computer and stood up.

"You guys can check with whoever, I'm not feeling well," Tim said flatly to fill the silence. "I'm going to be in my room."

Tim quickly spun on his heel and speed-walked out of the room, leaving his team to scramble to figure out the computer and to call Cyborg and Blue Beetle. Thankfully, no one came after Tim, seeming to accept his excuse.

Once in his room on the tower with the doors locked, Tim pulled out his computer and started hacking every channel he could find. Any and all the information he could find on Bruce Wayne, Dick Grayson, Jason Todd, and Damian.

It was a disappointing venture.

Dick disappeared off all the records after he vanished from the juvenile detention center. Everything else before that lined up with Dick's history back home. But Bruce wasn't there the night his parents died. Bruce never even met Dick. Tim concluded that Dick's disappearance was when he was taken in as a Talon in this reality. Tim quickly moved on to his other brother.

Jason was less of a bust than Dick. Jason was in and out of foster homes, child protection services, orphanages and such after his mother passed away. Eventually, he got out of the system when he died at the hands of the Joker. He was off the grid for a good year or so. Then Red Hood popped up. He came first for the Joker and effectively killed him off, then started up as a crime lord. Tim managed to track Jason to his multiple safe houses in Gotham. Satisfied, Tim moved on the Damian.

Tim found nothing on Damian on the world wide web. He had to turn to the League databases for this one. Damian al Ghul, grandson of the leader of the League of Assassins. Son of Bruce Wayne and Talia al Ghul. He's been sent on multiple missions to kill members of the Teen Titans. He had introduced himself as Ghul, and promptly nearly killed Tim. Said person got a laugh out of that. Some things never change.

Finally, Bruce Wayne. There were articles upon articles of Bruce that Tim didn't even bother to open. The general summary of Bruce was that he was a smart businessman, charismatic party goer, and a dangerous adversary. However, this Bruce didn't seem all bad. Tim found several records of massive donations to charities all over Gotham, among other things. So, it did appear this Bruce hasn't stooped all the way to Luthor's level. Some more hacking did pull up evidence of Bruce's involvement with the League of Assassins and Luthor though. Tim heaved a sigh at that and cleared out the evidence of his digging. He closed his computer and sat back to think.

Kon and Clark were going to the fortress of solitude tonight. At least that was Tim's conflicting memories were telling him. Something about Jon being injured. And Lois was going to be there too

apparently. Tim paused at his train of thought.

Wait, why was this important again?

For a second, Tim totally blanked until a small part of his brain reminded him that he lived with the Kents.

Oh! That meant he was home alone for the night.

Well, time for a trip to Gotham.

## Chapter End Notes

Only the first chapter is up for now. I want to put it up to see people's responses.

Please tell me if you're interested and like to see me finish this story!

(I have decided to see this story through and there will now be weekly updates!)



# Dick has an existential crisis

## Chapter Summary

A short interlude chapter before I post the actual second chapter.

Poor Dick. He goes through some stuff.

Mild angst and trigger warning.

## Chapter Notes

I know the prompt made it light-hearted but I'm here to write angst so I'm going to do it.

Sorry if anyone is OOC.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

So many things were coming through his brain. A family, friends, a life. He fell to the floor, clutching his head. Pain, he was no stranger to pain, but this was different. This...this was new.

Dick blinked. He looked around and noticed the familiar Gotham skyline. Except something was off. It was bright. Brighter than usual. Gotham definitely wasn't supposed to be this bright during dusk. Who installed the floodlights or something? His eyes trained onto something in the dark corner of a building next to him.

A hidden camera. Dick's eyes narrowed and on reflex, lobbed a knife at it. He watched it break. He needed to move. Dick swiftly leaped onto the building next to him, and to the next, until he found himself on the roof of where the Bat-Signal usually sat. It wasn't there.

Dick felt a headache developing behind his eyes and he laid down on the empty roof to nurse it. What was happening?

Who was he? Where was he? Why was he here? Why is something in the back of his mind practically freaking out for not following his 'master's' orders?

Dick had suddenly found himself sorting through two versions of his parent's deaths. One more fuzzy than the other. One with Bruce, and one without.

Bruce? Bruce Wayne?

Duh, the man who adopted Dick.

No. The Court was the one that saved him-

*Oh shit.*

Dick raised his hand up. Under the rare moonlight (in Gotham) and what he now figured out was night vision, Dick could see pale skin with sickly black veins barely visible beneath it.

What the *fuck* was happening?

Why was he a Talon?

A blurry faded set of memories told him that the Court took him out of juvie. Gave him a purpose. Made him a Talon. How he was indebted to the Court.

Dick growled and punched the ground. Hard. His wrist snapped. Dick let out a small cry of pain, nursing his injured hand. Then he felt it pop again. Dick pulled it out in front of him and watched in wonder and mute horror as his wrist repaired itself. It made this nightmare all the more real.

He was a Talon.

Oh god, he had killed. Dick had murdered people with no remorse. He had taken lives without thinking twice.

Then the rooftop door slammed open. A familiar face stormed out.

“Who’s there?” Commissioner Gordon waved a gun in Dick’s general direction. There was no recognition in his eyes. Dick fled like a spooked cat.

He was racing across rooftops, taking comfort in the familiarity of the feeling. His mind was a mess right now and Dick really needed to just find someplace to rest. Maybe he could find Bruce. Jason, Tim, Barbara, Steph, Cass, Damian, *anyone*.

He found himself at an entrance to the Batcave. Scratch that. He found himself at what used to be an entrance to the Batcave, it was just a regular sewer opening now. Dick hopped out and peered at the Wayne Manor in the distance. None of the rooms upstairs were lit up. Tim usually had a light on, Cass had a nightlight and Damian usually had his window curtains drawn. Tim’s room’s lights were off. Cass’s was dark. Damian’s curtains were down. Heck, they weren’t even Damian’s green curtains, they were *red*. His eyes flicked over to peer at eh Drake manor in the distance, a small glimmer of hope popping up. It died when Dick saw that the estate hadn’t even been *rebuilt* after the earthquake.

Dick suddenly felt alone.

The Batcave wasn’t a thing. Gordon didn’t know him, Babs probably won’t either, if she even exists. Tim, Cass, and Dami weren’t at the manor. And if they weren’t there then Jason and Steph probably won’t be either, heck they might not even be in Gotham. Dick was utterly alone.

He felt the urge to cry randomly bubble up within him.

Dick wiped angry tears from his eyes, feeling completely childish, but they wouldn’t stop. He felt *wronged*. He was a goddamn murderer, but not in his mind, in a world where none of his family exists. Well, where none of them knew him. Knew Dick Grayson, Nightwing. They just knew Talon, the Court of Owl assassin. Just another zombie among the others.

Dick, in a fit of rage, tore a piece of the Talon uniform he was wearing off. He looked at the gold and black cloth in his pale hands. Wrong, everything was wrong. It should be blue and black. It should be simpler, less bulky. His hand should be a summery tan. He should be a hero. He should he should he should. But he wasn't. Dick shredded the cloth.

He caught his reflection in the water next to him.

His face stared back, yellow eyes and black vines crawling up his neck. The face in the water had tear-stained cheeks and had the same broken expression Dick knew he was wearing. Otherwise, he would have refused the monster in the reflection was him. Dick wanted to punch the water too. He didn't. Instead, he fell back onto the floor, body shaking with sobs. Through his tears, Dick pulled out one of those Talon knives and stabbed his hand. Blood oozed from the open wound.

The pain was completely ignored as Dick watched in morbid fascination as the wound stitched itself back together. Another reminder of just what he was. He threw the bloody knife to the side and curled in on himself even more.

Dick felt a hysterical laugh bubble up his throat. "Batman doesn't exist," He said aloud to absolutely no one, choking up the words. He repeated himself, a bit more hysterical, "Batman doesn't exist!"

His voice cracked from disuse, sound strange to his own ear. He was vaguely aware of shifting his positions so he could tug at his hair. He was also slightly aware of the crazed laughter that was escaping from his lips. But his head felt like it was filled with cotton and his ears buzzed with white noise.

Because Bruce never became Batman, he never took in Dick. Jason, Tim, and Damian never met. Maybe Damian doesn't even exist. The Justice League, by proxy, probably doesn't exist either. So what happened to Batman's villains? What of Atlantis? And Themiscera? What...about...Wally? Dick's rationality completely crumbled.

He cried freely, tears falling onto the ground under him. Eventually, Dick ran out of tears to cry. So he just sat there, staring blanking ahead. He had no motivation. He had no goal. He had nothing to do. Nothing to protect.

Dick felt more alone than ever in his life.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry, this is short, but I wanted to put this up because I was too excited about it.

(I have this labeled as chapter 1.5 in my draft because I'm not counting it as a real chapter, lol)

So, hi, I feed off of comments. Relinquish your comments to me!

They motivate me. So, please tell me what you think!

# Establishing connections

## Chapter Summary

Back to Tim!

He goes to talk to Dick. :)

## Chapter Notes

I love these kids. They're fun.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Draken scaled the closest building after popping out the zeta tube. Tim frowned in distaste at the design of the Draken uniform, he wanted his Red Robin one back.

Gotham was nice, familiar. Tim let himself enjoy the view for a few minutes. Everything seemed to be like his Gotham, but something about it just seemed off. Tim couldn't exactly place it, but it was like that nagging feeling in the back of your head when you know something was missing but you couldn't say what it was.

It was probably the lack of homeliness. Tim didn't have a home in Gotham in this reality, so Gotham wasn't home. This Gotham didn't have the collection of vigilantes Tim's did and that was what made it so off. It was how deserted the roof felt, the knowing feeling that he wouldn't see a Bat swing over a building somewhere off in the distance. That was what made this Gotham feel so wrong.

Tim shook himself from that train of thought. He was going to fix this. But first he had to contact his brothers.

Tim crouched on the corner of the building, trying to decide what the best course of action was.

Jason would be the easiest to find but he was also in the safest situation out of the three of Tim's brothers. Damian would be impossible to locate unless Tim planned on raiding the League of Assassins anytime soon. Honestly, his best chance to get Damian was letting the boy approach Tim. Dick would hopefully be somewhere in Gotham, not with the Court of Owls, having an emotional breakdown.

With that thought, Tim finalized his resolve to hunt down his eldest brother. There were a few places Dick might be, Tim was going to check on them one by one.

Dick wasn't in the general area of his old Gotham apartment. He wasn't near the police department, or Barbara's home.

Tim had some high hope for the next location: the barren field where Haly's Circus once was nine years ago. Dick wasn't there.

The graveyard was also a bust. But Tim did linger around to visit the tombstones of Martha and Thomas Wayne, Janet and Jake Drake, Mary and John Grayson and finally Jason Todd. He put some wild daisies he found on the graves (a foxtrot on Jason's) then continued on his search.

Tim finally spotted his target under a bridge on the outskirts of Gotham, between the city and Wayne Manor. Of course Dick was in his hiding spot for when he ran away from the manor in his younger days.

Tim was a good few feet away but he could see the tattered brown cloth of the Talon uniform hanging off Dick's frame. Dick himself was curled up with his knees pulled to his chest, his eyes trained dead ahead, face emotionless. There was a discarded bloody knife at his side and Tim hoped it wasn't for anything too dangerous.

Tim made sure to shuffle and make plenty of sounds as he approached. Dick's head whipped around to look at Tim and immediately got into a fighting stance, brandishing the knife at Tim.

"Draken..." Dick whispered, sounding unsure.

Tim held his hands up in the universal surrender pose, then slowly, as to not startle Dick, said, "Not really, guess again."

Dick lowered the knife slowly, blinking his yellow eyes at Tim. Tim took this sign to drop his arms and he pulled back the Draken cowl.

"Tim," Dick said his name slowly, warily. He shifted a little as if trying to choose if he should fight or flee.

Tim nodded, "Red Robin, actually, Nightwing."

Dick paused at that. Something passed through his eyes, then he launched himself at Tim. Tim barely had time to figure out the action wasn't malicious before his brother was barreling into him.

"Oh my god! Tim! Baby bird! I have no idea what's happening but I am so glad to see you!"

Tim wheezed in the bear hug Dick was giving him. "Dick, I need to breeeeathe."

"Oh, sorry," Dick backed off but kept Tim within arm's reach. "Just, I wake up with this set of memories of being a Talon, right? Sorta feels like a dream kind of memory. And I catch my reflection and I was like 'Holy shit! I have yellow eyes!' and this part of me was like 'follow the mission' and I was like 'nope!' And I've been sorta trying the process and figure out what the heck is happening here. I may have cut myself a few times to see if I'm really an unkillable zombie assassin. I am. I mean, look at this! I'm paler than you! And you barely leave the house!"

Tim let Dick rant for a little while before grabbing his brother in for a hug again.

"Oh!" Dick let out a quiet pleasantly surprised gasp. "You're not one to initiate hugs, Timmy. Uh, care to enlighten me?"

"Okay, so I have a theory, but this might take a while so let's sit," Tim pointed his chin at Dick's earlier spot.

Dick sat down and shifted over a little so Tim could sit as well.

“Okay, spill.”

Tim took a deep breath, “Okay. Um, give me a second. I haven’t actually thought about putting it in words, uh...so here’s what I have so far...”

Tim explained his ideas to Dick. About being in an altered reality in which Batman was erased and consequently affected the four boys. About his worries over the mind control his team got from WE and the status of Jason and Damian. About what they should do and the possible motives of the offended and how they may have accomplished this feat.

“So you think it’s similar to the mind control shi-ding of evil Bruce? Magic and tech, but on a way grander scale?” Dick asked.

“Yeah, magic was what altered the reality and our memories, the tech just boosted it or something. I’m not good with magic, so when we get everything sorted out, I’m going straight to Zatanna or Constantine. Maybe even Captain Marvel.”

Dick nodded. “Sounds like a plan.”

“For now however,” Tim reached into a pocket in his suit and made a frustrated huff when he didn’t immediately get what he was looking for. This suit needed a total redesign, it was so impractical compared to his Red Robin uniform. Dick watched as Tim struggled in mild amusement. Finally the younger found the objects he was looking for and pulled it out. He held one of the black objects out for Dick to take. “These are long-distance communicators. I’m going to try to deliver one to Jason and Damian as well. We need to keep in touch but we can’t be seen together. Keep me posted and try to collect information.”

Dick grabbed the small tech and inspected it, “You made these?”

“Yup,” Tim nodded and waited for Dick to say something along the line of ‘these are awesome Timmy!’ but it never came. Tim frowned and looked over at his brother, only to see Dick staring blanking at the water below them.

“Uh, Dick?” Tim prodded the older male. Dick snapped to attention.

“Huh?”

“What’s wrong?”

Dick was silent for a second, then quietly, Tim almost didn’t catch it, whispered, “I killed here.”

“Dick...”

“No, I get it, it’s not real. But some part of me right now still thinks I should be finishing a mission, silencing a person and I scares me, Tim.”

Tim shifted a little so he was flush against Dick, knowing the elder would probably appreciate the physical comfort. He was proven right when Dick leaned onto him.

“It’s not the killing part, not really. I mean if I’m upset at that then Dami and Jay wouldn’t be our brothers, but it’s the fact that I’m a Talon. I’m constantly reminded of that fact. Like, it’s

completely dark out here and I can see perfectly fine and I can't die and I'm made to kill and that just bothers me so so much." Dick didn't really sound hysterical or anything of the sort. He just sounded...sad or confused or something. He sounded like he didn't know what to feel. Tim understood. Heck, Tim was probably in the situation most similar to their regular life and he was confused as fuck. Not to mention Dick was a creature that basically ran on emotions and gut instinct while Tim ran on facts and information. It took Tim a while to rationalize, it's probably going to take Dick longer.

"Dick, no matter what, if this is real or fake, you didn't do it willingly. You, Dick Grayson, didn't choose to kill whoever has been killed. Just," Tim paused, unsure of what to say next, finally, he finished, "We'll figure out together, alright? All four of us."

Tim watched Dick's face morph into something more determined, "So, you got something for me?"

Tim grinned, glad Dick's putting off his identity crisis for a later date, "I don't know, you think you're up for it?"

"Lay it on me," Dick challenged, putting the communicator somewhere safe.

"Okay so my current plan is mainly to get a comm to the other two. I'm going to see if I can hunt down Hood tonight. I'm hoping if you can get in contact with Damian," Tim told Dick while pulling up a map on his holo-computer.

Dick nodded, "Dami's with the League of Assassins, right? You plan on being an inside man in the hero side of things?"

"Yeah, it's our most secure source of tech and resources while we try to figure out what's happening."

"I'll see if I can find out anything, especially about the League."

"Either way, I have two extra comms, so we all have an extra to give Robin, whichever one of us runs into him first."

"Smart."

"Someone has to be out of the four of us."

Dick laughed. He reached over to ruffle Tim's hair and his body language basically said, 'go find Jay'. Tim nodded into the hair-ruffle, got up and patted himself off.

"Well, nice seeing you, keep in touch," Tim looked pointedly at the not-Talon as he departed.

Dick waved him off with a promise to update Tim whenever he found something worthwhile. He also tacked on "Don't get caught helping the other side!"

Tim threw a middle finger over his shoulder.

---

It wasn't hard to locate Jason, Tim just checked Jason's hideouts one by one until he finally found one in use. He knocked on the door to the rundown apartment complex and waited patiently. He hoped it was Jason using it.

The door opened to Jason's aggressive expression, which quickly turned into bafflement, then to confusion and finally back to his resting bitch face. Then Tim found the door slammed in his face. Tim blinked. Huh, can't say he didn't expect that, nor did he expect that either.

Tim decided to just wait patiently outside Jason's door as the older teen processed. Tim hoped that Jason just needed a few moments to process and didn't just slam the door on Tim and leave. However, Tim really wouldn't put it past Jason to do that.

In contrast to where Tim's train of thought was going, the door swung open again and Tim was greeted with a resigned looking Jason, who opened his mouth and said, "So I'm guessing this isn't some fucked up dream I could just wait out?"

"I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news," Tim joked, "But no."

"Drats," Jason accompanied the word with that cliché snap of his fingers then invited Tim inside.

Once inside, Tim noticed that the apartment was furnished and seemed lived in. Oh, this wasn't a safe house, this was Jason's actual living quarters.

"Want anything, Baby Bird?" Jason called over his shoulders as he made his way into the kitchen area. "I've got tea."

"You're influenced too heavily by Alfred!" Tim called back. "But I would like coffee if you have any! I'm having withdrawals!"

Jason's head popped up from where he was rummaging through his cabinets, with a raised eyebrow. "Now that's a fucking lie and you know it."

Tim shrugged innocently, "Can't blame a guy for trying."

A few minutes later, the two brothers sat down, Tim with his requested cup of coffee and Jason with his cup of Earl Gray.

"So, give me the run down," Jason said after taking a sip. Tim held up a finger for him to wait as the younger inhaled the heavenly scent of caffeine. Tim took a sip and let out a loud sigh of content. Jason waited in amusement.

"You done now, Timbo?"

"Nope," Tim chirped and took an overdramatic sniff of his coffee. "Okay, now I'm done."

They both sobered quickly as Tim gave Jason the spiel. He repeated everything he said to Dick and discussed his earlier interaction with Dick and their plans about Damian.

Jason was significantly in a much better mental state compared to Dick. Seeing how his life was also one that wasn't altered that much, it made sense.

"So is this like an alternate universe? Did we replace our alternate self?"

Tim shook his head, "No, I don't think so. I think it's like a Flashpoint situation."

"Flashpoint?"



“Oh yeah, you weren’t there. Bart explained it to me. Wally to Dick and Barry to Bruce. One sec, I’ll explain it to you.”

Jason took the news with comparable grace and even fired a few theories of his own, which they discussed. One of which Tim marked down for consideration.

“What if,” Jason had started slowly, “It’s not B that was the target, but the entire League.”

Tim frowned, “What do you mean?”

“Like, they want to take out the entire League and decide to go for the leader first. Clearly they didn’t know B’s identity, seeing as Bruce Wayne still exists, or they aren’t able to erase a person’s existence, only history. Either way, without Batman, the JL loses their moral compass and major benefactor. Boom.”

Tim had stared at Jason in mild shock, wondering why he didn’t think of that himself. Well, his head has been focused on other things but that was an obvious possibility. Tim pulled out his computer and quickly scribbled everything Jason said down. “Well that just adds a lot more suspects to the list.”

Jason shrugged, “Trained by B-man, gotta consider everything.”

Afterward, Tim produced the communicators much more smoothly this time and handed two to Jason.

"Wanna give it a go and call Dick?"

Jason seemed to mull over the thought. "Sure."

"HI? Tim?" Dick's voice came through clearly through the small device.

"Nope, wrong brother, Golden Boy."

"Jason! Jaybird! Little Wing! How are ya?"

Both Tim and Jason chuckled at Dick's enthusiasm. Jason answered, "I've been better but not too bad. We're testing the comms right now." Tim added a 'hi'.

"Ah. Make sense. Also, Jason, you’ve been a bad influence on Timmy here. Did you know he flipped me the bird when he left earlier?"

Jason practically choked on laughter as Timothy blushed.

“Did you now, Timbo?” Jason asked him once he gained his breath back.

Tim tried to defend himself, “Well, Dick was being an ass!”

“No, I wasn’t!” Came the indignant reply. Jason chuckled again and they lapsed into a short silence as they all took in the happy atmosphere.

"Since you and I are both in Gotham we should meet up sometime," Jason ventured, breaking the spell.

Dick's reply had to hesitation. "Sure, but we should hold this off for later because if Tim doesn't head back soon someone's going to notice he was missing the entire night."

Tim's eyes widened, "Shit! What time is it?"

Jason replied while fluffing Tim's hair, "4:30."

Tim stared at Jason then cursed again before rushing for the window.

"Gotta go, talk later, don't get killed!" Tim yelled a farewell and practically leaped from Jason's fire escape. He hit the ground running and made a straight sprint back for the zeta tube.

The Kent's were going to be back some time from 5 to 6. Tim wasn't risking it. There's still a lot of benefits from not arousing the Justice League's suspicions. Especially not with Roy's ongoing spy investigation going on.

Tim made it into his room in the Kent apartment swiftly and silently. He stripped himself of his suit and changed into pajamas. Then, deciding, for once in his life, to get some sleep, Tim flopped onto his bed and closed his eyes.

## Chapter End Notes

Oooh, tell me if you guys want a Jason chapter like the one I did for Dick.

Also, see? Told ya I wouldn't let Dick suffer for too long! :D

Also, this book is going to consist of a lot of batboys fluff and healthy relationships because I am completely incapable of writing deep family drama between these guys. Just a lot of teasing and hugs.

# Maybe if Jason wished really hard...

## Chapter Summary

Jason's POV

also super short, this doesn't count as an update

## Chapter Notes

Ahhhh Jay. The one that's 100% done with the universe's shit.

Tbh, this should have more swear words. but I filtered it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jason had woken up in his bed and got about doing his normal things before he realized something was horribly wrong. Firstly his back hurt from an injury he didn't get. Well, he did get it. But he didn't? Does that even make sense? He sort of felt like he was waking up from the pit all over again. His head swam with contradicting memories and emotions and that sense of detachment he was when he woke from that green pit was present. Jason tried to shake himself out of whatever funk this was.

And ow. Getting slashed in the back by a knife wasn't fun. Jason leaned over his counter and just stood there. But when did Jason get slashed by a knife?

Maybe this was just some fucked up dream. Or illusion or something. Jason pulled out his phone to see if there was anyone he could reach out to only to find a list of familiar yet unfamiliar contacts. Jason stared blankly at his phone.

Whatever. He memorized the other birds' numbers anyways. He dialed Dick. Nothing, the automated voice just told him the number didn't exist. Okay then...

Jason then tried Tim. Someone picked up on the third ring.

"Hello?" That wasn't Tim's voice.

Jason frowned, "Who are you and why do you have Tim's number?"

"Tim? Dude, this is Derrick, this has been my phone for years now. I think you have the wrong number."

"Oh," Jason paused to check the number he dialed. It was correct. "Well, sorry."

He hung up.

Maybe...with a large scowl, Jason dialed the Manor.

“This is Wayne Manor, Alfred speaking.”

“Alf, thank god, when did all the other birds change their numbers and not tell me?”

“I’m sorry sir, but who might this be?”

Jason froze, “Um, me. It’s Jason, Alfred.”

“Hello, Mister Jason, I’m afraid you might be mistaken, I do not recall having met.”

“I-uh. Shit.” Jason floundered for an answer. “Sorry. I’ll just...”

“It is quite alright. Apologies I could not be of more help,” Alfred said politely and hung up.

Jason was then left to his own devices in his kitchen. What the fuck? To keep his hands occupied Jason started making himself dinner. He went through the motions for making pasta robotically. His mind not engaged in the activity.

So he started sorting through the ‘new’ memories that were implanted into his brain.

So he was still Red Hood, that was good. Batman didn’t exist, that wasn’t good? Jason killed the Joker? Well, that’s new. Not exactly unwelcomed, but strange. Except he couldn’t remember how he killed him, just the fact that he did so maybe... Jason moved on. Okay, Robins didn’t exist. That’s...not good. Nightwing and Red Robin weren’t a thing so. Well shit.

Wait, not...there’s the hero. Draken. A small little guy that needed to be protected by his friend whenever they went on missions. But that was Tim, right? Jason let out a confused growl. Why was he even fighting the heroes in the first place? He dug deeper and- Oh hell no! He was not working for or with the League of Assassins, nope! No way! This Red Hood did some things that Jason would personally never do.

Okay, nope. He’s done with this. He’s going back to bed and hoping when he wakes up everything would be back to normal.

Jason quickly ate his food and clean the plates. He proceeded to stumble into his room and fall over on the covers, happily burrowing into the sheet. He’ll just take a nap and everything will be okay.

Loud banging woke him up. Jason looked to the clock and grabbed a gun. Who in the fuck is trying to bother him at two in the morning? Okay, we usually wouldn’t be asleep at this time but screw whoever just interrupted his beauty slumber.

Jason rolled out of his bed with his gun and stalked his way to the door. Without checking he yanked the door open, ready to yell at whoever was on the other side but then froze at the face blink up at him. A flurry of emotions flew through Jason and he promptly closed the door out of panic.

Oops. He just slammed the door in Tim’s face. He hoped the guy didn’t take that too personally.

Jason took a few moments to compose himself and get his emotions under control. He can have an emotional panic attack later. Jason then swung his door open again. Tim snapped to attention and stared up at Jason with a small smile that screamed his Tim and not Draken that Jason stepped aside

to let him in. He looked a little flustered and overwhelmed that set off some alarm bells deep in Jason's brain

“So I'm guessing this isn't some fucked up dream I could just wait out?”

## Chapter End Notes

Hmmmm, how well did I do on Jay's part?

(Also is the story progressing too fast? I don't feel like I'm establishing stuff well enough...ehhhhh.)

# Tim screws up a bit more

## Chapter Summary

Tim is failing at keeping it down low. He also has somewhat of a plan now?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tim never slept past six, it wasn't any different in an alternate reality.

Well, maybe it was different because Draken has been known to sleep in. Huh.

Oh well, Tim's brain was wired to get up bright and early, down six cups of coffee, and get to work as one of the youngest CEOs ever. So the morning found Tim wide awake, dressed and cleaned, researching on his computer. Well, trying to research.

Tim was planning on logging down every discrepancy in this reality so he could analyze the data later to try and pinpoint the motives and...AH! Screw it! Tim chucked his mouse at his bed in frustration when the computer crashed on him for the fifth time in the last twenty minutes. He needed a better computer.

Tim then decided to make use of his time reorganizing his entire room. Going through the closet was actually pretty fun. He didn't have any of Dick's or Jason's hand me downs, instead, he found a few of Kon's Superman shirts, a few more other superhero shirts, and some nerdy graphic tees. He was pretty proud of his wardrobe choices. (He might give Billy's brother, Freddy, a run for his money over the obscene amount of superhero shirts Tim owned.) Tim was also quite pleased to find an array of oversized sweatshirts and sweaters for himself to hide into.

Tim also found some martial arts weapons under his bed, which was a pleasant surprise. He pulled out a bo staff and twirled it experimentally. The weight was off, but the familiarity of the weapon made Tim smile.

On his table sat a prescription of penicillin. Guess Tim still didn't have a spleen. He checked the label and took his daily amount.

Eventually, after turning his room inside out, Tim cleaned himself up and exited his room when his alarm went off.

He saw that Clark, Kon, and Jon all staring at him varying degrees of confusion and amusement.

"I had no idea what you were doing but you made a ruckus up there," Kon said, patting Tim on the head. What's with people and Tim's hair lately?

Tim shrugged off Kon and patted his hair down. He replied with, "Only to your super hearing, did Lois think I was being noisy?"

Lois gave a negative from the kitchen, Tim looked at the kryptonians smugly.

Tim turned to greet Jon, “Hey kid, how're the injuries?”

Jon pulled up his shirt to show off his bare back, void of any bruising or injury. Apparently, according to Draken’s memories. Jon got injured in a Superman scuffle in which the opponent had pulled out some kryptonite, courtesy of Luthor, on the boy. Jon had then been sent flying into the side of a building by a crane, breaking a few ribs and bruising his back extensively. The Kents had thought it best to take the kid to the fortress for medical attention as they didn’t know how exactly the kryptonite may affect the hybrid.

Tim grinned at Jon, “Nice, you’re good as new.”

“Yup!” The boy beamed. A literal walking sunbeam, that boy.

“Hey Kon,” Tim called over to the clone over the breakfast table, “You’re hanging out with Wally and Roy today, right?”

“Uh, yeah, why?”

“I’m going to tag along to the tower,” Tim answered easily. Conner was going to meet up with the old Young Justice team, but since Kaldur was currently in Atlantis and Dick never been part of the team, it just simmered down to Conner, Wally, and Roy.

Lois was an amazing human being, being able to feed three kryptonians and two humans. Tim adored the woman, no matter what reality. But seeing up close and personal the stacks of pancakes she brought out just made Tim’s respect for her skyrocket.

The Kents ate happily, keeping up a light stream of chattering all throughout the meal. Tim stayed quiet, although it seemed it wasn't out of the ordinary.

Tim looked at Jon and thought of Damian. Wonder how that brat’s holding up...

---

Kon dropped Tim off and rounded up Wally and Roy and left to do whatever they were going to do. Tim found the tower suspiciously empty, he flitted from room to room, looking for his team.

No one was there. Tim frowned and opened the main computer. Oh. Tim didn’t know if he should feel angry, offended, or something else. They were on a mission. Without telling him. At all.

The mission status flicked on the screen and Tim opened up the files. He scanned through them quickly. A protection mission for a delivery of sensitive chemicals? That smelled fishy.

Why does the team need to worry about chemicals? And who shipped ‘sensitive’ chemicals on such a rural route? Tim leaned back into the chair, crossed his arms and declared that it was a set-up. Oh well, too late to help now, they should already be on their way back.

Tim opted to spend his time waiting being productive and continued his earlier research.

Ten minutes later, he found something quite interesting. Arthur Fleck, a man alive and well, a small local Gotham comedian. Tim was sure from the profile picture, however, that this was the Joker. On the other hand, history clearly declared that Red Hood had murdered the Joker, and yet Arthur

Fleck was quite alive and, apparently, not crazy. Tim marked down the discrepancy. Clearly, whatever caused the change, in reality, couldn't kill people, he was worried about that earlier.

Tim didn't know what would happen if someone died in the altered reality...would they come back when everything gets fixed, like Flashpoint? Or would they stay dead when the illusion faded away? Maybe they'll get their memories back instead or something weird. Tim never knew when it came to magic and he heavily disliked the medium for its unpredictability. And honestly, everything in this situation pointed at magic. Tim was not having any of it. Tim can't say he hated magic in general, but right now, he absolutely loathed it.

Just as Tim was about to chuck his coffee cup across the room in frustration (again) the hangers opened. Tim perked up and turned to greet his team, but froze before a word left his lips.

The team walked in, completely banged up, with Blue Beetle supporting Bart, who seemed to be on the brink of passing out. Cassie was holding a bleeding arm, and Cyborg was carrying Beast Boy, who was definitely high on painkillers.

Tim felt a little bad about feeling smug for being right that the mission was a set-up and how miserably they failed without Tim. He rushed up to help Jaime with Bart.

"What happened?" He asked as he took Bart's other arm.

Victor grunted, "Entire thing was a trap" No shit. "We got ambushed by Ghul."

Tim's eyebrows shot up. Damian?

"League of Assassins?"

"Don't know if it's personal or League, but that demon brat came out of nowhere and picked us off one by one," Cassie practically spat, her voice filled with disgust and hate. Tim almost flinched.

Jaime sounded equally as peeved, "He's practically toying with us, leaving when we're sufficiently injured to his taste. He seemed more irritated than usual...and chatty."

"He defeated all of you? One on five?" Tim asked incredulously. *'Wow, Dami. I'm impressed.'*

"With completely underhanded tactics. Split us up and came down slashing with a sword."

*'Correction,'* Tim thought, *'Katana.'*

Tim accompanied them on their walk to the med bay. "Did he fight differently from usual?"

"Now that you mention it," Cassie frowned, "Yes, he did. How did you know, Tim?"

"Just a hunch," The teen replied. His coffee-less brain suddenly wanted to go with the tactless and direct route. "Less...murder tactics and more...mixed martial arts?"

"Yeeeee?" Cassie confirmed slowly and narrowed her eyes. Tim suppressed his grin and tried to look solemn, knowing how out of character and suspicious he was currently acting. He really needed to stop.



“I had a theory is all. You just confirmed it,” Was all he said and helped at up the medical equipment in silence. He left them after, time for Draken to bring the fight to Ghul.

---

Tim was quick to put his plan into action. Over the next few days, while his team healed, he racked up his team’s frustrations against Ghul by casually pointing out the assassin’s skills and advantages.

“Ghul’s always the one with the element of surprise isn’t he?” Tim brought up nonchalantly. He was sitting on Bart’s bedside, eating a banana while the others were in their respective cots. Bart was almost healed up from his broken leg, and Cassie was mostly healed and just being monitored. Beast Boy was still recovering from a concussion but mostly good now.

“Ugh, yeah, it’s so frustrating!” Jaime agreed, “Wish we had that on our side for once when we fight him.”

Tim hummed, “Why not set a trap for him then?”

“You know what, Tim?” Cassie piped up from her cot, “We just might.”

“Oh, I was joking but...Well, if all things go south, I had nothing to do with it!” Tim pretended to panic, ending it off with a fake nervous chuckle. Take that, Jason! Who said I couldn’t act?

He felt a little evil on the inside, like a villain. Maybe a little bad as well, for manipulating his team like that. Oh well, his brothers were villains anyway, what’s one more? Tim could be that one criminal mastermind character that shows up at the end of the game, he did pull the cliché chair turn move earlier.

Cassie laughed as well, “Don’t worry, no one will blame you. You’re too innocent for this kind of stuff.”

“We’re not supposed to go after villains by ourselves?” Jaime poses the restriction like a question.

“He’s not on the JL’s watch list, he’s too much of a small fry for them,” Bart said with a sarcastic edge at the end. “If we want to do something about him, we gotta do it ourselves!”

Tim smirked and said nothing.

“We need to stop playing by his rules. Stop waiting for him to try and murder us,” Cassie added, determined. “We’ll bring the fight to him!”

“I did not start this!” Tim blurts again for good measure. The others look at him and laugh good-naturedly.

Tim then pretended he needed to leave, bid farewell, and exited the room. During these few days, Jason and Dick were slowly taking over the Gotham underworld. It wasn’t as eye-opening on their situation as the three hoped but it was definitely something to occupy their time and paint an illusion of productivity.

Tim pulled out the comm to leave a message for his brothers. “Operation Robin is a go.”

Jason, who apparently was checking his comm every minute or something, replied almost immediately, “Great, need any assistance?”

“No, I think I’m good, I’ll tell you when I do.”

“Good luck, Timmy!” Dick’s voice came through on Jason’s channel, meaning the two were currently together.

Tim smirked even if they couldn’t see it. “And good luck to finishing whatever you two are doing without arguing.”

Tim ended the connection before they could reply. He got to work on devising a plan.

The first order of business: figure out how to convince the team to let Tim go on the mission. Or...maybe he could stay back, send a distraction and snag Damian on a one on one?

Knowing Damian, the kid was probably going to try and fight Tim the moment they meet, no matter if it was Draken-Tim or Red Robin-Tim. Hopefully, Tim will get a chance to speak before Damian impaled him. Definitely a one on one encounter would be the best if Tim wanted to stay away from suspicions.

Good thing Draken is a normal human with normal human healing. With a tooootally sprained ankle. Ahh, the pain, the agony.

Anyways, back to the Damian situation.

The poor kid has been stuck with the LoA for what? A week now? Hopefully, he’s okay. Tim knew the LoA could get harsh with rules and punishments and Damian was quite an outspoken child. Yeah, they were going to get Damian out of there, even if they had to drag the boy out screaming and kicking. Damian may try to insist he could play as a spy inside the League of Assassins but Tim plans on rallying Dick and possibly Jason to completely shoot down that idea. Jason, as Red Hood could do that, with a significantly lesser chance of being murdered for it.

Tim spun the R throwing star he made a day ago, he was hoping to give it to Damian as some kind of peace offering. He also made some of Dick’s signature wing-dings for the man-child and smuggled them to him. (Why Dick called them that, Tim would never know.)

Tim mulled over many different plans in the head on how to get a one on one talk with Damian. They were all completely crazy and full of variables. But Tim’s specialty was pulling off crazy-ass ploys so how was this any different?

Tim spun in his chair, taking a break from staring at the computer screen, lest he wanted to develop dry eye. He wasn’t sure if it was because he was still partially Draken, who had somewhat healthier habits than normal Tim, or if it was just being in an alternate reality, but Tim found himself not pulling his trademark ‘burrow into work and not move for 48-hours’ move. Tim let his mind wander.

He thought back to that one time he and his brothers were actually all united against Dick in a matter, for once. It was a fond memory as it was one of the first times Jason, Tim and Damian got along decently well with each other and had a common goal: Getting Dick to stop being a coward and ask Wally out.

*“Guys, seriously, stop!” Dick whined, soundly absolutely pathetic. Damian said as much.*

*Jason did not stop, even with Dick latched onto his waist, the man-powered forward through the hallway. They were at a charity ball in which Bruce had invited Barry and by extension, Wally. Then, Damian, Tim, and Jason had watched as Dick pined for a good two hours before collectively deciding they had enough. Jason led the march up to their eldest brother and basically told him, "If you don't haul your ass to ask the West kid out, I'm going to do it for you."*

*Dick had sputtered and denied everything. Jason was having none of it and actually started walking towards Wally. Dick had then grabbed Jason in an attempt to stop him or slow him down but to no avail.*

*Tim had piped up, "You know, based on the signs, there's a very high chance he likes you back."*

*Dick pouted at Tim and pointed at the man he was currently attached to, "But Jaaaaaason!"*

*"Oh man up, Grayson, you're weak." Damian followed them at a slight distance, not wanting to be close to the embarrassment that was named Dick Grayson and Jason Todd. It was during this time that Tim was able to stand next to Damian without the boy trying to take his head off.*

*"Hello, Wally," Jason had greeted the bewildered redhead, who had seen the approach of the four boys. And also witnessed Dick panic and duck behind Jason's wide shoulders.*

*"Uh, hi Jason, Tim, Damian." Wally returned and peered around Jason to find a Dick who seemed to be trying to disappear into his suit. "Hi, Dick."*

*"So, I would like to inform you that Richard Grayson would like to ask you, Wallace West, on a date. As a couple. Because he likes you," Jason continued without a hitch, face completely impassive. Tim tried not to laugh at Dick's betrayed expression, which was ruined by his rising blush. Damian even smirked.*

*Wally had sputtered and turned red as well, and finally managed to stutter out, "Oh well, tell Dick that I would definitely say yes if he asked. Asked me out, I mean. On a date."*

*Jason then pivoted and stepped aside to reveal Dick was had frozen at Wally's words. Jason turned to high-five Damian and Tim. The three left the two lovebirds alone after that.*

Tim chuckled at the memories and with a new bout of determination, returned to work. He was going to get the proper reality back. No matter what. (Well, barring the need to actually go sacrificing someone's life, Tim hopes he doesn't need to go that far.)

The teen ran through the pages and pages of notes he had typed up in the last hours trying to pick out the one with the least chance of going completely off the rails. One clearly stood out from the rest. Tim pouted, he didn't want to use it.

Oh well.

Tim pulled out his comm again and pressed the button for leaving a message for both Dick and Jason.

"So...I might need your help after all."

Hey hey hey~

We're getting some Dami next chapter!

(And lotsa hugging. I love my hugging children)

# He's not just a kid. He's a demon brat.

## Chapter Summary

DAMIAN~~~

Also, just madness.

Everyone is soft. Everyone has good sibling relationships here.

## Chapter Notes

I had some pretty bad writer's block on this chapter, so it's a little short. Sorry :(

Also, Damian just didn't want to work with me. Everyone's just a tad OOC, but oh well.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tim walked the team all the way to the jets. They had managed to track down Ghul based on a tracker they were able to plant on him in their last scuffle.

Tim didn't bother to tell that it was probably another trap. Who was he to spoil their mood with that? They should've realized that Ghul wasn't going to miss the tracker on him and was deliberately luring the team to his location. But Tim had his own shit to worry about and this worked largely in his favor. Sped up his plan by a few days. The moment his team left the premises, Tim hacked open the security feeds to loop an image of himself on the computer, copied from a few days before.

His phone chimed and with a frown, Tim looked down at it. A message from an unknown number. Cautiously he opened it, nothing happened to his phone so Tim proceeded to read the message.

The teen's eyes widened at the implication of the message and quietly swore out loud. He didn't have time to worry about this now. He'll figure it out later.

Tim then put on a pure black suit that he made, one much much better than the Draken one. He loaded the R-shuriken and some batarangs he made as well. Tim tried to equip himself with all the usual gear, but without Batman's tech, there some things Tim just couldn't carry. Like a staff, because *some people* haven't developed a collapsible staff yet. He'll have to settle with just this stuff. Maybe Jason could help him with the gear, Jay did mechanics, right?

Tim opened the comm lines to Jason and Dick, waiting for their affirmative that they were on.

"Howdy-ho, Red Robin!" Dick chirped.

Jason groaned at Dick's enthusiasm, then muttered, "Hello, Dick, Baby Bird."

Tim snickered at their antics and twirled a batarang with a somewhat gleeful smirk.

He held the comm up to his mouth.

“Plan Villains is a go.”

---

The heroes were all fools. Damian sat idly by, waiting for their arrival.

He was honestly bored. He had already checked over the traps multiple times and set up a few more.

How slow were they?

The tracker as started up a day ago, so Damian assumed they were going to come for him soon.

He had no other choice. The League had him on a tight leash. He was to either continue to distract and try to kill the heroes or keep getting trained at the hands of his grandfather. And Damian would rather do anything than face Ra's more than he needed to. Training with him was brutal and Damian knew it wasn't right. It wasn't how he was supposed to be. He didn't want to be there, but he had no one to rely on, nowhere else to go.

A faint crash resounded in the warehouse and Damian grinned. Finally. He peeled off the tracker and flipped it into the open space below, right onto that shapeshifter's head.

They all stared at the device in mute realization and dread. The light flooded on and the room filled with smoke. Damian, in his gray outfit, blended perfectly in the smoke as he darted in.

This team of sidekicks had horrendous teamwork. The speedster had to avoid his own teammate's weapons, making his powers more of a disadvantage than an advantage. The beetle kid seemed to not have full control of his abilities and Damian scoffed at that. That girl had yelled orders but no one listened. She wasn't an effective leader at all. The cyborg, while strong, lacked any fighting skills and just relied on sheer power and tech to fight. The kryptonian, well, they were easy to deal with if you knew their weaknesses.

It was a one-sided battle. Well, at least Damian would say so.

Damian had darted between all the weapons and took the cyborg down first, he could interfere with Damian's tech. It was easy to use the man's weight against him, a kick to his feet while holding a bola around his neck and tugging down sent him toppling over Damian. Then a jab to his pressure points had the man paralyzed. The young assassin whirled around to dodge the blast fired from Blue Beetle, throwing a dagger in the direction the blast came from. It grazed the hero, but that was enough. The dagger was coated in a strong sedative that worked on contact, it didn't even need to penetrate the armor. Damian didn't need to worry about the insect anymore. The kryptonian roared from somewhere at the side, reminding Damian of the rock weighing in his belt. Damian began to reach for it.

But then a second smoke bomb dropped, and Damian definitely didn't do that. A figure clad in all black dropped into the room and Damian got ready to fight more people. But the figure didn't engage Damian at all. In fact, the figure's position was almost...protective over him?

Then a loud modulated battle cry preceded another figure crashing through the windows, garnering the attention of all present in the room. The red helmet was unmistakable.

“Ghul is working with Red Hood and Talon?” A hero, Damian didn’t catch which one, shouted out incredulously.

Damian was rarely confused. But he definitely was now. Why was Red Hood and whoever this Talon was here? He definitely wasn’t working with them.

Both other villains rose with a dramatic flair. Slowly and threatening. Damian’s eyes narrowed. He could name two people with such a penchant to the dramatics.

But-it’s not possible, right?

The one not Red Hood, Talon, turned to face Damian, allowing him to see an owl-like mask and goggles. He gave Damian a two-finger salute and gracefully flipped over Beast Boy’s attack. It was so fluid. So familiar.

Damian didn’t want to latch onto false hope, so he stayed cautious and began to back away from the resulting chaos when Red Hood opened fire. Ghul noted that Red Hood’s shots never hit an actual target, all expertly aimed to be just a few inches off.

“Running away?” A voice said from behind Damian.

Who? Every hero was accounted for, Damian turned to face- “Draken.”

From what Ghul was aware of, Draken was the weakest hero of the group of sidekicks. He barely excelled in anything, not hacking nor fight. Had no powers whatsoever. He was only on the team because all his friends were heroes or something.

But this wasn’t like the Draken Ghul knew. Draken was soft-spoken and stayed out of conflict. But this one was smirking down at Damian with this familiarity he didn’t dare hope to place.

And Damian didn’t have time to dwell on it. He needed to escape. So he launched himself forward, hoping to catch Draken off guard.

But Draken merely spun out of the way and blocked Damian’s punch. It turned into a familiar pattern in which Damian used less and less LoA moves and pulled out all the fighting styles in his arsenal. Acrobatics included. Draken kept pace. They moved further and further from the others in their strange dance, and deeper into the warehouses. Damian was grinning, feeling challenged in a way that was right. His thoughts of escaping left him as he focused on pinning down the other hero.

Damian whooped in triumph when he got Tim pinned on the ground. He sneered, “I win, Drake!” Then the processed what had just come out of his mouth. “Drake?”

“Hey, Dami,” Drake replied with slight mirth from his position under the young assassin. Damian quickly got off Tim.

“Drake?” Damian repeated, not sure if he should let himself believe it. He thought he was by himself. He thought he only had himself to rely on for over a week now. No one knew the life he had lived or would understand him. And suddenly this Draken person was just like Drake. Tim Drake, Damian’s brother. “Is it actually you?”

Tim's expression softened as if he was reading what was going through Damian's mind. "Hey, kid, sorry we couldn't get to you sooner. But we're here now and we're in this together, okay? All of us."

Damian dropped his arms from where he was holding them in a defensive position. He needed to make sure this was real. That he wasn't hallucinating.

"Are you actually here?" Damian asked, stronger this time, he glared at Tim. "Prove you're the Tim I know." If some messed up mind reader was using Drake to get to him, Damian was going to have no mercy.

"Um," Tim paused, pondering, "You have over sixty hours of internet history of musicals?"

Damian bristled, eyes widening, "How do you know that?"

"I hack, Demon Brat," Tim stated flatly, "It wasn't hard to dig it up."

Damian shifted a little. Without much of a bite, he retorted, "Does privacy have a meaning to you?"

Tim opened his mouth to defend himself, but then shrugged instead, not wanting to start a fight with the kid here. Damian didn't push the matter further either. Tim could see how the last few weeks were harsh on the brat and Damian once again held that aggressive and guarded look like how he was when he first came to Gotham three years ago. But not exactly, Damian seemed to be contemplating something, his hand twitching.

Suddenly, before Tim could react, he found the kid attached to his chest, arms wrapped around his torso. The kid was shaking. Tim shook off his initial shock and pulled Damian further into the hug.

"Oh," Tim intoned softly, a little teasingly. "I never expected-"

"Shut it, Drake."

"Okay," Tim agreed and just sat there quietly.

"I thought I was alone," Damian muttered into Tim's chest plate. "I thought everything good that happened was just some...dream and that I was back with the League."

Tim frowned. God, he sounded so young.

Tim had a somewhat startling at that moment as he held his younger brother. Damian was just a kid. He was thirteen. Under all that bravado and sharp words was a literal kid. A kid who should be going to middle school and having normal friends and the most dangerous stunt he should be pulling was skipping class or something, not caught up in this fuckshow.

Not a second later, another pair of arms wrapped around Tim and Damian. Damian stiffened.

"You guys are having a hugging fest without me?" Dick's teasing tone gave way to a more affectionate lilt at the end. One of Dick's arms pulled away. "Come'ere Jay, you're not getting out of this." Jason was dragged into the fray with a loud swear.

And soon, the three younger birds found themselves impossibly squished together in Dick's arms as he hugs the life out of them. Damian finally decided he had enough physical contact for the day begun waving a shuriken and demanded, "Unhand me, Grayson!"



Dick couldn't hold them all when two of them started squirming, namely Jason and Damian. They quickly got out of the hug, which left Tim being glomped by Dick in the end. Tim didn't feel like wasting the energy to try and throw Dick off. Also, it was kind of nice.

Jason dusted himself off before reporting to Tim. "We knocked them all out. Didn't talk at all so they don't know anything. I believe they think Damian was the one to call us here. We got some time to chat." Tim gave Jason a thumbs up.

Damian turned to face Tim, "In what part of your peasant and inferior brain thought it was a bright idea to drop Red Hood and Talon into a fight exclusively between Ghul and the Team?"

Tim rubbed his face. "Look, I went through the options and this was the safest."

"You're risking angering your friends, the LoA and alarming the JLA just to talk to me?" Damian deadpanned, he then gave pointed looks to both Jason and Dick, and you guys just let him?"

"Yes."

"I'm surrounded by imbeciles."

"Regrets coming in now?" Tim chuckled and finally chose to worm his way out of Dick's vice only to find himself tucked into Jason's chest immediately afterward. Tim blinked. What's with everyone and hugging lately? Jason rested his head on Tim's hair and continued talking as if nothing was wrong.

"So I do believe that Baby Bird has some communicators for the brat. And we're currently on the lookout for any activity that doesn't seem to match the patterns of this fucking reality. Oh, wait, we should explain our theories to him first."

Tim accepted his fate as the family teddy bear by now and didn't fight it anymore. Instead, he followed Jason's example for nonchalance and dug out the comms. "Would you like two? In case of one of them becoming compromised?"

Damian mulled it over and nodded, "Yes, that would be ideal." Tim quickly showed Damian how to operate it and forked two of the little devices over. Damian was quick to tuck them securely into his many pockets.

Damian took a look around him and decided he would be okay. Dick was level-headed and skilled, a natural leader out of all of them. Jason was strong and willing to sacrifice the moral high ground when need be to get what he wanted. And Tim...Tim was a genius who's plans, while with high risks, gave high rewards, albeit they sounded a little mad half the time. But there was a method to his madness that made him all the more terrifying.

But most importantly, they were all brothers and family came before anything else.

(And as Jason so eloquently put it, "Ohana, bitches.")

There was a story behind that. Some thugs had asked why Red Hood was defending Red Robin during a shootout and Jason, ever the drama queen, second only to Dick, shouted that across the rooftops. It was quoted constantly in crime alley. Damian only remembered it because when Dick had brought it up one day during dinner, Damian didn't understand what it meant and everyone spent the night 'educating' Damian on pop culture.)

“So the next step?” Dick asked.

Tim nodded and looked at Damian, “I’m going to scrape some plans. Next course of action is getting Damian out of the League.”

Damian turned to face Tim with wide eyes, “What? I can be a spy, Drake!”

“Do you want to stay there?” Tim kept steady eye contact on the kid and Damian shifted a little.

“That’s irrelevant.”

“Do you want to stay there?” Tim repeated firmly.

Damian looked away, then down at the ground.

Ra’s was cruel and dark and his methods messed up. Day by day he was trained until he could barely move, then deposited on his bed to repeat the next day. Damian hated that place. Talia never gave him the time of day. She was more ‘preoccupied’ with everything else and didn’t even his her son a spare glance. All he did was train, sleep, eat and go on missions and repeat. He wanted out. He wanted to get out of there so damn bad-

Damian finally quietly murmured, “No. I don’t.”

All his older brothers gave him a predatory grin and Tim spoke for all of them, “Then we’re getting you out, brat.”

## Chapter End Notes

I need my nourishmeeeeent~  
Feed me the commeeeeeents~

# Something else is brewing here...

## Chapter Summary

Whoa, plot. It exists.

## Chapter Notes

So I recently learned that we CAN leave more than one kudo on a piece of work, and EXCUSE ME?

APPARENTLY THE LITTLE THING THAT POPS UP IS JUST A REMINDER? I'M SHOOK. I HAVE BEEN LIED TO.

I mean, WHAT?

Anyways ye. I found out about this on tumblr.

Edit: ...still don't know if this is true

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tim had hopped back to the open area of the warehouse (seriously, Damian? Couldn't you have picked a less stereotypical place?) to get his other friends. They were on the brink of stirring, much to Tim's convenience, so all he had to do was nudge them all. It was enough to stir most of them. Beast Boy had to be kicked, however.

"Huh, Tim?" Bart blinked blearily up at him. Tim plastered on a confused and scared face.

"What happened, guys?" Tim helped the speedster up. "Your comms went dead so I came out to find you."

"Ugh, apparently Ghul is now working with Red Hood and Talon."

Tim feigned shock. He saw Kon slightly frown at him from the corner of his eye. Right, the living lie detector. Good thing Tim was trained by the Bat and can lie with a steady heart rate.

"What? Why would they be working together?"

"They got away!" Cassie punched the floor, causing cracks to web out. She answered Tim afterward, "Nothing good, I'm sure."

"I get Red Hood and Ghul, but Talon? They shouldn't even know each other!" Jaime frowned, "Oh! They knocked me out, but the scarab caught some stuff on tape."

Tim tried to keep his heart rate down when he heard that. Hopefully, Dick and Jason didn't say or do anything incriminating.

Jaime proceeded to get the scarab to morph a screen and played an audio feed.

*"There, they're all incapacitated, just like Baby Bird said."*

*"Unharmmed?" Some shuffling.*

*"Uh...yes."*

*"Hood...."*

*"Why don't we go find Red and Robin?"* Clear avoidance of the topic, Tim bit back a laugh.

*"Hood! You can't leave that on top of Kon!"*

*"He's fine!"* There was some shuffling and the sound of something like a rock on concrete was heard.

Did Jason leave the kryptonite on top of Conner? A quick glance at the team showed that they were more alarmed at the fact they knew Kon's name than anything else.

*"Now he is, seriously, Little Wing, stop trying to hurt R's team-"*

*"Yeah, yeah, whatever, let's go."*

Footsteps faded away.

Everyone looked wide-eyed at each other.

Tim inwardly cursed. Jason and Dick gave them too much to work with. He's going to whack them the next time he sees them.

Beast Boy swallowed nervously, "So, there actually might be a traitor?"

Cassie frowned and replied with her own question, "Are we actually going to listen to a villain?"

"Who are R and Robin?" Bart was on a roll, "How do they know Kon's name? Was that Talon's voice? How long have they been working together for them to be that familiar with each other? Kon, what did they leave on you?"

Conner answered the last question with a wrinkle of his nose and a disdainful, "Kryptonite." Damnit, Jason.

"How did they get their hands on that?" Beast Boy tugged his hair in frustration. "Everything just breeds more questions!"

"Guys, can we get on the jet before anything?" Tim interjected softly, playing the nervous peacemaker character. He completed the look by timidly playing with the edge of his uniform. The team's hostility simmered down a little.

“Bart, can you do a run through to see if they left anything behind, we’ll rendezvous at the jet,” Cassie ordered and directed the rest of them out of the warehouse.

---

“Okay, so what do we know?” Cassie began once everyone was on the jet. She was scowling and had her arms crossed over her chest.

“That Ghul now had accomplices in the form of Red Hood, Talon and some unnamed called R and or Robin,” Bart chimed with a raised hand. Cassie nodded and typed it into a computer that projected it between all of them.

Beast Boy added on, “Red Hood and Talon somehow got their hands on kryptonite.”

“Well, they knew Kon’s name?” Jaime added.

“They’re clearly familiar with each other,” Tim decided to contribute. He needed to keep his cover while also making sure his team didn’t figure out too much too fast.

Cassie hummed thoughtfully as she leaned back into her chair, arms crossed. She drew up a visual map of the topics brought up. “First issue, any thoughts on R and Robin?”

Kon raised a hand. “Maybe one of them is a name for Ghul?”

“Which implies that there’s one more person in their little squad,” Cassie finished disdainfully. Tim bit down on his lip and stayed quiet.

“Why would they be suddenly teaming up? What kind of goal would they have?” Bart asked in a whining tone, slouching in his seat.

Victor answered this time, “Clearly has to have some kind of common goal or benefit for each other. What makes no sense is Talon.”

“Well Talons are soldiers of rich people in Gotham...maybe Red Hood just obtained one?”

“But they were clearly familiar with each other. Plus the Talon talked. Talons don’t talk, Tim.”

“No!” Jaime suddenly shouted, standing up. Everyone turned to look at him. He looked sheepish. “Sorry, the scarab. It just- nevermind, please ignore me.”

Bart counted on his fingers, “So we got on Gotham crime lord with high combat abilities who occasionally takes jobs from the League of Assassins. We got a rebellious Gotham assassin zombie soldier who can’t die and isn’t mindless like other Talons we’ve encountered. Another assassin child who is hellbent on killing us, who is also one of the top agents of the League of Assassins. — Is it just me or is there a theme here?— I’m betting the mysterious fourth player is also an assassin. And they’re all chummy with each other so this isn’t exactly a new team-up?”

Cassie seemed even more sour about it but diligently wrote everything down. “Great, now what about the kryptonite?”

Kon was the first to reply to this on as well. “My bet’s on Luthor.”

“You think Luthor is working with them?” Tim asked, blinking at Kon in false surprise. “Maybe we’re just reading too much into it?”

Superboy shrugged, “Wouldn’t put it past him to work with Ra’s al Ghul. And he seems to always have some spare kryptonite.” *True*. Tim turned his attention to picking at a frayed edge of his suit.

“Great. And if Luthor is involved, there’s a high chance Wayne is as well. This might be bigger than some random team-up.”

It took a lot of willpower to hide Tim’s wince. He should be a Green Lantern with the amount of willpower that took.

“But it’s so random and sudden,” Beast Boy grumbled. But Tim wasn’t paying attention anymore. What Cassie said had caught his attention.

If Luthor and Wayne were so intertwined that Luthor’s possible involvement pointed to Bruce as well... Despite that team-up between Talon and Red Hood wasn’t real, the team-up between Luthor and Ra’s doesn’t have to be. *Because Damian had kryptonite too*. Tim saw the green flash right before Dick dropped the smoke bomb. And it definitely wasn’t Tim who gave that to him.

Plus the blueprint they obtained from WE...what was their motive? Tim turned in his chair and sunk down, tuning everything out. However, for now, he needed a plan to get Damian out. Maybe lure Ra’s and Luthor out in the process.

---

A disappointed and angry Wonder Woman and Superman greeted them at the cave. Zatanna stood a little way to the back along with Captain Marvel.

Seeing Wonder Woman angry was scary. Terrifying really. Of course, Tim has seen Batman angry and that was a whole other type of angry. Diana’s angry had this disappointed mother feel to it that made the victim feel like a scolded child. One felt small in front of her, maybe even felt the need to do better to make her proud. It was a weird change from Bruce’s disgruntled and silent glare.

Diana stalked forward. “What were you thinking? Going out to confront a dangerous enemy all on your own? Without telling someone?”

“What do you want us to do?” Cassie spat angrily, “Sit around and wait for him to gather enough information on us to take us out one by one?”

“Wait for orders. Wait for backup. Inform someone what you were doing. Anything! It’s not your job-”

“We’re not kids anymore! Stop treating us like glass figurines! We can fight our own battles! You can’t control us!”

“It’s not about control, nor it is about your capabilities,” Diana said with a frown, not rising to Cassie’s anger. “It’s about working in a team and not getting yourself killed.”

“So what do you want us to do? Sit here and look pretty?” Cassie growled. “We would’ve won if Red Hood and that Talon hadn’t shown up!”

That was a complete lie. Tim knew Damian would’ve done something dramatic if Dick and Jason hadn’t dropped in when they did. Either the demon brat would’ve killed the team, severely injured them...or hurt himself to sell his role. Tim inwardly cringed at the thought. He really needed to be nicer to Dami when everything is fixed because the kid really deserves it.

Superman now stepped forward with an alarmed look, “Red Hood and the Talon appeared?”

“You didn’t know?” Tim was taken aback for a second before he remembered. Batman was the one usually spying on all the younger heroes, and Batman didn’t exist here. Oh wow, that’s weird. They might not have even know the kids ran off on their own until they got to the cave. Geez, Tim really took B for granted. Now that he’s thinking about it, how different is this Justice League from the one he knows?

“How would we know?” Superman tilted his head, “This is why communication is so important.”

“If we told you, you wouldn’t have let us,” Kon spoke up.

“We-” Clark paused, “Yeah, because he’s too dangerous.”

Kon crossed his arms and gave his father a pointed look.

Kal-el shook his head. “Nevermind about that for now. We need to talk to you guys about something else.” The alien waved his hand and a hologram popped up with a map on it.

Five points were marked on it. Two in Gotham, one near the cave, one in...Florida? And finally, one in Kansas.

“Captain Marvel picked up five large magic disturbances about two weeks ago. Four of them were fuzzy, but one was clear. Captain went to Kansas and found this in the middle of a cornfield.” Superman gestured to Cap and he held up a large crystal-like rock.

It was about the size of Marvel’s hand, a swirl of magenta, violet and deep blue swam in the stone.

Tim couldn’t tear his eyes away from it.

“It has a very strong magic signature, but I couldn’t figure out what it does, so I called Zatanna. She didn’t know it at first sight either-” Captain Marvel was talking again, but Tim couldn’t hear it over the blood rushing to his head that drowned out all other noise. He just stared at the rock and *remembered*.

*“Nightwing! To the left!” Red Robin shouted out, ducking under a line of bullets. The older vigilante followed the warning swiftly and knocked out the goons in his way.*

*Red Hood was suddenly back to back with Red Robin as they avoided gunfire. “Any bright ideas, Babybird?”*

*“Let go of me you animal!” Robin thrashed in the hold of Bane, aiming kicks towards the hulk’s eyes. Jason quickly dived over and began pelting Bane with bullets, aiming for the tubes that fed him the venom. Robin quickly freed himself and successfully punted the villain in the face with a snarl.*

*“Over here!” Nightwing called. The three younger turned to follow his voice after making sure all the goons in the current room were knocked out.*

*Nightwing was standing in front of a huge machine. Tim could identify a few large generators and a whole mess of wires. In the center of the jumble of machinery, was some kind of multicolored rock. Even without some kind of sixth sense, the vigilantes could tell the rock wasn’t just some kind of*

*decoration. It didn't glow or pulsate or anything, but it felt powerful. There was also an array of smaller stones embedded near the large one. Most of them a yellow or orange in color.*

*"What the fuck is this?" Red Hood intoned, speaking for all of them. He also seemed somewhat offended by the level of disorganization with the construction of the machine. Tim quickly goes about trying to figure it out.*

*The scanner told him that there are large amounts of alpha radiation being emitted. Also among the cluster of readings was a modified fear gas? Something that influenced emotions and causes hallucinations. A high reading of those hormones. Along with...magic? Dick was peering over his shoulder at the reading and reported it aloud for the others.*

*"Oh no," Jason groaned, "Nothing makes sense when magic is involved." Tim agreed.*

*Dick hummed, "Is it just me, or does this remind you of a particle accelerator?" Damian experimentally kicked a corner of the machine. Thankfully, nothing happened.*

*"Well, whatever it is, we should shut it down before they get to do whatever they want to do with it."*

*"It's too late now, little birdies," A shadowed figure stood atop of the machine. They merely laughed when all four vigilantes pulled out their weapons on them.*

*Red Hood, the unspoken appointed interrogator ground out their questions. "Who are you? What is this? What do you want?"*

*"Don't worry about who I am. Worry about who you are! I'm going to fix the world and you're already too late!"*

*Oh, the crystal was glowing now. That's probably not good. Then the unmistakable crack of a boomtube had Tim's attention snapping back to the cloaked figure as it stepped through the swirling portal. Tim swore in his head. Jason said it aloud.*

*The crystal started glowing. The door was locked behind them. Jason was trying to blast a hole in the wall.*

*It was too late. The world exploded into colors. Everything got brighter and brighter-*

*Tim was staring at a screen.*

*"Tim? You good, man?" Bart was waving a hand in front of his face when Tim snapped back to attention. Tim stumbled back, running his hand through his hair.*

*"Magic. Magic and technology." Tim turned to look at the computer. That was excruciatingly familiar. Emotion affecting technology coupled with what Tim could now probably guess was reality-altering magic.*

*Tim needed those files from the drive they recovered, he needed to start researching on how to fix the entire world.*

*"Um, Tim, dude, you're not making any sense," Bart said, continuing to press into Tim's space. Tim paid him no mind and wormed out of the way.*



"Zatanna, what's the rock for again?"

Everyone gave Tim a slightly weird look. "Were you not listening?" Gar asked. "She said that she's not completely sure but it has something to do with large scale spells and space-time effects."

That was exactly what Tim was...dreading or hoping for, he didn't know. But that was what he was expecting. Now he just needed to find the how, why and the reversal method.

But first, he had to deal with Damian.

Tim bore through the rest of the debriefing without getting any more useful information. He skittered away once he felt the tension rising between Diana and Cassie again.

Tim found himself locked in his room a few hours later, viciously clacking away on his computer. He has hacked the Cave computer and copied the files from the other day. Then, setting that matter aside, Tim began writing plans for getting Damian out of the League.

There were a lot of ways to do it. Some of them were covert and simple extraction. But that might have Ra's causing a scene if he started to suspect who 'kidnapped' his heir. Then there was having Damian pulling a public betrayal, but that puts the brat in too much danger. Or Tim can just straight up tell his team what's happening, but he'll either be put into a cell or they'll believe him and he can pull off a nice rescue with them. Who is he kidding, the chances that they believe him are slim. And, where's the fun in that?

But there was one plan that seemed to work pretty well. Plus it was fun. Tim gets to rile up the LoA, Dick gets to bond with Damian and Jason gets to blow shit up. Who wouldn't love that?

Tim opened up a comm line again. "I have a plan ready for extracting Damian. Jay, I think you might enjoy this."

## Chapter End Notes

Oh, if ya wanna chat, I'm [CoyoteFang1987](#) on tumblr ya'll!

# Is there really a method? Maybe it's just madness.

## Chapter Summary

Lotsa booms.

Tim's plans are crazy. Really crazy.

## Chapter Notes

Hahahaha, I don't know what I'm doing anymore. I'm making them more and more soft by the chapter. Oh no.

Early update! Woots!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“When you said I’ll like it, I didn’t think you meant that in total seriousness!” Jason’s ecstatic voice filtered through the comms while Tim was in his room in Metropolis. Tim rolled his eyes.

“I demand to know what cell in your measly brain decayed to come up with this madness, Drake!” Damian’s voice followed although the youngest didn’t actually sound particularly upset. In fact, he sounded excited. Also maybe a little concerned for Tim’s mental stability. Don’t worry, Dami, Tim questions his own sanity as well.

Tim snorted in response. “All of them. Are you ready, Jay?”

“Born ready.”

“I disapprove of this!” Dick wailed fruitlessly.

“Too late,” Both Jason and Tim replied flatly and Tim followed up with, “Go!”

Jason pressed the detonator, and a series of loud booms echoed through the comms. Tim watched in some morbid glee (that probably rubbed off on him from Jason) as the League of Assassin base turned into a lightshow.

---

Tim wasn’t able to physically join the other on the raid. It bummed him out, but at least he got to play Oracle.

Jason was very excited about the bag of tiny but deadly explosives he was carrying. Tim was guiding Jason to the best place to put them so they were out of sight but still effective. In addition, he was also making sure neither of his brothers was caught by any guards.

They were lucky that Damian wasn't in the actual base on Infinity Island with Talia al Ghul and Ra's al Ghul yet. Tim doesn't think he'll be able to pull this off because he's rather sure there weren't any hackable cameras there.

Damian helped with relaying the guard shift information. Dick's role was to retrieve Damian and leave the fake evidence behind.

A charred body in a base that went 'boom' and then up in flame with a gunshot wound to the head seemed pretty convincing, no? Tells the story pretty well.

Any if the LoA thought Damian was dead, they wouldn't try to hunt down Damian. However, whoever they pin the murder on might find themselves with a formidable enemy. Which is why Tim was taking extra precautions to make this as detached from any of the (ex)Robins as possible. It seemed somewhat up Red Hood's alleyways, so Tim had to make sure Red Hood had an alibi.

Jason made an aggravated grunt when he had to knock out another grunt he had run into in the hallway. Tim quickly steered him into another area to avoid more guards. Jason, being thorough, thought to drag the knocked-out guy out of sight and waited silently for the guards to pass. "A little more warning next time Timmy," Jason mumbled into the comm after he was alone again.

Tim made a face. "Not my fault you were sprinting down the hallways, and it's dark and it takes time for me to find out where they are."

"Right," Jason replied sarcastically. Tim told him to put a bomb into a crevice in the ceiling.

---

Dick was annoyed. Who the heck built the stronghold into a labyrinth? Every hallway looked the same and Dick honestly felt like he's been walking in circles for a while, even with Tim reassuring him that he's getting closer.

"Okay, there should be a door coming up to your left —figure it out yourself, Jason!— and Damian said the room's locked from the outside." The comm clicked off to Tim making another snarky comment at his other brother.

Dick was left in the silence to open the door himself. He's rather sure it was a digital lock, or Tim would've hacked it and opened it already. Dick carefully wiggled the handle, cautious of any traps that may activate. Ah, yup, Dick stared silently at the knife that implanted itself in his abdomen. It's crazy how the Court can train the natural pain reflex out of some, Dick muses as he winced belatedly. With his teeth grit, he pulled out the knife and pressed onto the wound. It's so weird for him, his skin rapidly stitching back together on its own. Ugh.

"I heard that," Damian's voice crackles through the comm, a tinge of worry bleeding into the younger's voice. "Grayson?"

"Yeah, that was me. Sorry if I scared you, Dami."

Damian huffed. "You didn't scare me. I was merely curious."

Dick gave a dubious hum in reply and continued to examine the lock.

The lock was weird. It wasn't the typical door lock type mechanism. If it was, Damian probably would've been able to get out by himself.

It actually looked like a locker dial.

Well, time to figure out safe cracking. He's seen it in movies, where crooks use a stethoscope to listen when they hit the correct number? Dick wondered if Talons had enhanced hearing good enough for this. He turned the knob slowly and to his own surprise, hear the soft click of the correct number clear as day. He stopped and began turning the other way and once again, heard the soft click. And reverse direction again. Click.

Dick tested the handle. Nothing. At least he didn't get stabbed for it this time.

Okay, more numbers then. Dick kept going. He paused and tested the handle after each number.

It took ten numbers. Why would anyone use ten numbers on a dial lock? Who even uses a dial lock on a door?

The large door swung open with a satisfying creak. Dick blinked at the small child that was brandishing a katana at his face. Dick waved and Damian sighed, sheathing the sword.

"Let's go, Grayson," Damian ordered and began power walking down bland hallways. Dick peered around the room and found the room wasn't much better than a prison cell. Gray wall, a bare bed, and a bathroom in a small attached room on the side. No windows. No personal items. This was no place for a child, no place to lock a child.

Dick watched his little brother's retreating back, wondering how much the Damian he's seeing now is just a front. Dick turned back and placed the body double. Damian wasn't coming back here, screw you, League of Assassins!

Dick closed the door and put another small bomb at the doorway.

Damian reappeared from around the corner. "Are you planning on moving, Grayson?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm coming."

---

With everything planted, Tim had everyone pull out. It all went smoothly and he thanked whatever entity was up there that his usual luck with stealth mission didn't follow him this time.

Perfectly, Red Hood did happen to have a meeting with an LoA messenger that night.

Tim had Jason press the detonator right after he was done talking to the messenger. After all, Gotham is pretty far from California. How could Red Hood do it? (Zeta tubes, but they didn't need to know that.)

Dick had then taken Damian to a hideout in Gotham, but not one of Jason's. It was another crime lord's that Jason and Dick took out together and Dick 'took over' the dude's resources. Tim needed them as unrelated as possible.

Now they were just playing the waiting game for the inevitable blow-up.

It came two days later.

In the meantime, Tim spent most of his time going through the files he 'stole' with a fine-tooth comb. Most of the blueprints felt like gibberish, they were very disorganized. Clearly it was

something like nanotech, but there was an undefined variable thrown into the mess of equations that Tim guess was for magic. Who would Wayne and Luthor be working with for magic? Klarion? Wotan? Or maybe they weren't working with a magician and were just trying to make magic work by themselves using science... That probably wouldn't work so well, trust Tim, he tried before.

Tim's got most of the tech part figured out, just the magic factor threw everything off. He might have to ask for professional help on this matter sometime... He's going to need to find a reverse of this, it may possibly be the key to figuring out the altering of reality as well.

The blow-up came in the form of Chesire and an army of assassins. Actually, not just Chesire. Ra's and Talia came as well. Perfect.

Was it ever mentioned that Tim was insane?

Well, the Justice League had walked into the Tower and Tim knew what was happening.

Superman was the first to speak. "Ghul has been killed."

That caught the team's attention immediately.

"They think we did it. They think you guys did it."

"We don't kill!" Cassie practically shouted. "We've been benched since then too anyways."

"Yes," Diana agreed, "We know that. They don't."

From the tone of the voice, Tim's going to assume that Ra's had sent a declaration of battle or something. Awesome.

In this world, Ra's never faced Bruce. Never faced Tim. The immortal thought he was peerless. And for Tim, that made him easy to read and string along like a puppet on a string.

The world was a chessboard, and Tim was its master. All the pieces had fallen perfectly into place. He had sent out a pawn as a lure and the enemy took it with their queen. Now it was his turn. And Tim controlled the board.

---

Tim put up a fake fight about going with the others. But 'no, Tim, you're going to get killed.' 'You're not experienced enough for this' 'please stay here' and with a mothering look left him alone in the Tower. Tim keyed himself to the cave. It wasn't hard afterwards to secretly key in the others through the teleporters.

True to his words, Tim whacked Jason and Dick when he saw them. (He promised himself when he first heard that recording. He wasn't going to break his own promises.)

"Ow, what the heck, Replacement?" Jason grabbed the back of his head where Tim nailed him. Dick whined as well.

Tim gave them a look halfway between a pout and a scowl. "Blue Beetle's scarab caught a lot of your conversation the other day."

Dick winced, blinking his yellow eyes owlshly. "Oh, sorry. Didn't know he could do that."

“I forgot too,” Tim groaned, upset that he overlooked that tidbit of information. Damian tsked in disappointment and Tim shot him a look. Then Tim remembered why he had them risk coming to the cave in the first place.

He chucked some wrapped packages at all three of his brothers.

Dick caught his package and stared at Tim. “Is this?” Tim nodded.

Dick unwrapped it slowly as Damian and Jason watched curiously and pulled out the contents. He gasped.

“I couldn’t find your exact shade of blue, but I think it’s pretty close,” Tim shrugged as Dick pulled him into a side hug.

“I don’t even care,” Dick declared, admiring the kevlar suit with clear glee. “Wow, thanks, Tim!”

Tim returned a grin and watched as the other two now torn open their own packages with vigor.

“Heck, yeah, this would feel so much better than the bulletproof vest I’ve been wearing,” Jason exclaimed as he pulled out his own black kevlar suit with a red bat emblem on it. The Red Hood of this universe dress pretty differently from Jason’s actual outfit, Tim has found. Of course, he had the signature red helmet but wore more of a dress suit than Jason’s street style. So, along with the bundle, Tim had included a leather jacket. That had earned a hug and hair ruffle from Jason.

Damian sniffed haughtily, “This is sufficient Drake.” However, it was clear in the way that Damian gently pulled out the outfit that it meant quite a bit to him. The Robin suit had taken Tim the longest to scrounge up. He didn’t have Damian’s size memorized and there were quite a few parts to the suit that Tim wasn’t familiar enough with. That would be due mainly to the hostility Damian and Tim harbored, and out of spite, Tim never properly got to know his younger brother. It was a trial and error process to get it all close enough.

Dick then peered with Tim with an unreadable expression. Tim raised a questioning eyebrow. The older vocalized his concern, “Are you sure about this plan, Tim?”

“As sure as all the other plans I’ve made, trust me,” He replied nonchalantly. “Plus, it’s fun.”

“Which is a great of a reason as any!” Jason approved happily, replacing the bullets in his gun for rubber ones.

Damian sighed, “It’s unfortunate that I’m stuck with you lot of imbeciles.” But a smirk appeared on his face. “At least you keep things interesting, Drake.”

“Well, if you say so,” Dick relented and flashed a grin. Oh, looks like Dick just as excited as Tim was for this.

“Okay guys, get changed, we got a party to crash,” Tim clapped his hands and made an ushering motion. Tim eyed his new costume sitting in its own box and grinned. Life’s all about bad decisions, right?

---

Ra’s al Ghul came raging down onto the heroes. Talia was at his side, shouting about how the young heroes had killed her son. Originally the plan was for a stealthy assassination, true to their

name, of the younger heroes. But Diana was laying wait for them due to the intel she had received. (Courtesy of Tim, but no one needed to be aware of that.)

Of course, Diana refuted the claims which only riled up Ra's even more. Pretty quickly, swords clashed and a small fight started. It was a mess of a fight right outside the cave, on the docks.

Oh, how easy they were to play.

The other birds watched Tim with slight concern as a sadistic smile crept upon his face. Tim was usually withdrawn and tended to work by himself and Dick and Jason had almost forgotten that Tim was a bat for a reason. A really specific reason. He could have the entire game planned out before he even made his first move. He was like a cat toying with his prey.

They were perched on a building not too far away from the action. But far enough that it warranted the use of binoculars to see the specifics of what was happening. Jason had mumbled about not wearing his helmet and how it had built-in optical zoom features compared to that of the red mask he was currently wearing.

"Let's go," Tim signed, jumping off the edge of the building with a grin. He had missed this adrenaline rush. He hasn't done any rooftop running since that night in Gotham weeks ago. Dick let out a happy 'whoop' behind him, it seemed like Nightwing enjoyed this high-stakes family bonding moment too.

"Robin, pull up your hood, please, make sure that the LoA can't recognize you," Dick warned the youngest, who complied without arguing.

They drew closer to the chaos.

"You were clearly the culprits that blew up the building!" Talia was sneering when the boy got into earshot.

"I've said this many times! We have a strict code of conduct in the Justice League, and that applies to killing children!" Diana, Wonder Woman, snarled back, blocking a hit from the other woman's dagger.

"Well?" Talia started condescendingly and bristling with animosity, "Who else would've done it?"

Dick stepped into the battlefield, leading the other birds. He was pretending to be casually interested in his new gloves.

"Actually," He began without looking up, but that one word had ceased all action throughout the people present, as the attention had shifted to the four newcomers. Dick, ever with the dramatics, slowly looked up to stare Talia and Ra's dead in the eyes and finished, "That would be us."

## Chapter End Notes

I crave social interaction. T^T Talk to meeeeeeee~

## **(Not a chapter, just art) Happy Thanksgiving, guys!**

### Chapter Summary

Here's a drawing of the ending scene in the last chapter! (;  
And some other doodles :D

### Chapter Notes

Also, tell me if you guys want this to be a thing. I can post some doodles with each chapter if I have any, if you guys want.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)





Actually

That would  
be us. :D









## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter going up tmrw night! (Night for me at least)

Thanks for sticking around, y'all! <3



# Dumb to the fourth power

## Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the super short chapter, I had some really bad writer's block, coupled with the holidays...I first thought I could write more, but I just got really stuck. Also, this hasn't been edited...at all. So apologies for any sentences that make no sense.

This chapter isn't the best...I'm sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dick easily parried the few throwing knives that came flying at him, not that it would've hurt him much.

“Uh, rude?”

Ra's snarled out the question everyone seemed to want the answer to. “Who are you?”

Dick twirled his escrima sticks like those marching band batons. He made a flourishing motion and swept into a bow, one hand gesturing towards the other three. “I am Nightwing.”

Tim rolled his eyes behind the mask.

“And this is Jaybird, Red Robin, and Robin.”

Tim scanned their audience, some form of recognition flickered across some of his team member's faces. Right, Jason and Dick mentioned that in their caught audio tape. Tim saluted at them with a smirk, pretending as if it was all planned. Bart made an incredulous face. Kon frowned.

Ra's eyes narrowed. “And why reveal yourselves to us? Are you searching for enemies?”

A short pause.

“I just don't like it when others get credit for my work,” Jason snuffed, sounding as if their reasoning was really that simple.

Tim jabbed him, “My work.”

Jason made a face that basically embodies ‘excuse me?’ as he stared down Tim. “You planned it! I did the work!”

“...fine.”

“Now, now, boys, let's keep it civil. We don't want to scare off our audience too early, right?” Dick was really pushing for the creepy, evil mastermind, final boss vibe, wasn't he?

A knife flew at Dick, but he just let it implant in his arm with a passive stare. He then shot the thrower, Talia, an unimpressed look. While maintaining that look, he yanked out the knife without

so much as a flinch.

“We just came to introduce ourselves, no need to get aggressive.”

Huh, Tim wasn’t aware that Dick was actually good at pushing Ra’s buttons. Judging by the look that he passed between both Damian and Jason, they didn’t either. Afterall, Dick would probably be the one out of the four of them with the least amount of interaction with the immortal.

Dick threw the bloody knife back at its owner, who caught it. A smirk plastered on her face. Dick matched it with his own.

“You can run as many tests on the DNA as you like, but you’re not going to find anything.”

Talia’s smirk fell. The sight made Tim want to laugh. It was rare that the Al Ghuls get so wildly outsmarted and easily read. And Ra’s slowly building anger was really beginning to become rather amusing.

“I would be more careful if I were you, Ra’s al Ghul,” Tim sneered, his voice modulated. He gestured to Jason, who made a visible show of pulling out his guns and firing a few shots.

A few of the ninja’s weapons flew into the air as they held their hands.

“If I were you, I would, oh, I don’t know,” Tim continued with a shrug, “Maybe retreat?”

Jason’s eyes narrowed onto Ra’s hand that was reaching for something in the fold of his clothing.

“Whatever secret weapon you’re trying to get probably won’t help, by the way,” Jason mentioned flatly, “Especially if you got it from Luthor.”

Finally realizing that he was fighting a losing battle, Ra’s turned with a sweep of his cloak and, with a smoke bomb, retreated. However, he didn’t leave without making a death threat and promise of revenge at the boys.

Wonder Woman spoke up, “You weren’t wise to make enemies of the League of Assassins.”

Tim snorted, “We’re aware of that.”

Then Superman started approaching them and Jason whipped out his guns. “Nu-uh, Kent, back off.”

Superman froze. Most likely not at the gun, but at what Jason said. Tim wasn’t sure if Jason was even aware that he did a name drop.

“Yeah, we’re not here to join or work with your little hero league, either,” Dick waved a dismissing hand. “And if you don’t think we can take Superman, you’ll find you have sorely underestimated us.”

Tim noted that Dick strictly avoided Wally’s gaze. Not just subtly, very obviously avoided the second Flash’s gaze. Nightwing practically whipped his entire head around when Wally stared at him. Tim would laugh if he didn’t have this upset pit developing in his stomach at the sight.

Damian tsked in obvious belittlement. “Like they could do anything. We managed to accomplish what had this lot of imbeciles run around like a group of headless chickens. They’re only deluding

themselves that they're doing anything at all. I bet even Red can take any of them down."

Tim blinked and turned to face the younger teen. "Hey, what's that supposed to mean?"

He was cut off by Cassie, who lunged for Robin with a snarl. The leftover anger only further clouding her judgment. Damian easily disabled her and pinned her to the floor by redirecting the power of her punch and pushing her elbows in.

"Know your place, Sandmark," Damian spat out the girl's name in a fashion that clearly conveyed how much she was worth to him. Dick then motioned for Damian to stop it and the brat leaped off the girl with a flawless backflip. Out of range of the attack she tried to pull off the moment her arms weren't pinned anymore.

"I'll make this nice and clear for you guys," Tim finally spoke up again. "We were the ones to kill Ghul. Take that information however you wish, but we are not on the same side."

"But do we not have a common enemy?" Wally, ever the peacemaker, intoned.

"Oh sure, but if we wanted to work with your guys, you're going to ask us for our identities because of 'trust' reasons. And when we refuse, you're going to lock us up or something because you guys don't understand the actual meaning of trust," Tim powered on.

Something unreadable was on Diana's and Clark's expressions. Finally, Diana asked, "How do you know those names?"

Dick visibly stuttered to a stop. Tim began running through dozens of lies. While they did the name drops so the JL wouldn't take them lightly, the boys didn't think up a reason for how they knew them. At least, not one they have discussed and agreed upon. Tim said his idea before he could contradict with anyone else.

Tim raised his hand and blurted out, "It's not hard to find out things when it's so easy to hack into your systems."

Dick clapped his hands, "Okay, great! Introductions are over!" He threw a slew of wingdings—*wait, where did those come from?*—that began to smoke. Dick tittered happily, "Bye-bye!"

Getting away was a lot easier than Tim had expected.

---

"And these assholes had the audacity to wave goodbye!" Beast Boy was ranting, dragging an agreeing Bart behind him. They were pacing in a circle around the tower as Tim chewed on his lip as he listened.

"Wow, they sound...rude." Tim's pretty sure that laughing right now would not be perceived well.

"I know, right?" Bart waved his arms wildly, "They knew our identities but we know nothing about them! Nightwing? Robin? Jaybird? Red Robin? What are they? Birds?"

"Isn't Nightwing a kryptonian bird?" Tim asked, looking at Kon for confirmation. Conner nodded but stared at Tim with a strange expression. As if he was trying to figure something out.

Beast Boy made a 'see?' gesture. "Animals are my thing!"

“But what are their goals?” Cassie muttered from where she was sitting by the windows. “This is like the Red Hood and Talon team up all over again.”

“Wait!” Jaime called out, “They mentioned a Robin, right? An R and Robin!”

*Fuuuuuuuuuck.*

“Yeah!” Bart looked enlightened for a second, before folding back into a perplexed expression. “I am so confused.”

Tim piped up, “I...I am too.”

“If the guys in the warehouse were working with these guys, but the people in the warehouse rescued Ghul? But then these guys killed Ghul...and Red Hood works with the LoA, but these guys are basically waging war on them. I...Wait!” Bart had his arms all twisted up in trying to illustrate his ideas.

*Oh no.* Tim was rapidly trying to get his brain to work and start thinking of ways to save things.

“I got it! These Red Robin and Robin guys paid Red Hood and Talon to ‘save’ Ghul so that they’ll have their guard down. Which made it easier for them to pull off the assassination!”

*Or...maybe not.*

“Right! Because both Red Hood and Talon operate on a paying system!” Beast Boy hopped onto Bart’s bandwagon pretty easily.

“Great! But what’s their goal?! What are they playing at?” Cassie threw her arms into the air in exasperation.

“What is any villain’s goal?” Tim asked sarcastically. “Other than, like, taking over the world.”

Victor scoffed, “Making our lives as difficult as possible.”

Kon, from behind the sofa, grabbed Tim’s shoulder and leaned down to whisper to him. “Can I talk to you for a sec?”

Tim glanced at the chaos around him, agreed and followed Kon to a private meeting room.

---

“Tea?” Jason offered Dick. He shook his head. Damian tossed a blanket onto the man, covering him completely. Dick wriggled his way around so that only his head stuck out from the covers.

Damian then started rummaging around in Jason’s kitchen. He pulled something out from the cabinet and chucked it at Dick. “Cereal.”

“Look, Dick, we’ll get the universe fixed and you and Wally will be good again.” Jason shoved a cup of earl gray into Dick’s hands despite the earlier refusal. Dick pouted and munched quietly on his cereal and sipped his tea.

Jason gestured at Damian, “Look, even the brat is being less emo than you without Jon.”



Damian produced a sword out of nowhere and waved it at Jason. “Do not make this about me or Jon, Todd!”

Jason laughed and held his hands up in a surrender pose. “Geez, calm down, no need to get so protective of your boyfriend there.”

“He is not my boyfriend.”

“Right.”

“I miss Wally,” Dick moped from the side, flopping over onto Damian. Damian shrieked in protest and began swinging the katana that he held.

“Get your gross lovesick person off of me, Grayson! You’re spilling cereal everywhere!”

“Shh,” Dick hushed, petting Damian like how one would pet a cat. Damian made bewildered eye contact with Jason, who shrugged in response.

Jason pulled out a computer. “Anyways, who want to look through the file that Tim sent us about this Bruce?”

“Oh heck yes!”

## Chapter End Notes

I'm open to ideas rn...cuz I have no idea what I'm doing...T^T

# Casually panicking. But it's all good...right?

## Chapter Summary

Tim and Kon talk, some birdflash angst, and some batbros idiocy.

## Chapter Notes

Wow, I actually have a plan? What is this? :0

Worldbuilding? Yes. Plot? Ehhhhh...debatable...

Earlyish update for ya'll cuz I finished early!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What’s up?” Tim asked and Kon skittered around the table in the meeting room.

The kryptonian let out a long sigh. “You...do realize I have super senses right?”

Tim grimaced, “Yeeees?”

Kon scrubbed his face, pushing hairs out of his eyes. “When did you start learning to use a bo-staff?”

It was Tim’s turn to sigh, “When I started training to be a...hero?”

“And I didn’t know?”

“I did it in secret!” Tim blurted. Kon raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms. “Uh, yeah, when you guys left me...alone in the tower...”

Kon continued to nail Tim with that unimpressed look.

“Living lie detector...right.”

“How about you try again, Tim.” Kon enunciated his name with a tinge of distrust that had the physically younger one shrinking in his seat.

The floor was very interesting all of a sudden. Tim’s mind was whirling at a hundred miles an hour but nothing came up for him. What does he say? ‘Yeah, I’m actually the team leader but some shit happened and now my brothers are villains?’ or maybe ‘We bats have always been secretive’.

Finally, he settled with, “This is going to sound like I’m making it up. But I’m not.”

“Go on...”

“So like a few weeks ago...remember that mission to the Wayne Building?” Tim began, glancing at Kon, who nodded. “So, I...how do I explain this? I regained my memories?”

Kon frowned.

Tim floundered for a second on trying to figure out how to explain it to someone who didn't experience it. “Think of it like waking up from a dream, I guess? Like when you're dreaming you don't realize it's not real, but while you're still dreaming you still think it's real? Well, I woke up, so to speak.”

“We're dreaming?”

“Well, no. I think someone just massively screwed up everyone's memories and some aspects of reality. It's sort of like mind control? We're not really sure either. Some things changed, some didn't. We don't know. I'm honestly just as lost as everyone else is!” Tim paused and took another look at Conner. “You're taking this incredibly well.”

Kon shook his head, “I'm really not.”

“Oh, well thanks for not flipping out yet?”

“Yeah. So you're telling me that this,” Conner gestured around them. “Isn't real?”

“It is, but, like, not in the way that you're remembering it?” Tim cringed. “This probably doesn't make enough sense to convince you I'm not a traitor...”

“It really isn't.”

Tim was desperately trying to think of a way to get his best friend to believe him when Kon continued speaking. “But. You're not lying, so I'll give you the benefit of the doubt.”

Tim sagged in relief. He grinned weakly, “Thanks, Kon.”

“Yeah, in the meantime, are you going to explain who the other three guys were?”

Tim let out a bark of laughter. “This is going to sound even crazier.”

Kon's eyebrow rose slowly.

“They're my brothers.”

Kon choked.

---

You know those itches that you just can't scratch? Well, Wally's having one of those. In his brain.

It started after those four weirdos appeared, introduced themselves and left. Then there's been something nagging at Wally non-stop.

Wally's rather sure he never met those guys before, but there was something unsettlingly familiar about them. The entire situation was causing his already high stress levels to start rising.

He's been stress cleaning his apartment non-stop ever since the fight. Wally had probably been through and reorganizing this drawer for at least three times already. He's vacuumed so much that he doubts there's any remaining dust at all and all the windows have been wiped spotless. He even started color-coding the pens in the bin by the phone. Now he was just combing through the drawer of miscellaneous objects in his bedroom again.

Something shiny caught the light and Wally's attention. It was wedged deep into the drawer but Wally wondered how he missed it the other three times he sorted through the items. Pushing through a Kid Flash doll and a bat plush he grabbed the small trinket.

It was a ring. It was a simple-looking ring, no gemstones or anything. It had a black matte band with a line of gold running through the middle. It was rather simple and elegant. Wally flipped it over, inspecting it, trying to figure out where it came from and what it meant.

There was an engraving on the inside of the ring. Wally squinted, trying hard to read the tiny text.

"Wherever you're going I'm going," Wally read aloud. Oh, yeah, he said that to- Who did he say that to? When did he even say that? Why couldn't he remember? Why did nothing make sense?

This felt important. No, Wally knew this was important. The door to the bedroom creaked open and Wally, out of reflex, scrambled to hide the ring from—It was just some breeze from the windows he opened earlier because the smell of the cleaning supplies was getting too strong. Who was he expecting? He thought sardonically. He lived alone.

But the past few days he had found himself calling out to someone that didn't exist out of some strange deep-rooted habit that shouldn't exist. He almost started asking for...someone to make him a sandwich because he was hungry before realizing that he had to do it himself.

Maybe he wasn't getting enough sleep. He hasn't been sleeping well for the past few weeks. He didn't know why but going to bed just felt wrong. Cold, empty, and wrong. And Wally would lay awake or sleep without actually getting rest.

This was dumb. Wally laid down on his bed, holding the ring up to the light. What was wrong with him? He had more important things to worry about than some weird ring and his sleeping habits.

Despite this, he still took extra care to tuck the ring somewhere safe. Out of pure amusement to no one other than himself, he put it on the wing of the bat plush. It was harder to lose that way, he reasoned.

And for once, he fell asleep quickly, cuddling the tiny black stuffed animal.

---

"This is actually different from the mind control devices we're used to."

The three were scouring through pages and pages of blueprints and files that Tim had sent over to Jason a few days prior.

Dick nodded, "Yeah. Typically the ones we see are, like, 'brain shut down, take over motor function' kind. But this is straight-up memory manipulation!"

"That's just fucked up."

Damian had left the blueprints and scientific stuff to the other two while he was reading through text files sent between Bruce and Luthor. Father-No, just Bruce, was playing Luthor and it was amusing that the man didn't realize it. Bruce had avoided any legality ties so that if Luthor got caught Bruce could easily turn a blind eye and play innocent. Damian was particularly sure how to feel about that.

Damian looked away from the papers for a moment, opting to stare out the window instead. He found some interest in watching the people walking in the streets below, oblivious to what's been happening.

Something caught his eye all of sudden.

"GRAYSON! TODD!" Damian was pressing his face to the glass in trying to figure out if he was hallucinating or not and trying to get a better look.

"What is it?" Dick asked, rushing to his side. Damian jabbed a finger at a girl who was walking down the street.

"What? She has a Marvel backpack?"

Damian shook his head, "NO! Her shirt!"

Jason saw it first, "Holy shit."

Dick froze when he saw it.

The girl was wearing a simple black t-shirt. But that wasn't it. The black shirt was emblazoned with a familiar blue logo.

Jason wasted no time in throwing open the window and trying to jump out after the girl. The only problem was that Dick beat him to jumping out. The acrobat easily hopped out the fire escape, maneuvered down the sides, and hit the ground running. Damian and Jason followed a few beats later.

It must've been a weird sight, three boys racing through the streets. One in pajamas, one in with a blanket draped over himself and another in a backwards muscle tee. But then again, it was Gotham, so maybe not as weird as it sounded.

Dick obviously caught up to the girl first. She was young, maybe a college student, and she looked rather tired. Jason would pinpoint the exact moment her brain gave up and just went 'fuck it.'

"I'm sorry ma'am, I but want to know, where did you get that shirt?"

She glanced down at her shirt and frowned, "I don't remember. I think I made this one? I make some of my shirts, and I've signed this one so it's probably mine but I have no idea what it means. I ran out of my other shirt this morning. So, sorry, man."

The eldest visibly deflated as Jason patted him on the back, half-jokingly.

"Well, thanks, sorry for bothering you," Dick replied, pouting again.

Jason followed Dick's lead and also apologized for taking her time and tacked on a, "Get some sleep and get that college degree, girl!"

She laughed good-naturedly and bid them good luck in whatever endeavor they were doing.

“Well, now I’m just more confused,” Jason said as they were slowing walking back, finally got around to turning the tee the right way after he had haphazard threw it on in their rush to get out.

Damian just huffed in response, more engrossed with making sure the blanket that got dragged along with him didn’t get dirty with the Gotham street dirt.

Dick began trying to reason it out, “So I don’t think it’s dimension traveling, yeah?”

“Yeah, Tim didn’t think so either.”

“Right, and all those blueprints pointed towards memory manipulation. And if I’m hypothesizing correctly, I’m going to bet that the magic had something to do with changing history or reality. The culprit clearly wants to get rid of Batman, but if they didn’t know the identity of Batman, they could only get rid of the persona and its influence. However, since it only affects that much, some minor and personal stuff isn’t affected, like that Nightwing shirt that girl made herself. And by that logic, personal mementos might still exist. That’s also why there’s still zeta tube in Gotham even though Batman doesn’t exist!” Dick was rambling, off in his own world as his two brother trailed behind, a little shocked by Dick’s uncharacteristic seriousness. Dick had suddenly trailed off as he finally noticed the silence and stares. “What?”

Jason laughed, “It’s moments like these that I’m suddenly reminded that you’re not actually stupid. The way you and Wally act always has me forgetting that fact.”

“You rarely ever think things through,” Damian offered his input blandly and Dick made a mock offended gasp.

“I do!” He insisted. He was pinned down with identical flat unimpressed stares. “Okay, half of the time?”

They didn’t budge, if anything, their stares only got flatter, somehow.

“De vez en cuando?” Dick offered.

Jason snorted, “Yeah, once in a blue moon.”

The three now approached the apartment door and Jason went to the front to open it up. Jason started patting himself down.

“Ah, fuck, I don’t have the keys.”

The three glanced between themselves. None of them had any lockpicking tools, bobby pins or anything of the sort.

“Jason! No!” Dick wailed when Jason made a determined face and was positioned to ram the door in. Damian was not dealing with this today.

Without a word, Damian turned on his heel and headed back down the stairs.



Bart charged into the tower the next morning madly waving his phone in everyone's faces.

"Look at this! What is this? What madness is this!" He screamed. Tim gently pried the phone from his grasp and took a look at what has made him so riled up.

It was an article from Gotham Gazette, talking about Gotham's own vigilantes...oh no. Tim quickly began scrolling through the rest of the article before pulling out his own phone to check the news.

There is was. A new article about 'a figure clad in black, with a smaller colorful partner'. Diiiiiiick. Why. Tim was 99% sure that if he questioned his older brothers, Dick's response would border something along the lines of "I was bored."

At this point, Tim was ready to just throw all semblance of a plan (regarding the Justice League) out the window and just see where everything goes. Join Dick and his apparent game of 'how confused can you make the JL?'.

"They're calling them heroes! Vigilante heroes!" Bart was still going, engrossed in his rant. At this point, Tim discreetly turned on his comm to the other birds. "But then the 'little one' goes and leaves a dude in the hospital!"

Apparently, this dude was dressed as a clown and robbing a bank and Damian had gone and broke his leg. And an arm. Along with a few ribs. But Tim and Jason would most likely agree that it was a very justified reaction to that situation.

"But I have the biggest problem with the fact that people are calling them heroes!" Bart waved his phone in their faces again, with the screen zoomed in on said word. "They are not heroes! They said it themselves!"

Jason apparently was tuned in as Tim's comm crackled for a second before Jason's tenor voice whispered, *"Fuck yeah, I'm not."*

"Actually," Kon interjected. "They just said they're not on our side. Not that their villains."

Tim looked at Conner in shock, but the super pretended not to notice and continued to peer at Bart.

Gar was the one to speak, "That's basically the same thing! We're the heroes! If they're opposing us, then they're villains."

"Ah, yes, because the world is black and white," Tim muttered sarcastically under his breath and Kon shot him a half-amused, half warning look. Jason snrked.

*"Tim's current mood: I'm a bad bitch, you can't kill me."* Tim bit his lip so he didn't laugh.

"Is that really how you define hero and villain?" Kon continued his line of questioning nonchalantly. "There are things called anti-heroes you know?"

"Well, yes, but they're just so shady and rude and stuff."

Superboy merely shrugged and didn't pursue the idea any further.

"Do you think we can go to Gotham and talk to them ourselves?" Tim offered, quiet and meek, a perfect act if he had to say so himself.

*"Wait what? DICK! SQUIRT! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!"*

Everyone in the room turned to look at him. Tim shifted, making sure to sell the fact that he's uncomfortable with the attention. Like he didn't have to speak at charity balls or functions. Like he didn't have to give missions debriefing for this very team almost twice a week. Nope, he was very very uncomfortable with everyone's attention.

Everyone looked borderline on board with the idea.

"How would we get there?" Beast Boy asked. "We can't take Cassie's jet."

"Zeta tubes?" Tim thought it would pretty obvious.

"There's a zeta to Gotham?!"

Tim frowned, "Uh, yes? There always has been?"

"Oh, then what are we waiting for? Let's go find some birds!"



Guys, I'm dying. I'm taking the SAT tomorrow and I have so many projects on top of midterms. \*cries\*

Ayyyyyy, I reached my word count per chapter goal for this one! (2.5k per chapter)

We're going to get some more action in the next chapter hopefully!

Anyways, what do you think? (Casually is tempted to do the Starkvenger thing and threaten to dangle Tim off a cliff.)

# Don't be suspicious...don't be suspicious

## Chapter Summary

Three hotheaded idiots plus one tired double agent goes and meets up with three other hotheaded idiots. What can go wrong?

## Chapter Notes

I was going to pose this yesterday....but I sorta ended up falling asleep before I could finish it. And then I woke up late, had to go out for lunch with some people...and yeah I'm basically making excuses.

Sorry, I'm late! D: But I did it!

Also, the response about my lack of an update last we were so overwhelmingly nice and positive and I didn't know how to reply to most of them. I love ya'll so much! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Heeeeeeey, look! We've got visitors!" A cheery voice greeted them when they stepped out from the teleporter. They collectively craned their necks up to see Nightwing perched precariously on the railing of the fire escape a few floors up. The vigilante waggled his fingers.

"Hello! Let's see, Kid Flash, Draken, Superboy, Beast Boy, and Blue Beetle!" Another voice joined in and from the shadows of the alley emerged a figure in a brown leather jacket.

Kon looked at Tim unsurely as if he was trying to ask "are you sure they're safe?" Tim grimaced, internally wanting to answer "for the most part" to Kon's unasked question. Instead, Tim just shrugged.

He wondered if Damian had agreed to this madness, but that was answered when Tim found a sword pointing to his chin and the younger teen hissing out, "What do you want here, Draken? We don't take kindly to metas in Gotham."

Tim blinked, "Why are you asking me? I'm not the leader!" Damian had paused for a second and Tim wondered if the boy actually forgot that Draken wasn't the leader of the team in this reality.

Kon pushed forward and stared them down. "We're here to talk."

Dick 'ooh'-ed and hopped down from his perch. He stalked around the group like some kind of predator and made some approving noise before beckoning them up the building. "It's nicer on the roof!" He chirped before launching a grapple and zipping up.

Tim almost reflexively followed before deciding to turn around and hold his arms out to Kon like a

child asking to be picked up. The super made a short breathy laugh before grabbing his arms and flying both of them up there.

“Thanks.”

“You could’ve gotten up yourself, couldn’t you?”

Tim smirked, “Easily.”

Nightwing was already making himself comfortable in the rooftop, Robin and Jaybird flanking his sides. Jason was leaning on a railing and was fumbling around with a cigarette and Damian just stood stiffly to Dick’s side.

“Where’s your fourth member? Red...bird?” Gar asked as he turned back into a human from the falcon he was to fly up.

“Red Robin?” Dick waved his hand dismissively, “He’s around.”

Tim briefly toyed with the idea about walking over and just sitting in Dick’s lap or something, just to see the faces of the other guys. Of course, that would be a terrible idea and did not become the reality. He did snicker at the thought and gain two curious looks from Jason and Conner.

He discreetly signed his thoughts to Jason in bat-code or whatever Dick has named it. Jason had to turn and cover his smirk.

“So what did you guys want to talk about?” Dick asked, all friendly and smiley, which normally would be nice. But because the Titans were currently all on edge, the attitude made them more uneasy than anything.

So Tim took the initiative, “What’s your endgame? Your goal?”

Dick hummed in thought, “I don’t know, what do you think?”

“If we knew we wouldn’t be here, now would we?” Tim replied sarcastically. You know, like a liar. Tim saw Damian turn his head out the corner of his eye. Was the batbrat laughing at him?

“Well we’re not here to ruin your lives or take over the world anything,” Dick shrugged and it took almost all of Tim’s willpower to not start laughing. Dick perked up, “Actually, I’m here to annoy people! Especially the Flashes. Have you seen the seconds Flash’s ass in that spandex? Mmmm, smexy.”

“Oh my god, Nightwing, what the hell?” Jason exclaimed, shoving Dick. The older man just broke down laughing, allowing himself to fall over onto his side.

Bart looked mildly disturbed. “Nice knowing my cousin is attractive to a supervillain.”

“Look at that, you’re already doing your job,” Damian deadpanned, addressing Dick. Dick ignored him to make an offended gasp at Bart’s words.

“Supervillain?! Jay, am I a supervillain?” He turned to look at Jason, who was stubbing out his cigarette.

Jason snorted, “Yeah.”

“You’re supposed to say no.”

“I’m aware.”

Gar leaned over to whisper to Tim. “They don’t act like our typical villains...”

“Anyways, contrary to what Jay is saying, we’re not villains!” Nightwing chirped, “We’re vigilantes, like you guys!”

“Why not join the league then?” Kon asked.

Jason sauntered over to the group, sticking his hands into the pocket of his signature leather jacket. “League? I’m sorry please clarify, the Justice League or the League of Assassins?”

“Justice League.”

“They’re all idiots,” Jason dismissed, causing the three young heroes to bristle. He side-eyed Dick and tacked on, “Especially West.”

Dick placed a hand on his heart, then shrugged, “I really can’t argue against that.”

“What is your problem with my cousin? And how do you know his identity?”

“It’s not difficult to obtain that information,” Damian spoke up, “Bart Allen, Garfield Logan, Conner Kent, and Tim...Draaaake.” Damian dragged out Tim’s name in a weird way, but none of the non-bats noticed. “You’re all incompetent fools. Especially Drake.”

Tim couldn’t help it and he fired back, “Oh yeah? You want to go?” And Damian smirked, sliding into a fighting pose. Tim’s wits then came back to him to tell him why this wasn’t his brightest idea. He really shouldn’t let Damian goad him.

The other three looked at Tim alarmed but Damian had already lept at him as Dick yelled out a “No!” a tad too late.

Bart then jumped in to help Tim by butting the kid to the side. Damian rolled harmlessly and popped right back up. He then turned his attention onto Bart and practically growled.

In Damian’s typical fight first, talk later fashion, the young boy pulled out some of those R shuriken and tossed them at Bart. Bart easily dodged but it seemed that Damian had thrown them in a way to control where Bart ran and stationed himself right where the speedster slowed down and decked him in the face. This is where Dick lept in to try and stop Damian, latching on to his back like the giant octopus the man was.

Gar had also tried to leap into the fray only to be stopped by Jason. Kon was just looking at Tim, overwhelmed or bewildered, Tim wasn’t sure.

Jason easily took Gar’s attacks and wasn’t phased when the green boy turned into a tiger. He merely changed the way he was fighting to deal with the ‘new’ foe. He did, however, seemed to pause a little when Gar manifested a tail as a fifth limb.

“Guys, guys,” Tim stepped forward, pulling Gar away from Jason, who didn’t follow and stepped back as well, “Can we just, calm down for a second?”

Dick experimentally let go of Damian who hrmph-ed and crossed his arms.

"Thanks, guys," Tim sighed. "Now that we have established now that the birds can take us down easily so let's not try and pick a fight with them, okay?"

"You started it," Jason added helpfully. Tim gave him the middle finger behind his back.

"Well, I would blame Robin, but I'll accept that and I'm sorry," Tim continued without missing a beat. Damian tsked, he knew that Tim was definitely *not* sorry.

Then something blew up in the distance in the typical conversation interrupting way. Dick made some dramatic groaning noise.

"Looks like we're going to have to cut this conversation short, boys, things to do, people to save. Bye-bye!"

"Wait!-" Bart called out but they already shot of their grappling hooks and was swinging off.

"Ugh, that was completely useless!" Gar complained, "We didn't learn anything and I like them even less."

"Yeah, they're total douches." Bart nodded along sagely.

The four made their way ambling back to the zeta when another figure dropped down in front of them.

They were all on the defensive immediately. "Red Hood."

The suited figure didn't make any form of acknowledgment other than raising a gun up. Tim raised his hand in the surrender pose while the other three got posed to fight.

"Get out of my way, you caped cretins," The mechanical voice was listless and emotionless but the bite in the words carried all the same. "First the birds stake a claim over Gotham and now more of these caped crusaders start showing up? What shit show is this?"

Tim stuttered, "We're just leaving sir. We wanted to talk to the birds as well. They didn't want to team up with us you see-"

"Ah, so they're not as stupid as they look," Red Hood sneered. "They do pay well though."

*Nice, Jason. Totally run with the idea that we paid our villain personas to save Dami just to kill him later. At least it keeps them off our tracks so I really can't complain.*

"They what?" Bart echoed but Red Hood was already walking away. He shoved past Tim shouldering the younger so hard that Tim ended up on the floor.

But in the motion, Jason leaned over and whispered, "We need to talk."

Pretending to be shaken and scared, Tim got up from the ground with wide eyes and shaky breaths.

"You okay?" Kon asked, grabbing Tim's arm to help him up.

Tim nodded, "Yeah. Yeah, I'm good."

“Well, we got something out of that,” Gar chimed from ahead. “The birds *did* pay them.”

“But we can’t confirm what for,” Tim cautioned, not wanting to drag his brother’s name all the way through the mud, as much as a pain they are.

They made their way back to the teleporter with that encounter under their belt.

---

Tim managed to slip away quite easily. The Kents didn’t keep a tight leash on him nor did anyone else and it was simple to just tell them he was going to the mall and that was that. It was only two days after the encounter in Gotham.

There was this little coffee shop in the mall that he had told Dick and Jason to meet him at. They had to leave Damian because his civilian identity might still be recognizable as Ghul. Ghul didn’t even wear a mask, the Titan probably saw his face.

Tim go there first and was already on his third espresso when the other two arrived. Dick had on concealer and colored contacts to hide the black veins and yellowed eyes of a Talon. Jason seemed to have temporarily dyed the white streak in his hair black as well. They ordered their drinks and quickly came and joined Tim at his table.

“So what did you guys want to talk about?” Tim asked over his cup.

Wordlessly, Dick held up his phone. Tim took it and inspected the picture the man was showing him. He then looked at the two with wide eyes.

“You’re not pranking me right?”

Jason shook his head, “No, this was the actual shirt she was wearing.”

Tim stared at the blue and black shirt the girl was wearing. It was slightly stylized but definitely recognizable as the Nightwing symbol.

"So definitely not alternate universe then?" Tim muttered.

Dick nodded, "That's was we figured too. And here's the more interesting part. We tried looking for the more popular merch, but we couldn't find anything. But this shirt she made herself."

"So everything that's public about our hero personas have been erased from history, basically."

"Which makes me wonder...is the cave still operational? Does the psycho that did this know about the cave?" Jason smirked. Tim's eyes lit up.

"I mean, we do sometimes mention it on patrol?" Dick winced, but continued, "So do you want to check?"

"Of course," Tim replied and pulled out a tablet he always carried around.

"What are you doing?"

"Check to see if there's any traces of the Cave systems," Tim replied as he scanned the web. He let the program run for a little while only to come up with- "nothing."

Dick stood up from his chair, "Let's go check in person then, come on, Tim." Dick then chugged the rest of his hot chocolate and hauled Tim out of his chair as well.

They were walking towards the exit of the mall when Tim spotted someone, well, someones that had him trying to turn the other way.

"Nope nope nope, guys we're going the other way," Tim had tried to spin on his heel only to run straight into Jason.

Jason caught him, "What's happening?"

It was too late, they already saw him.

Tim was flailing to try and hide Dick and Jason as the other titan's voice drew closer and closer.

"Uh, Tim?" Cassie called out. Tim turned to face her, Kon, and Bart. He made a feeble attempt to hide Dick and Jason behind him, but as seeing both his brothers were taller and wider than him, it didn't work.

He cringed, "Hi, guys." Dick waved and Jason shot Tim an amused grin. Tim wanted to sink into the floor.

"These two are...my friends," Tim replied carefully, sending a warning look over his shoulder.

Dick stuck out his hand in an amicable manner, "Hello, I'm Tim's friend, Richard."

"I'm Peter," Jason grunted.

Kon took the initiative and shook Dick's hand. "Hello."

"Guys, these are my other friends," Tim turned to Dick and Jason. "Cassie, Conner and Bart."

"Nice to meet you! We've heard so much about you guys!" Dick smiled and winked.

Cassie turned to Tim as she said, "Yes, and we've never heard of you guys."

"Little Timmers never talked about us?" Jason crooned, placing an elbow on Tim's head.

"Nope! Sorry, we have plans for today, I'll properly introduce you guys to each other later, okay? Let's go, Peter, Richard," Tim rambled and began pushing and Jason and Dick in the other direction. He turned and waved, "Bye guys, see you later!"

Tim's three friends gave hesitant waves as they watched Tim round a corner with two larger guys in tow.

## Chapter End Notes

Ugh, I'm not too happy with this chapter cuz I rushed it but oh well.

All the fillers for ya'll.

Anywho, any thoughts? Need to yell at me?



# Shiny rocks

## Chapter Summary

Birds take a look at the cave. Things happen

## Chapter Notes

PLOT! PLOT! AND MORE PLOT!

This is a little shorter than my normal chapters but, vacations and holidays...so...sorry :P

Happy Holidays guys! :DDD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The hustle-bustle didn't stop to stare or even give the three boys a passing glance. The city flowed and moved as people can car hurried down the streets. Three young males garnered no attention whatsoever, and for once Tim thanked the fact that they weren't famous and had to deal with paparazzi throughout this entire fiasco.

Tim had gotten them to stop for a while at a Starbucks so he could order a giant cup of coffee while Jason ended taking a smoke. Dick had chided both of them about unhealthy habit but it was a futile effort on his part.

"Okay so, I forgot to mention that I've been to the cave once," Dick said suddenly as they were talking towards the zeta tubes in the city.

Jason turned to face him with a calm demeanor. "And you didn't think to tell us, why?" He slung an arm over Dick's shoulders, his height making him all the more imposing. Dick, however, was undeterred.

The man shrugged. "Well, I mean, I was sort of having a breakdown when I went and I just got to the entrance so I don't like if the cave is still there."

Tim hummed into his coffee, "Was the entrance there?"

Dick shook his head.

Tim contemplated this new information as Jason punched in the number for overriding the zetas.

"Ladies first," Jason said with a flourish as he swept the old telephone booth's door open. Dick strode in with all the dignity of Dick Grayson and Tim stalked in after him rolling his eyes at Jason.

Tim breathed in the musty Gotham air and sarcastically muttered, “Oh how I missed this fresh air here.”

Jason snorted, “Oh yes, the oh so fresh Gotham air.”

Dick managed to round up the two of them to fetch Damian so all four of them can go visit the cave.

Tim just let himself get dragged down the street where people cared even less about a young man dragged two younger men down the road. Tim just slurped his coffee loudly.

---

“Anyone else think Tim’s been acting weird?” Bart asked as soon as the three of them enter the tower. Kon was rather impressed the speedster managed to avoid the topic for so long, as it was obvious he wanted to talk about right there in the mall.

Cassie nodded, “Yeah, he’s more talkative, social and assertive.”

“Isn’t that a good thing?” Conner tried.

“Normally, yes, but it’s almost borderline abnormal. He doesn’t put up as much of a fight being left behind on mission, he’s been hanging out less with us and now meeting up with people we didn’t know about.”

Bart waved his arms wildly, “If we were normal people, I would say he’s joined a gang.”

Kon snorted at that thought because if one really thought about it, the birds are basically a gang, right?

It appeared that Jaime has caught onto the tail end of their conversation as they entered the common area. “Are you guys discussing Tim’s weird behavior?”

Victor looked up from his station by the computer as well.

“I hate to be the one to mention it, but, we still have the possible mole thing hanging in the air,” The cyborg turned the data he amassed towards the others. “No one else other than us knew where Ghul was. We had the information off the network, it was a direct connection. It would be unlikely we were hacked and yet, Red Hood and his Talons found us. Well, maybe it was the birds that found us. Either way, they knew somehow. And a few months ago, we were intercepted on a mission to Lex Corp that had both Luthor and Wayne basically waiting for us. There’s more and I think it’s definitely a possibility that we have a spy.”

“Are you insinuating that Tim’s playing double agent?” Bart seemed rightfully appalled by the idea. Kon, knowing what was actually happening with Tim, quietly agreed with Bart.

Victor looked away, “I never said that. I just said that Roy’s suspicion might not be as unfounded as we originally thought.”

Cassie heaved a heavy breath, “Let’s not point fingers or name until we have more proof okay? We are still a team and we can’t let this mole investigation break us apart.”

Kon glanced around the room at the sullen silence that descended and felt a pang of *wrongness*. And for the first time, he realized he could name it. It was because they were missing their leader.

---

“So, even if we wanted to get into the Cave, the question is how?” Red Robin asked. He was honestly too tired to use his own brain right now.

Red Hood walked around the would-be entrance with a hand on the chin of the helmet like he was thinking. “We can dig. And if that’s too slow, we can dynamite it.”

“Hood! No!” Nightwing squawked, “You can collapse the whole cave and the manor on top of it!”

“And?”

“Pennyworth is most likely within the manor,” Robin intoned with a smirk. Red Hood slumped.

Red Robin sighed. This was getting nowhere. “Let’s just infiltrate the manor grounds and jump in through old well. You know, the one where B fell into as a kid?”

“Infiltrate the manor?” Nightwing parroted.

Tim shrugged, “He’s not Batman, he might not have as much security?”

They continued going back and forth and Tim’s idea was the only worthwhile one.

Turns out, even if Bruce wasn’t Batman, he was still B and the manor security was just as tight. Camera, traps, all the works.

Red Robin was currently in the middle of hacking past all of the firewalls in the digital side of things and hoping B wasn’t currently monitoring the security because it was honestly a very sloppy job and it wouldn’t take much for the man to take notice of the looping footage. Tim was really close to just screaming ‘frick it’, without censorship, and take up Jason’s idea. Eventually, he got through and managed to deactivate the cameras and electricity-based traps.

The four then clambered up the wall of the back of the manor and dropped down into some foliage.

“There!” Nightwing pointed off a little way to their left, where the old dried-up well sat innocently among some bushes.

Damian had elbowed Dick harshly right before the acrobat took off and got the elder to finally notice the gardener ambling through the yard. And in classic cartoon-esque, the four tiptoed across the yard whenever the gardener’s back was turned and hiding behind random objects, mainly bushes and trees when the man wasn’t turned. When they made the short distance to the well, Dick tossed a small rock down the hole and the four listened for the sound. The deep echo that came back definitely indicated a chasm and the few seconds that passed told them how deep.

Dick dived in first. Damian second, then Tim and finally, Jason.

It was the Cave, no doubt. If the giant penny and fake dinosaur was any indication.

Tim threw his arms up into the air. “Of course the penny stayed but not the computer! Even the goddamn dinosaur is here but no technology anywhere!”

Tim’s frustrated voice echoed through the dark cavern followed by Jason’s snickers.

“Stop laughing at my misfortune, Jay!” Tim waggled his finger at the older man in fake anger which had Jason trying to muffle his laughter. Dick looked to also be on the verge of laughed while Damian smirked to the side.

“I’m glad you find this situation humorous, gentlemen.”

The four froze, trying to locate the source of the feminine voice. A blonde figure stepped out from the shadows above them and the fact that they were floating was a dead giveaway that they weren’t a normal human.

“Fucking magic users,” Jason growled.

“Wow, I’m impressed how did you know I’m using magic?” The voice lit with childish wonder that edge more on mocking than actual amazement.

Jason pulled out a gun and trained it onto the figure. “Wild fucking guess, sweetie, but thanks for confirming it.”

Tim noticed they were constantly glancing at something a little ways off to the side and followed their gaze to...the floor?

Wait, no, there was a so thing weird about one rock in the pile of pebbles. As the other three verbally duked it out with the witch, wizard or whatever, Tim edged over to the pile a d pick up the rock. It was more of a crystalline structure and was slightly transparent but cloudy. He held it up to the mystery person.

"Looking for this?"

They hissed and lunged for Tim only for a katana and escrima sticks pointed in their direction and a pang of a gun causing them to recoil their arm.

The rock then glowed in Tim's hand and he also dropped it. He suddenly realized what it was. It was one of those small crystals that surround the large on in the weird machine that cause the entire situation. Whatever reason this person was collect the crystals back for probably wasn't good.

The five got into a scuffle with had a bit more explosions and incantations than a regular fight. Their adversary didn’t seem to be a natural magic user and tended to reply more on relics and artifacts than spells or anything of the sort.

A particular lucky shot from Damian’s bird-a-rangs had shot a container from off their foe’s belt, which rolled to stop at Tim’s feet. He quickly snatched it up and notice it had two more of those crystals inside of it. The blonde had screeched and lunged for the container and Tim and Damian lashed out with their respective weapons.

It was Damian that got a slice in with his katana while Tim whacked them with his staff, causing the magic welder to grab their bleeding arm with the other. Then Jason got them with a knife on the leg and with a conflicted stare they fled with a poof of smoke.

Tim held up their prizes.

“Shiny rocks,” Dick stated with a grin, “Asterous.” Then he paused for a second and sighed.

With a small pout, he explained to his brother's questioning looks. "I...was expecting Wally to laugh."

Damian awkwardly patted Dick on the back.

Jason cleared his throat. "Anyways, the mage is gone, we got some stuff out of that, we should get out, there's nothing else here."

Tim rolled the container with the three crystals in his gloved palm. "I think, with some help in the magic department, we can use this to reverse engineer what caused this."

"The *whole* thing?" Dick asked hopefully.

Tim winced, "Maybe not, but possibly with that crystal that Billy has. But I have an idea for these."

---

Hours later, the morning found Tim, still awake in his room, glaring at his computer screen as it ran calculations again.

Someone chose this moment to knock on his door. Tim looked up and for a brief moment just stared at the door in silence before he remembered that he needed to either give vocal confirmation for the other person to come in or open the door himself.

"Come in," He chose to call out, unlocking his door remotely, "It's unlocked."

Kon pushed the door open and popped his head in. He then shuffled in and closed the door behind him.

"I think I should inform you that the others think- TIM! WOAHH! When did you last sleep?!"

Tim looked up from the computer screen to give his friend a blank stare and blinked slowly. "What?"

"Dude, your bags have bags, how much sleep did you get?"

"Enough," Tim answers vaguely, dismissing the idea. The computer pinged when the calculation finished only for a red 'failed' to be blinking up at Tim.

Wordlessly, Tim picked up the computer and chucked it across the room without a change in his expression to Kon's incredulity.

The super raced across the room to catch the device before it smashed into the wall and placed it down a safe distance from Tim. He then gently grabbed Tim and picked him up.

"Buddy, let's get some sleep in you and you can do whatever you doing later. And we can talk later." He placed the boy into the bed and Tim was out like a light.

Heheheheh

Looky! It's not a cliffhanger this time! :D (I mean, not really, right?)

Anyways, what do you guys think? Your comments make my day. :)

# Magic equates to one giant effing headache

## Chapter Summary

Ahahahahahaha

PLOT

also, hey look, the original genre of humor is showing. With just a *dash* of angst.

## Chapter Notes

I AM SO SORRY THIS IS SO LATE and without any prior warning.

I thought I would have it done by Friday but some sickness just came in and whammied me without warning on Wednesday night and dragged all the way through to now. :/

Also, since I'm sick. Tim will also be sick. Because we will suffer together.

(I'm sorry, Tim, I love you.)

Also, why it feels rushed. It was. Sorry again. :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tim woke up later in his room and a glance at the clock told him it was well into the afternoon. He was grateful to Kon for getting to bed, but also a little annoyed at the lost time.

Either way, first things first, he stumbled out of his room to get a cup of coffee. Tim ambled to the common room and began setting up the pot for coffee on autopilot. His mind wandered as he waited for it to brew.

If the calculations still don't work out, he might have to call in a magic-user to help. Of all the choices, Tim thinks he'll prefer Billy the most. However, he had no idea how he was going to convince the younger boy to help without alerting the JL. Whatever, he'll cross that bridge when he gets to it.

"Hey," A voice starts behind him, causing Tim to jump back and whirl into a fighting stance. His mind belatedly recognized the voice as Kon's as he matched it to his face.

"Oh, hi," Tim sighed out. Kon frowned and walked up closer to the other teen.

Kon put a hand on Tim's forehead and his frown deepened. "Tim, you're burning up."

The smaller teen shrugged, "It's just a fever, nothing abnormal. Comes with missing a spleen."

Kon sputtered at Tim's evident lack of self-care. "Just a *fever*? You're at least a hundred and something degrees right now."

Tim waved his hand in dismissal, "Yeah, it's fine."

"*Tim!*"

"Kon, I got work to do. I'll be fine. Look, I'll take my meds, finish this up, and rest, okay?"

"Are...you always like this?"

Tim snorted, "Yeah, that's why, according to Jason, I have to be 'babysat by a bunch of metas'."

"Yeah," Kon gave Tim a flat stare, "Feels familiar."

"Oh, you wanted to talk about something before I passed out?" Tim asked as he pulled his coffee off the maker and pour the scalding drink into a cup.

Kon's eyes followed the motion with disapproval but said nothing about it. "Yeah, I wanted to tell you that the team is picking up the mole investigation again."

In the middle of taking a sip of his burning hot coffee, Tim had choked and began sputtering. "Do-do they suspect me?"

"Yeah."

Tim buried his face into his hands. "Ugh, this is so... I hate magic. I hate magic so much." Then without so much as a wince, he downed the cup of burning bitter liquid and poured himself another one. "The problem is, I-"

"Hey, Tim, why are you drinking coffee like it's alcohol?" Bart's voice cut into the common area as he skidded around the counter. "Is it good?" He tried to pour himself some to drink only to shriek at the temperature. "Holy heck, Tim, do you have pain receptors in your mouth?"

Kon and Tim watched as the younger boy darted around the kitchen. Eventually, Kon asked, "What's up, Bart?"

"Oh, right! There's a new mission. I needed to call you two."

---

Tim listened as Diana gave the team the mission briefing, nursing his fourth cup of coffee. Yes, he knew it wasn't healthy but did that stop Honoré de Balzac? No. So will it stop Tim? Nope.

"This should be rather straight forwards. There's a shipment of highly dangerous chemicals that needs to be stopped. The trucks are en route here-" three red dots lit up on the holographic map "-and their eta is six hours. I must warn you, these chemicals are volatile and dangerous, so do not use excessive force or explosives."

The team nodded. The people in the room consisted of Kon, Bart, Wally, Jaime, Cassie, Kaldur and Tim.

"Which means that all of you are going to have to depart at 4:20 this afternoon, so get ready."



Wally snickered and turned with a cupped hand over his shoulder as if to whisper to someone. Only Tim seemed to notice the movement and he watched as Wally lowered his hand and blinked to himself in confusion. And only Tim knew why Wally did that.

This renewed Tim's drive on working on the fix to the entire situation. He got up from his chair, snagged his cup and began slinking out of the room.

When the others asked where he was going, Tim just answered, "I'm sick so I'm going back to my room."

---

Tim stumbled into his room a minute later with a pounding headache. He also felt cold. His eyelids were hot and his legs felt like jelly. Ugh, maybe he was sicker than he thought. Tim managed to force his medicine down before collapsing onto his bed with his computer.

Instead of sleeping, however, the boy just burrowed into the bedsheets, opened his computer and started typing. He needed to find what was being screwy in his equation that was causing it to malfunction. He figured that he just needed to reverse engineer the device's mechanics, which were actually helpfully provided in the blueprints from his first mission, then get a magician to undo the magic half of it. But at this rate, Tim was thinking the magic was more heavily intertwined with the tech than he thought.

Clearly his method was getting nowhere. Sitting back up from the bed proved to be an endeavor. The motion caused his head to pound even harder, with his heartbeat in his ears. He sat there for a few seconds waiting for the feeling to subside before trudging to his desk and pulling out his communication device.

"Hey, does any of you guys know where Billy goes when he's not on duty?"

---

"I honestly expect you to be the last person to have this information, Damian."

"And I honestly expected you to take better care of yourself, Drake."

"Touche," Tim replied. He was bundled up in a lot of layers due to his fluctuating sense of temperature.

"I merely make sure I know the location of all the heroes in my age range."

"That's stalking, Damian."

"You do the same thing."

"I do. It's stalking."

"Great."

Eventually, Damian led him to the door of Billy's apartment while the two brothers exchanged easy banter.

"Okay Damian, stay hidden, let me do the talking, if everything goes up in flames, run," As Tim talked him tugged the hood already on Damian's head a little lower and patted the boy on his hood, much to his dismay.

"With you, Drake? I expect everything to go wrong."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, brat, now shoo." Tim made sure Damian was out of sight before proceeding to knock on the door. Barely half a minute past before Tim heard the sound of footsteps and the door swung open.

Tim was face to face with the thirteen-year-old Billy Batson. At first, Billy seemed cheery, then confusion flickered across his face, followed by panic before he schooled his expression to be a smile that only seemed a little nervous.

"Hello, how can I help you, sir?"

Tim smiled kindly, "Hi Billy. I need help with magic crystals."

"Magic? I'm sorry I don't think you have the right place." Billy's body language betrayed his words. He started trying to close the door and Tim quickly stuck his foot in the doorway.

"Please Captain, you're one of the few people I trust right now."

"I don't know what you're talking about-"

"Tim opened his palm to reveal one of the crystals that they recovered and something changed in Billy's eyes as he saw them.

"Where did you get those?" Billy asked, all business, as he opened the door a little wider, a silent invitation for him to come in.

"Some hooded blonde dude in Gotham. Billy, I'm going to trust you with something really important here, so please don't freak out."

Billy nodded.

"Dami, come here please." The young boy turned the corner and shuffled up to Tim's side, before finally lifting his face and staring Billy down.

"Ghul?" The champion breathed, gaze flickering between Tim and Damian and his jaw hanging open. Tim placed a protective arm on Damian's shoulder, who grudgingly allowed it.

"Stuff happened. Trust him, or at least, trust me. Can we talk inside? It's safer than this dingy hallway."

Hesitantly and reluctantly, Billy let them in.

"Care to explain why Ghul is, A. alive and B. with you?"

Tim put Damian in front of himself and promptly stated, "This kid here is Damian Wayne, also known as my demonic younger brother."

The two birds could see the moment that Billy had one too many bombshells in one sentence and shut down his brain.

“I can introduce myself, Drake, are you trying to put Batson in shock?” Damian whacked at Tim. Then he turned to Billy. “Is your uncle in?”

Billy shook his head, watch in some kind of stupor as Damian walked around the room and settled himself into a cushion on the couch.

“Yes, I am a Wayne. No, we are not biological brothers. No, you are not dreaming. Yes, I am alive. No, you cannot say Shazam right now because I’ll put a hole in the roof. Is that everything?”

Billy turned to Tim, sputtering. “You- Him- Wha- *Why*?”

Tim sighed and readied himself for another long explanation. “You’re going to want to sit down for this.”

---

“So will you help us?”

Billy was silent for a while before finally, “Of course. I can see what you’re saying. That crystal I picked up a few weeks ago definitely indicates something like this being the realm of possibilities. Can I see the small ones?”

Tim forked one over and Damian leaned forward.

Billy turned the small rock over in his palm, inspecting it. And like that Tim and Damian spent the rest of the afternoon at Billy’s house, ordering pizza for dinner and greeting the nonplussed Dudley that came home.

The man had stared at the three of them, who had basically set up what looked like an entire alchemy lab on the living room floor, and turned wordlessly to his room.

“Okay, so I managed to reconfigure the spell attached to this to activate with exposure to the target’s blood-No, just a small amount, Damian- so it should work,” Billy had to turn to the other kid when Damian held up a knife with a worrying gleeful look.

“Let me make sure I have this right,” Tim glanced at the notes he’s taken. “The spell attached to these guys increase blood flow, manipulate short term memory, increase target susceptibility to stimulation and last but not least, allows rerouting of the hippocampus and neurons?”

“Uh, if all that jargon means what I think it means, then yes.”

“Great, no wonder why my shit load of hormones wasn’t doing the job. They were rerouting neurons!” Tim shut the computer and groaned, flopping back onto the floor.

“You good there, Tim?”

“Dandy,” Tim replied, not lying but not quite telling the truth. He was *conflicted*. Sincerely he followed with, “Thanks a lot, though, Billy, this is such a huge help.”

“Anytime...and I’ll keep quiet so can you please get Damian to stop giving me the death stare?”

---

Tim had been staring at wires and code and soldering material and more code and magic crystals and metal-

Yeah, he's been doing great. He's making process and he finally got the equation to run correctly. Ran it multiple times just to make sure.

The device was tiny. It fit snugly into the palm of Tim's hand. He rolled it around, check of anywhere he messed up with the wiring or soldering. Nothing, it was good. The release mechanism for the needle worked well, it took in blood and spit out the chemicals as it should. Tim held his breath as he slid the crystal into its slot. It fit perfectly. Tim didn't know why he was watching the device as if he expected it to glow and light up with an '*achievement unlocked: destroy evil villain's plans with science*' or something but he did. On second thought he was probably watching it to make sure it didn't explode or something. Hey, he was sick and running a fever, don't blame him.

When nothing happened for a while Tim finally let himself breathe easy.

"Hey-"

With an ungodly and terrified screech, Tim whirled around and attacked whoever was behind him with whatever was in his hand. Which just so happened to be the device he just made. With his finger on the trigger. *Fuck.*

## Chapter End Notes

I lllllllive!

But I see school hanging over the horizon and sometimes wish I haven't.

Anyways, happy new years, y'all!

# Welcome to Hell. Have a great stay.

## Chapter Summary

See, this was supposed to be a light fluffy scene and ye. But once again, my dumb self couldn't stop the angst.

Dick goes out to have a drink...can Talons get drunk? Who knows. But he's trying.

Tim's poor victim.

Jason and Dami being a team.

## Chapter Notes

It's Friday again! Wow. Days pass by so fast. Ahhhhhhh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The successful mission had brought the older members out for a drink. Well, namely Wally, Kaldur, and Roy. However, not even twenty minutes later, Wally lost the other two to the crowd,

Resigned to his fate, Wally settled at the bar and ordered a beer to sip on as he waited.

“Heeeeeey~” A voice drawled out from behind Wally, its tone rising to a flirtatious tone. Wally turned to face the speaker. The man was about the same height as Wally, slightly hunched over at that bar counter. His black hair was swept to the side and dark blue eyes peering up from between the bangs. Despite clearly acting and sounding drunk, the guy wasn’t flushed, in fact, he was extremely pale. But it might just be the poor lighting, the bar *was* awfully dark. He wasn't a bad looking guy. If anything he was attractive. He was also leaning slightly into Wally’s space.

Wally, in turn, leaned back and uncertainty replied, “Hello?”

“Did it hurt?” He asked as he slid into the seat beside Wally.

“I, uh, what?” Was this guy trying to flirt?

“Did it hurt when you-” He started giggling while trying to get the rest of the words out, “you, fell out of the - the-” The stranger gave up on finishing the sentence and instead dissolved into giggles.

“You good there, man?” Wally prodded the shaking figure. The stranger eventually got his laughter under control and peered up at Wally with an easy grin.

The stranger then schooled his face and tried again. “Are you a carbon sample? Because I want to date you.”

This had Wally choking on his next sip of beer. The stranger beamed. The dude even straightened in his seat.

“Forget hydrogen, you're my number one element.” And he winked.

Wally hid his laugh behind his hand.

And so the man kept going. He tapped the bottle Wally was holding. “Hey babe, would a little more alcohol catalyze this reaction?”

Oh my god. Wally couldn't *not* laugh at that. It was so bad. He grinned, “Nope. Try again.”

“Of course, you don't get drunk,” The man nodded and seemed to be thinking up another one. “Do you have 11 protons? Cause you're sodium fine.”

Wally snorted. But sorry, stranger, that's not going to be enough. “Thanks, but that one's overused.”

Blue eyes narrowed at the issued challenge. A smirk pulled at chapped lips. “When I'm near you I undergo anaerobic respiration because, babe, you take my breath away.”

Wally didn't bother to hide his chuckle and patted the dude on the chest. (His surprisingly muscular chest.) “Breathe then, buddy.”

The dude pouted and puffed up his cheeks and it was honestly kind of cute.

“Fine then,” The man leaned forward, looking up at Wally through his lashes. The speedster didn't lean back this time but decided to take a sip of his drink just so he had something to do. It was silent for a moment as they made eye contact. Finally, the stranger's lips opened and Wally's eyes followed the movement. He kind of wondered what those chapped lips would-

“You know, if I was an enzyme, I'd be DNA helicase so I could unzip your genes.”

Wally's beer did not go down the right pipe and he was hacking and laughing and just dying all at the same time. The dude also lost and it was laughing and patting Wally on his back.

And wow. This guy's laugh was amazing and so light and carefree and wow. He didn't notice when the guy was causing himself to laugh earlier but now, shit, this dude is hot.

“I'm Wally,” Wally blurted out before he could stop himself.

“I know- I mean, yes! I'm Richard! Nice to meet you, Wally!” Suddenly the smooth facade melted away and the poor dude stumbled his way through a self-introduction. But Wally found this more attractive than that smooth dude act Richard was putting up. Turns out this guy was much more of a dork than a flirt trying to get into his pants compared to Wally originally thought.

“Okay, Mr. Smooth moves,” Wally teased, amused by how flustered Richard became. “Care to share how you ended up at this fine establishment?”

“Can't a guy just go out to drink his sorrows away?”

Wally had laughed at that and let Richard refill both their drinks. Then they just talked. Richard's humor clicked perfectly with Wally as they laughed and sipped on their drinks.

At one point, while they were both giggling away at a story about a chemistry teacher Richard had, they bumped shoulders and Wally could swear this is what those sparks people talk about feel like. They made eye contact and Richard's smile was blinding and something in Wally told him that he should try to keep that smile on the other's face.

Richard, either not caring or not noticing Wally's blatant staring, continues right on with his story, "Right? And this dude is crazy. I'm telling you, Wally, crazy! He jumps up onto the table shouting 'I'm Bond! Hydrogen Bond!' and pulling out a knife he named 'Electron' and swinging it around. He was weird, man."

"Say the one with Wing Dings," Wally blurts before the words even process in his brain. What the heck? Wing Dings? What does that even mean? Where did that come from?

But Richard just laughed and replied, "Fair point." And that was that. Then Wally noticed that one of Richard's hand was resting on his leg and why have Wally not noticed that? When did that happen? It was just so natural and normal that Wally didn't even notice. Then when Wally looked back, Richard was leaning in with his eyes closed and strangely, Wally didn't object to the idea. He tilted his head back and closed his eyes as well.

But then the hand on his leg drew away as if it was burned, causing Wally's eyes to fly open. Only to stare at wide dark blue eyes as multiple emotions simmered beneath them. Richard stared down at Wally with something akin to fear, panic, and sorrow. Without another word, the man slapped down his tab. Then practically fled the scene with a super quiet 'sorry, I can't do it' that Wally probably would've had missed but somehow didn't.

What the heck just happened?

---

"Shit!" Tim screamed, terrified for the poor soul that just got hit with the untested antidote.

But then he realized that he didn't have a person screaming and clutching the place they were just stabbed. Tim raised his gaze to look at Kon's unimpressed face and single raised eyebrow.

He then examined the item in his hand. Of course. Of course, the fucking metal needle broke. Of-fucking- course.

Tim dragged his unoccupied hand across his face and fell back into his chair.

"Care to explain, Tim?" Thankfully, Conner sounded more amused than angry at being attacked by a sleep-deprived Tim.

Tim began taking the small device apart again to fix the needle. He'll have to find a kryptonite needle for Kon or something. But he'll do that later. "A thing that was supposed to fix your memories. But it's untested. You surprised me and I retaliated with what I had on hand. Which was this thingy. Sorry."

"Does it work?"

"That's the thing. I don't know. I don't exactly have anything I can test this on."

Kon was quiet for a second before speaking up. "You have me."

Tim gave him a look. “What part of untested and possibly unsafe did you not understand, farm boy?”

“None of it. But I trust you.”

Tim stopped shifting in his seat and narrowed his eyes at Kon. After a quick uncomfortable silence, the young genius huffed out a laugh and answered, “A horrible choice, really.”

“I know, especially when you’re running a fever. Do you still have a fever?” Kon stepped forward to place a hand on Tim’s forehead over the back of the chair. “Oh, it’s gone down.”

“They’re usually all quick. Quick to get bad, quick to go away,” Tim shrugged. But he did take the time to pop his medication into his mouth and wash it down with a sip of water.

“Well then,” Kon sat down onto Tim’s bed. “When do I get my memories back?”

“As soon as I double-check this a few more times and get a needle that can pierce your kryptonite skin.”

“So it’s going to take a while?”

Tim laughed, “Not at all. After all, we bats always have a little bit of kryptonite handy for times like these.”

Kon’s eyes seemed to widen in alarm, which sent Tim laughing even harder. It was really amusing to him how no one remembers how *not* harmless the bats were. Normally, such behavior wouldn’t garner even a bat of an eye.

Tim had chosen that moment to scrap the thought of getting a needle. He had a quicker idea.

“Excuse me, what?”

“We all have super friends, doing field surgery on a kryptonian isn’t new, dude.” With that, Tim had replaced the broken needle with a new one. He held it up to Kon. “You sure?”

Conner eyed the object in Tim’s hand and nodded, a little confused. “Yes.”

Without so much as a warning, Tim whirled around and recreated the scene when Kon entered. Only this time, Kon did yelp and clutch the arm with Tim had nailed. Tim had nicked Kon on his lower arm with a sharp piece of kryptonite and quickly followed with placing the small device onto the bead of blood that pooled up.

“What the f-” And his eyes rolled back.

Tim hovered worriedly above the other boy who had fallen onto his bed. Tim’s memory came back pretty fast so it shouldn’t take too long for Kon to regain his, right? Unless Tim massively screwed up somehow and broke Kon and messed up his brain permanently. Oh, he should’ve never messed with magic. Nope, no, it’s fine. Tim ran the calculations, it’s going to work. It’s going to-

“How the heck does anyone believe you’re harmless?! How did I believe you’re harmless?!”

“Kon?”



“You know what, Dick still owes me a jacket after he ruined my last one. Let’s get him to do that now.”

Tim laughed and tripped over onto his best friend, who was giving Tim a proud grin and offering a hug. His body posture and expression were now relaxed and casual, compared to the weary trust it was the past few weeks. Tim had his best friend back.

“You did it, Tim, you evil little genius.”

“Oh my god, it worked. It actually worked.” Tim turned, excited and eyes shining, toward the materials still littered on his deck. “I’m going to make the other two.”

“No. No, Tim. You’re going to sleep. You’re going to rest and sleep and then work. In that order.” Kon easily picked up Tim and dumped him onto the bed. “Sleep.”

“Fine.”

---

Wally was very confused. Something just wasn’t adding up correctly about that dude from the bar.

The redhead was pacing around his room, hands fidgeting with that ring he found a while ago. He didn’t know why but tracing the words imprinted on the inside of the band somehow comforted him.

Something was just off about Richard.

Wally was replaying the interaction in his mind when something he remembered Richard saying caused him to pause.

*“Of course, you don’t get drunk.”*

Wally hadn’t thought much about it, then. Assuming that the guy had meant that he thought Wally doesn’t drink or want to get drunk. But now that Wally’s thinking about it, it’s an awfully weird way to phrase that sentiment. Unless...unless Richard meant that Wally actually *couldn’t* get drunk.

*“I know- I mean, yes! I’m Richard!”*

The stumble. Was this guy stalking Wally? What did Richard know? Was Richard even the dude’s real name? Because the way he said Richard didn’t sound particularly confident. So many things were jumping up at Wally now.

And last but not least, the fact that baffled Wally the most: what the fuck were Wing Dings??? Like the font? Where did it even come from? Wally just said it without thinking and Richard had laughed and agreed like it made sense to him. It made no sense *to Wally*.

Then right before a kiss happened the dude up and runs away? After hitting on Wally with the dorkiest chemistry pick-up lines ever? Nothing was adding up and Wally was getting frustrated.

One hand clutching the bat plushie and the other holding the ring, Wally gave up on his confusion and decided to go to bed.

It was late anyway, he can think about the mysterious (and cute) stranger tomorrow morning.

---

“Isn’t it nice to give Dickie a night off?”

“Shut up and finish the job, Todd.”

Jason rolled his eyes and pointedly yanked extra hard on the zip tie for the next thug he had tied up.

“I found the leader!” Damian suddenly called out and Jason’s posture turned rigid.

Cold and stoic, the fearsome Red Hood stalked up next to the smaller indistinguishable figure and yanked the leader up by his hair. Despite not being able to see his face, anyone who faced the Red Hood could see the cold fury rolling off the man.

“You fuckers not just sold drugs to kids, but used street kids to do your footwork,” Red Hood snarled, the words sounding more demonic and terrifying through the modulator. “Fucking disgusting. I should just shoot you all dead right now. But I’m on my best behavior for a friend, so count yourselves lucky or you all would have a hole in those shriveled brains of yours.”

Hood crouched so he was eye level with the pathetic, trembling man. “Next time I find you, you’re dead, capiche?”

The man nodded eagerly and Jason scoffed, a quick whack to the hand had burly the man out like a light. Jason made quick work of tying him up as well.

“Call the police, brat, and let’s get out of here.”

Damian wordlessly did as he was told for once, which Jason was thankful for. He didn’t want to lash his anger out on the kid, no matter how annoying he was.

As Jason was taking a smoke from a nearby rooftop, watching the red and blue lights of the police cars illuminate the dark Gotham streets, a ping interrupted the quiet rooftop. The sound had Damian, who was deep in thought on the edge of the building shuffling over to see what Jason got. After all, Jason didn’t have his notifications on for just *anyone*.

It was from Tim.

“I did it. I got it to work.”

## Chapter End Notes

What do you all think? I had a lot of fun writing this chapter. By far my favorite so far, I think. I would love to hear your thoughts on it!

# **The not-an-enemy enemies that aren't enemies but are enemies and Bart doesn't know how to feel-**

## Chapter Summary

Exactly as the title says.

Things happen. There's not a much plot as I thought there would be...

Tim wants to crawl in a hole and never come out.

## Chapter Notes

A day late. Yay... Sorry guys. ( Just had a really hard time writing this chapter and I have no idea why?)

BIG THANKS TO HyperactiveLectiophile!!! She has helped me so much throughout this chapter (and this story tbh) and a lot of the jokes in the dialogue should be credited to her. Love ya! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

'Got what to work, Timmers?' Jason typed back while Damian watched over his shoulders.

The little animated dots that meant Tim was typing popped up.

'The cure.' the message read. Jason and Damian lifted their gazes to make surprised eye contact.

'The cure? What cure? Tim, we need more details.' Jason typed back frantically. He hoped Tim was talking about what Jason thought he was.

'For the memory thing,'

'I have to go.'

*rr is offline.*

'Tim!'

'TIM!' No reply. Jason huffed and pocketed his phone. He lifted his head to look at Damian.

"You hear that, Dames? Timbo's got the cure. Or whatever it is, he's got progress." He's going to need to pay Tim a visit or something. Damian made his signature 'tt' sound and nodded.

"On another note, the job wasn't a total bust," Jason tossed up a drive he snagged from the goon into the air, grinning as he caught it again. "We got some intel."

“Let’s find Grayson.”

---

“Why am I going on this mission?” Tim whined. He didn’t want to go on this mission, he had more important things to do. Like figuring out how to get the machine working on a large scale to he can fix *the world*.

“Stop complaining, you’ve ducked out of so many now,” Kon huffed, practically dragging Tim across the room.

“But the suit is so hideous.”

Kon looked at Tim with a teasing grin, “Is that the only reason you’ve been avoiding going out on the field?”

“Of course!” Tim replied, nodding sagely, much to Kon’s amusement.

“But we’re not going to bring up that one suit with the cowl-”

“No.”

Conner than began counting off on his free hand, “The Discowing suit. The first two robin suits. Jason’s ridiculous first helmet. Your condom head cowl. Are there any fashion atrocities committed by Damian?”

“Stop,” Tim grumbled. Then added, “He can’t say no to Dick, none of us can. Halloweens are...interesting.”

Tim finally decided to heave himself off the floor so Kon doesn’t have to drag him. The two bantered back and forth all the way to the briefing room,

There were a few more people than Tim has expected. Cassie, Bart, Jaime, Victor, Gar, and basically all of the titans were present. This included Roy, Wally, and Kaldur.

Kaldur was talking. “On our last mission, we found some sensitive information. It seemed to provide more insight into the plans between Bruce Wayne and Lex Luthor, hinting at the involvement of Ra’s al Ghul among others. We’re going to be sending in a covert ops team to Gotham in Wayne Enterprise to investigate.”

“Again?” Bart questioned.

“No, last time was a subdivision building that Wayne frequented. This time, our goal is to get to his personal computer in his office. In the main tower.”

Bart made an ‘ooooh’ face.

“Wayne is currently out and their security is being updated. There is no better time than now to strike.” Kaldur pulled up a holoscreen with a blueprint of the building. Of course, Tim knew the building like the back of his hand. He did find some entertainment in tracing the locations of the secret tunnels that don’t show up on the blueprints.

Kaldur laid out the plan in a fashion that left no room for arguments, so Tim couldn’t wiggle his way out of the mission. Which is why he found himself on the jet less than ten minutes later.

Tim tried to pretend to be excited, finally being allowed to be on a mission, but based on Kon's smirk and Bart's confused look, he was failing miserably at that.

They were operating on a buddy system and Tim got paired with Bart. This was going to be a disaster, he could already feel it, heavy on the dis.

---

Tim and Bart were the first to be dropped off.

Bart was rather excited to get to work with Tim. He feels like he hasn't gotten a chance to properly talk to Tim in a while.

As Kid Flash and Draken made their way around the dark hallways of the building the speedster had tried to strike up a conversation.

"I noticed you don't want to go on missions as much anymore."

Tim grunted noncommittally.

"How's Richard and...uh, Pete, was it?"

Tim waved his hand in a vague gesture, "Peter's great. A pain in the ass, but great. Richard's been mokey."

They went to turn a corner only to bump into a security guard. Tim knocked the guy out with a strike to the stomach and vagus nerve out of pure reflex. Even Bart hasn't responded.

"Holy mackerel, Tim! What was that?" Bart whooshed around Tim to prod at the unconscious guard.

It seemed like even Tim was surprised by his own actions. He stared at his own hand in weird mock horror. "I don't know. Oh gosh."

Bart seemed to take pity on Tim and patted the other hero gently before moving on to begin propping the guard on a wall out of view of the cameras. Tim shook himself out of his false stupor and moved over to help.

"We can move to the next area when Victor and Jaime get the cameras looping. Hurry," Tim hissed. When did he get so serious and bossy?

Bart frowned but followed wordlessly after Tim. It's important to listen to Tim on missions after all- Wait. What. Bart's brows furrow even further if possible. No one can say if it was how much Bart was frowning or the extended silence from the normally chatty speedster that had Tim turn around and ask, "Is something the matter?"

"Oh, um, we're just worried for you, you know? You've been pretty distant lately and going out and stuff. So I wanted to see how you're doing--"

Tim clasped a hand onto the rambling speedster. "Bart, I'm fine."

Bart stopped mid-sentence and gave Tim a once-over. "You sure?"

“Positive,” Tim reassured the boy before turning back to the mission. “Cyborg gave the signal, come on.”

Tim managed to brush off any prodding questions that Bart thought up, answering vaguely enough to not give away information, but with enough detail that it came across as an answer.

They eventually reached the door to Bruce Wayne’s private office. Of course, it was locked digitally so they had to wait for Cyborg to unlock it.

Tim stared quietly at the fingerprint scanner and Bart had no clue what Tim was contemplating but Draken seemed completely engrossed in his thoughts. He didn’t even react with the lock clicked quietly open.

Bart nudged Tim as the brunette went to open the door. The room behind the door was everything and nothing like what Bart thought it would look like. Large windows in the back that led to a balcony, a high ceiling, a large dark table with desktop computers. But the files and papers all scattered around the room weren’t something Bart thought the inside of the billionaire’s office would look like.

Tim seemed to pick his way across the mess with ease and moved over to unlock the windows for the others. Bart was about to call out to warn Tim that there might be security on the windows and Tim swung it open with no difficulty. No alarms blared so Bart figured they were safe and kept quiet.

Tim spoke into their comms. “Okay, window’s open, send in the others.”

Jaime, Kon, and Cassie all quickly filed into the room.

Jaime shuffled over to the computer and began doing his thing with Victor assisting over the comms and Gar watching over his shoulder. Kon and Cassie took their posts by the doorway, making sure there’s no one approaching.

Wally and Roy were guarding the exit on the balcony, and Wally was giving occasional tips on hacking for Jaime.

They settled into some sort of charged silence as they worked, all on edge and ready to run at the slightest sign of movement.

---

That was probably why the sudden “FUCK!” scared everyone so much. Jaime fell out of his chair, Kon face planted into the door, Cassie tripped, Tim flipped onto the sofa in the corner, Bart had clambered on top of Wally and Gar turned into a cat.

Then the vent broke and Jaybird fell into the room. It appeared that he hasn’t noticed his audience yet when he pointing an accusing finger into the hole in the vent he fell out of and yelled, “I told you the vent wasn’t going to support my weight. But did you listen? Nooooo, of course not, you dick!”

Nightwing then slipped out gracefully while replying, “Well, we made it into B’s offi-” Ah, he noticed that they weren’t exactly alone. “Oh no. I am so not feeling the aster.”

Then Robin jumped down wordlessly. He stiffened immediately at all the eyes on him.

“What are you doing here?” Cassie demanded, distrust and anger lacing her voice.

Jaybird got up the floor and dusted himself off before shrugging and answering, “Our taxes?”

A muffled snort came from the direction of the balcony.

Tim snorted somewhere off to the side as well. However, internally, he was screaming all the curses that he knew at the newcomers.

Nightwing gave them awkward finger guns, “How about we pretend we never saw each other and be on our merry way?”

Bart zipped his way in front of the taller vigilante, “What? No! You’re here to steal stuff!”

“And you aren’t?” Robin asked dryly,

Bart sputtered, “That’s different!”

The kid crossed his arms and rose an eyebrow challengingly, “How?”

“Because we’re the good guys!”

“Says who?”

Flustered and at a loss for words, Bart didn’t react when Robin breezed past him towards the computer.

He practically shouldered Jaime aside and took over the computer.

“Good luck, kid. The encryption is tight, even Cyborg is having trouble with it. There’s no way you can crack it-” Gar stopped mid-sentence when he noticed Robin was in and was already sorting through the files on the computer. “How?”

Nightwing smirked, “Who needs to crack it when you got the passwords?” He plugged in a device to the computer and leaned over Robin to start downloading everything. Whatever tech they were using, it downloaded incredibly quick and Nightwing and Robin were already walking away by the time Gar and Jaime got their bearings back.

“Well, thanks for the hospitality!” Nightwing chirped, walking towards the door. But just before he reached it there was a red streak and the second Flash was standing in his way. Nightwing’s entire body stiffened while Jaybird and Robin both took a protective step in front of the blue and black-clad vigilante.

“Not so fast, bud,” Wally stated simply, waiting for Kaldur to call the shots on what to do.

Kaldur was quick to come to a decision. “This is sensitive information, don’t let them get away with it.”

Wally nodded and looked up at their three guests. “Sorry, the bossman has spoken. You can’t have that.”

Jaybird lunged, knocking Wally clear off his feet. Nightwing pulled out his weapons, two sticks apparently, and jabbed Jaime on his back and Gar across the head. Robin descended on Bart like a

gremlin hurricane. But then Cassie, Roy, and Kon joined the fray and suddenly the 8v3 fight turned in their favor, which was rather embarrassing, to be honest.

But suddenly an arm reached out and grabbed Draken by the cape of his suit, and Tim had to pull in his instinct to hit the culprit when he realized it was Jason.

An unmistakable click of a gun froze the whole room.

Jaybird was holding Draken at gunpoint. "I would advise you to leave us alone before something terrible were to happen."

Tim internally groaned. What deity did he piss off in his past life to deserve this?

Jaybird, Nightwing, and Robin all backed out of the room with Tim in tow. They all dived off the roof in a practiced maneuver they have long since memorized from the sheer amount of times they had to jump from this exact balcony.

---

"That was the craziest and most genius thing I think you've ever done!" Tim laughed as soon as they return to the safe house.

"I know," Jason replied smugly.

"So we're giving them a choice of coming to rescue me or finishing the mission, which I'm going to assume they're going to split up to do," Tim decided aloud. "Which gives us a little while, an hour or so if they're fast."

"Perfect, because we need some help," Dick chirped, basically manhandling Tim towards the room where the gear was stored. "Get dressed as Red Robin we're going crystal hunting."

"I-uh-what?"

Dick grinned, "We think there's another crystal somewhere in crime alley and we're going to go find it. It shouldn't take too long."

Tim thought about it. It didn't seem too risky and having Red Robin make an appearance was beneficial to the facade. He relented and got dressed.

"Where did you get this information?" Tim asked as he started putting the gear into the pockets of his suit. Ah, this suit is so much better than that Draken suit. More pockets, more armor and with his cape.

Jason shrugged, "Damian went and visited Billy again and he gave us some locations."

Huh, okay then. Tim patted himself to make sure he had everything. He did.

"Okay, let's go."

Turns out, finding a tiny crystal in an area riddled with crooks and thieves wasn't as easy as it sounds- well, it didn't sound easy, actually. Anyways, it was harder than Tim expected.

Which was how Tim found himself face to face with Kon, Bart, and Cassie in crime alley, dress as Red Robin.



They two parties stared at each other for a moment before Red Robin broke the silence.

“Well, fuck.”

## Chapter End Notes

CLIFFHANGER! ONCE AGAIN! Sorry, not sorry.

pls don't kill me

Okay, okay. I'm REALLY excited for the next few chapters so hehehehe

Anyways, what do y'all think? :P

# Red Robin~ Yum!

## Chapter Summary

HAHAHAHA SO MANY THINGS HAPPEN.

Tim gets to showoff. But also the world is out to get him so give and take.

## Chapter Notes

This...this got longer than I anticipated. I was actually going to not end it where it did but like. Oh well.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bart sped over and grabbed Tim by his cape. Cassie stormed up and snagged Tim by the collar, yanked him up and spat out, “Where is Draken?”

Tim made desperate eye contact with Kon, who was just giving him a smirk. That traitor. Red Robin slumped in their grasp.

“I have no clue. Why? Did you lose your straggler?” Tim kept his gaze off to the side, hoping to reduce the chance that his team recognizes him. He was slowly reaching for his collapsible staff attached to his belt.

“I know you know where he is,” Cassie snarled, “Where. Is. He.”

Red Robin huffed, “I really don’t know. I haven’t seen any of you guys since, like, weeks ago.” Cassie’s grip slacked. With that, Tim struck out with his staff, twisting out of Cassie’s hold on his collar and whacking Bart from his cape. Tim quickly flipped out of reach.

Tim had the advantage, easily. Cassie and Bart don’t remember how to fight Red Robin, and Kon wasn’t actually out to get him. On the other hand, Tim knew the strengths and weaknesses of his own team like the back of his hand.

A kick to the back of Bart’s bad knee with a moment of hesitation sent the speedster tumbling down before he could access the speed force. Then a sweep of his bo staff had Bart on his lying on his back on the alleyway ground. Tim had then carefully used his staff to redirect Cassie’s punches.

There was no way he was going to block those unless he wanted to break his arm.

He flipped over the girl when she went in for another strike, landing near Kon and aiming a jab for the super’s face. Cassie had stumbled from the sudden weight shift and Kon was forced to dodge lest he wanted to be hit in the eyes. Tim ended up at the exit of the alley and turned tail and *ran*.

“How in the hell did one powerless guy as skinny as a twig get away from all three of us?” Cassie asked incredulously. She wasn’t giving chase yet, as she was still in shock.

But soon, they shook out of their shock and began hunting down the escaping bird.

One would think that having a hero who could run faster than the speed of sound and two that can fly at high speeds, keeping up and catching a non-powered human would be a simple task. It wasn’t.

Red Robin made the most erratic turns that had Bart skidding past the turning point. Coupled with that, being able to fly was a moot ability when Red Robin was weaving his way through alleyways with fire escape blocking the way up. There were even times when they would lose the not-a-villain for a while before they spot him a few blocks up.

Tim was surprised he hasn’t been caught yet. Looks like some of the titans had found his brothers, based on the chaos over the comms.

Tim was now thankful for the sheer amount of times that he was forced to play tag with the powered team. The adrenaline was also probably a big factor. And his familiarity with the city. And a lot of other factors. He really couldn’t believe his luck in the situation.

Maybe the world wasn’t out to get him.

Then he tripped over a green feline.

Nevermind. Screw the world.

“Red! Glad we found you!”

Tim looked up to see Nightwing waving at him over where he was pinning a cursing Roy to the ground. He was unnaturally cheerful.

“Three more incoming!” Tim shouted back and moved just in time to avoid Cassie as she swooped out of the sky to try and nail a blow on Tim again.

“Nice dodge, baby bird!” Red Hood shouted somewhere off to the side where he was wrestling with Jaime and the scarab. “You hit the jackpot!”

Robin lept by Red towards the green feline.

“This too large of a rescue party for one useless team member,” Damian grumbled as Gar turned into a small insect and buzzed out of his grasp. Damian swore.

“Hey, Jay!” Tim calls out when he spotted a red blur coming in his direction. “Batter up!”

Tim positions himself in just a way that Jason yanks both of them out of the way and switching Tim with Jaime just as Bart barrels into Tim’s previous positions. The two tumble away from everyone else in a ball of limbs and screams.

Jason grinned, “Home run!” He turned to high five Tim. Only, Jason didn’t wait for Tim to respond to it and instead just high fived Red Robin’s face.

“Wha-” But the older man was already turning his attention to Cassie and Kon.

In this moment of reprieve, Tim opened the comms. "I'm going to change, cover me," He whispered into the device.

"Chandelier!" Dick shouted in response, his code word for smoke bomb, before promptly slamming one into the ground. Tim darted away in the cover of the thick black smoke.

Tim should pat himself on the back for the fastest quick-change he had ever pulled off. If he did this correctly, then Red Robin and Draken can make an appearance at the same time.

He kept on his Red Robin mask and dove back into the thickest parts of the smoke. He threw a small speaker to the other side of the smoke.

"Even outnumbered, we're crushing these so-called heroes," Red Robin's voice called out from the other side of the field.

While Tim called out from his position. "Guys? What's happening?"

Cassie called back, "Draken? Don't move. Stay where you are."

"Awe, afraid for you little pet?" Red Robin sneered from the smoke and Tim whacked her with his staff from the direction the voice came from, making sure she saw the masked face of Red Robin before disappearing back into the smoke. Cassie shouted out in more so surprise than pain.

Tim didn't really have time to dwell on the fact that he's insulting himself.

He peeled off the mask and pulled up the Draken cowl and rushed to Cassie's aid. "Are you okay?"

Cassie looked at Tim, Draken, eyes narrowed but worried and nodded. "I'm fine. You?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, they tied me up, but really poorly. It wasn't hard to wiggle out."

By now, the smoke was starting to thin out so Tim didn't have time to make another comment as Red Robin.

"You guys better surrender or your buddy gets hurt!" A voice called out, Tim realized it was Wally. Who did Wally have-?

Oh, of course. Wally was holding Dick in a chokehold, but Dick didn't seem particularly bothered by that. He was just staring at Wally with starstruck eyes. If Tim had to venture a guess as to what happened, Dick had probably ran into Wally in the smoke, froze and got captured by him. Maybe even on purpose so he would get held like this. Tim really wouldn't put it past his eldest brother to do that.

What Dick probably didn't count on was for Jason and Tim to make eye contact across the battle and come to a mutual agreement.

Jason swooped by and grabbed Damian from where he was occupied with Roy and Jaime and jumped off the building, yelling out, "All men for themselves, your own fault, Big Blue!"

Dick made a half offended, half surprised sputtering sound. Bart ran over to the edge only to turn around and shake his head. "They're gone."

“How?” Cassie demanded, leaving Tim’s side to scan the streets. Dick continued to make disbelieving and betrayed noises staring at the edge where Jason and Damian disappeared as if it had killed his non-existent dog or something.

Tim looked at Dick, “We got one of them.”

Dick pouted.

Tim stuck his tongue out.

Cassie looked at Dick thoughtfully, “Yeah, at least we got *one*.”

---

Cassie didn’t want to tell the League that they had Nightwing. Her reason was that the League was going to take Nightwing away and they wouldn’t get a chance to question him themselves. Wally and Roy didn’t object, as they had some questions of their own. Tim was rather pleased with that.

But only Cassie, Tim, Kon, Wally and Roy were in the room with Nightwing. The others were behind the one-way mirror.

The first thing they did was tie up Nightwing. Then everyone gathered around when Cassie pulled off his mask.

Dick looked up at all of them with wide yellow eyes, a grin on his face. It was this moment that any possibility of getting the benefit of the doubt flew out the window.

Everyone scrambled back. “A Talon?!” Roy hissed.

Dick smiled even wider as an answer.

Tim could see the theories in his friend’s mind start to unravel. This discovery uprooted everything.

Cassie stalked forward to the front of the group. “Why did you kill Ghul?”

Dick stared back at her, “You’re the leader of this little group? How that going for you?”

“Answer the question.”

“Answer *my* question.”

Cassie glanced at Kon and Tim with a bewildered expression.

Kon kept his voice level as he said, “She asked first.” But from the twitching of Kon’s mouth, he was trying hard not to laugh.

Dick shrugged, “And I asked second. What about it?”

“It’s polite to answer ours first,” Kon replied.

Dick seemed to hum in contemplation, “Okay. Ghul was in the way. So we move him out of the way.” Before anyone could react to that he looked at Cassie again. “So, what’s your answer?”

“Why are you so *childish*?!” Cassie exploded, weeks of frustration and anger compiled into one sentence.

Dick continued, unperturbed, “Like, you seem strong and smart and all. But, I feel like someone else could be better suited for the role.”

“What are you playing at?” Cassie yanked Dick up by his suit, all in his face.

“What are *you* playing at?” Dick returned with a giant grin. It was clear he was enjoying this.

Cassie was visibly trying not to hurt Dick, so Kon put a hand on her shoulder and whispered to her to go out and calm down before she did something she would regret.

Tim walked up to Dick. Roy seemed to step out to stop him before being blocked by both Wally and Kon. Tim pulled out a chair opposite of Dick and sat down in it.

“Hello.”

Dick smiled, “Hey.”

“I’m Tim, but you already know that,” Tim started. Dick nodded in agreement but didn’t say anything so Tim continued. “Maybe, you could return the favor and give us something other than a code name to call you?”

“John.” *Middle names, creative, Dick.*

“Nice to meet you, John,” Tim made sure his face conveyed the fact that he was very unimpressed with Dick’s name creating abilities.

“No, the pleasure is all mine, Timothy,” Dick returned pleasantly.

Tim fidgeted in his seat, faking nervousness. “How did Ghul get in your way?”

“Hm, how did he? I don’t know. Red just told us he did!” Dick sing-songed. Tim did not appreciate being shoved into the blame.

“Red? Red Robin, or Red Hood, seeing as you work with both..”

“Red Robin.”

“Okay, um,” Tim paused, pretending to think of another question, “What’s your...um...intentions with the Justice League?”

“Nothing...at the moment. I gotta say, they can make some improvements. There’s a lack of...” Dick smirked, “Bats.”

Oh, Tim is going to kill him later. “Bats?”

Dick only shrugged in response.

Cassie then walked back into the room, much calmer. She nodded at Tim and he backed away from Dick to return to Kon’s side.

---

Wally didn't know if he should be frustrated or amused at how the interrogation was going. Being part of the League, he's seen his fair share of interrogations and this one has to take the cake for being the most ridiculous one.

They weren't getting anything useful from the guy and he gave the most childish responses. The most shocking and useful thing they got from this encounter is the fact that Nightwing was a Talon.

But that wasn't what Wally was focused on. Something about Nightwing was strangely familiar to him. Wally couldn't figure out what it was.

He just studied the man, trying to figure out what it was. Nightwing was awfully pale, due to his Talon physique. Two unnaturally yellow eyes that seemed calculating and dangerous, much in contrast with the idiotic seeming response given during interrogation. The man was about the same height as Wally, lean but not muscular. The man hasn't glanced Wally's way even once during the entire interrogation.

What was it? What was it with this guy that bothered Wally so much?

They were wrapping up the interrogation now. Tim and Kon stepped over to take the man's weapons. When Draken picked up the little bird-shaped ninja star thingys, Nightwing called out.

"Hey, you better take care of my wingdings!"

Wingdings?

*Wingdings?*

Wally stared at the weapons in Tim's hand and then back to the captured vigilante.

---

It was later into the night, and Dick was just getting cozy in the holding cell they put him in when the door to the room creaked open. Dick shot to alertness. He suspected it might be Tim, but better safe than sorry.

His paranoia paid off when it wasn't a lanky black haired teen that came into the room, but rather a familiar red-headed man.

Dick suddenly didn't feel so good.

Wally came right up to the cell, his expression unreadable. "I think we need to talk, *Richard*."

## Chapter End Notes

I'm actually sorry thing time about the cliffhanger. I was going to write out the scene, but then it was long and stuff so... :/

Aaaaaanyways, what do you think? Things are finally starting to heat up!

# If there's a will, there's a way.

## Chapter Summary

THIS! THIS IS THE CHAPTER I AM THE MOST EXCITED FOR.

THERE SO MUCH THAT HAPPENS AHHHHHHHHHH

## Chapter Notes

Hehehehehehe, get ready for this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I think we need to talk, *Richard*.”

“Hello Wally, nice night we’re having?” Richard returned nervously, doing his awkward finger guns like in Bruce Wayne’s office.

“You’re Richard from the bar, right?” Wally didn’t need to ask. He was sure of this fact, and Nightwing could clearly see it.

Richard didn’t try to deny it and just sighed, “I was drunk off my ass. I shouldn’t have even talked to you. I’m sorry. I...I didn’t expect you to be there.”

Wally frowned, he didn’t come to question Nighthwig himself expecting an apology. Either way, he powered on. “So you were just taking advantage of a lucky situation?”

Richard actually looked appalled at the idea, “It wasn’t like that-”

“Wasn’t like what? You trying to get close to me to further some nefarious plot?”

“No!” The man practically wailed, looking so pained at being accused of this that Wally stopped.

“By that point of the night, nothing was making sense, and actions didn’t seem to have consequences and I just saw you there,” Richard began to ramble hysterically, “And you were by yourself and my head wasn’t on right and I haven’t seen you like that in so long and the light made you hair shine and you looked so pretty and- shit. And I forgot momentarily what was going on and tried...tried to pretend that everything happening right now was just one giant nightmare and that maybe it was back to normal and you’ll remember-” His mouth snapped shut abruptly. He sniffed, almost as if he was about to cry.

“Remember what?” Wally pressed. There was so much to unpack on everything Richard was saying but the fact that Wally had forgotten something really poked at that itch in his brain.



Richard shook his head. "I can't tell you. Not yet. Not until we know we can fix it."

"Fix what? Why can't you tell me?"

"Because you won't believe me. You won't trust me. You won't listen. Because I don't want you to know," His voice grew soft at the end, staring down at the ground. "I'll tell you...someday."

"Then answer me this. Are you our enemies?"

"No," Richard answered strongly, almost immediately. "Well, unless you make us your enemy first. We...have a common goal, even if you guys aren't aware of it yet."

"What can't you just tell us then? If you think we'll also work towards that goal-"

"No. We can't. It's ...complicated."

"Fine. Last question, then. Is your name really Richard?"

"Yes. I'm Richard John Grayson, but I usually go by Dick," Dick was quiet for a second. Before adding on. "Wallace Rudolph West."

"...Dick?"

"Shuddup. My parents weren't native English speakers, okay?"

"Okay! I won't say anything," Wally was trying not to snicker, but he couldn't help it. Who else would go by 'Dick' voluntarily? He had to emphasize that fact. "Dick."

Dick rolled his eyes, muttering, "Great, I have to go through this again."

Wally stood up. "This was a rather enlightening conversation, and I promised that that was my last question, so I guess I'm going to have to leave."

"Oh, okay, bye, Wally."

"Bye, Dick."

Wally then quickly moved out of the room, thinking over everything he just learned. Maybe Dick freely gave up so much information because he knew Wally didn't plan on telling anyone else. Wally wanted to figure this out himself.

What he had fitted together was that Dick and the birds knew something from the bigger picture that Wally and the Justice League did not. Dick and Wally had some kind of history that Wally couldn't remember? He didn't want to dwell on that. Whatever was happening, the birds are trying to 'fix' it. They do not want to fight the Justice League. Lastly, his full name was Richard John Grayson and he knew Wally's full name in return.

It too late into the night to be thinking so much, Wally decided when he couldn't hold back a yawn anymore. He was going to crash at the tower then figure the rest of it out in his apartment tomorrow...or later today. There was time in the morning, after all.

---

It was about an hour after Wally left and Dick still hasn't moved an inch when the door opened again.

This time, the visitor was who Dick had expected the first time. Only there was one more person with him.

The two milled about quiet for a second, putting down an armful of Dick's equipment on a table in the back.

Tim then sat down cross-legged in front of Dick, the glass separating them. Kon stood near them, leaning onto the glass.

Dick stared at Kon, then back at Tim, then to the door, and finally back at Tim.

Tim was grinning. "We noticed Wally visited you."

"We?" Dick parroted, looking up at Kon again.

Conner smirked. "Enjoyed a midnight romance, sunglasses?"

Dick was suddenly standing and pressing to the glass right where Kon was standing, startling them all. "You remember?!"

In lieu of an answer, Kon gestured to Tim.

Tim was grinning even wider and Dick could feel his own face pull up into a hopeful smile. "Don't know if Jason told you yet, as I messaged him with a vague explanation before this whole fiasco happened. We got a cure. But only three because it requires one of those crystals to make one. I needed to test it. Kon volunteered as a test subject."

"And it worked," Dick breathed out quietly. His mind was already whirring with the possible meaning of this meeting, other than to free him.

Tim nodded and Kon waved at Dick.

"I have to say, you boy wonders get yourselves in the weirdest messes."

That startled a laugh out of Dick.

Tim pulled something out of his pocket. "This is it. You just press this trigger here and a tiny needle pops out here." He pointed to the indicated spots. "It only needs some blood to activate so just poke them on the finger and hold it there for a few seconds and it should work."

As Tim was explaining how to use it, Kon had opened the door without tripping any alarms. By the end of Tim's spiel, he physically placed the small device into Dick's hands. Dick held it gingerly.

"Thank you so much, Tim." Dick stepped up and crushed Tim in a tight hug.

Tim smiled softly letting his brother hug him until Tim ran out of physical contact tolerance and pushed Dick away. Kon punched Dick lightly in the arm while saying, "Go get your man."

Dick nodded.

---

Cassie stared at the empty holding cell. "How did he escape? The door was locked. The cell could've held Kon and me! There's no way he should've been able to escape."

"Unless he had help," Gar offered, not wanting to be the one to say it. But it was what everyone was thinking. There was no evidence of tampering with the lock, no scratches or dents and proof of struggling. It was as if the Talon had simply opened the door and walked out. Even his equipment had disappeared.

"We finally had one in our grasp and now he's gone?" Cassie raged. Tim didn't know if she was more upset at the situation or herself. He hoped she didn't blame herself.

Wally observed quietly from where he was and file this tidbit of information away for later. But right now, his main objective was going back to his apartment.

---

There was a mess of papers strewn across the apartment, pages of theories and questions and information because of what Wally gained from Dick. He just couldn't make heads or tails of the situations and there was something off about his gut feelings.

"What is happening?" The redhead asked the bat plush sitting on the corner table. He had placed it there when he began working, as it served well as stress relief or some reason. That had actually been written down somewhere on page 4.

Before he could do anything else, there was a knocking on the door. He heaved himself from the floor and ambled over to answer it. He opened the door.

Wally had no idea what to do.

When he answered the door to his apartment, the honest to goodness the last thing he expected was a dark-haired, yellow-eyed man to stumble in.

A Talon. Richard. Dick.

But Dick was dressed in normal people attire, a green t-shirt, and black hoodie, coupled with some black jeans and blue tennis shoes. He looked like a normal functioning adult of society, not an undead killing machine and a nighttime vigilante. That threw Wally for a loop as it reminded him of that night in the bar.

What shook Wally the most was that Dick had staggered forward and clasped Wally's shoulders and began blubbering out incomplete sentences with an edge of desperation and clearly out of breath. This was what stopped Wally from immediately throwing out the dangerous villain at super speed.

"Wally!" He gasped out. "Oh my god. Wally! We did- We have something! It works. It worked. Worked on Kon. I think. Please. I need you. You can remember. I go, you go. Yeah?"

"I-I, uh, what?" Wally said eloquently. He had no idea what to do with a Talon/Gotham vigilante that seemed to be on the edge of tears and sputtering out random words.

Dick seemed to realize he was not making any sense and backed off a little and quickly started rambling.

"Someone changed everyone's memories. And a little bit of history. But we realized some stuff didn't change. I mean, physical stuff. Yeah, I saw a girl the other day with a Nightwing shirt-shit, do you know what that means? Nevermind, isn't that important right now. Me and my brothers-"

"Brothers and I," Wally correctly reflexively. Where did that come from?

The yellowed-eyes man powered on, as if it was normal. "Brothers and I, we remembered, somehow. And now, here, I'm a Talon and I don't know why. And nothing makes sense and I was alone and you don't remember me," Dick started choking on his words again and Wally, bewildered, decided that the only polite thing to do was let the poor guy into the house so he wouldn't have a break down at Wally doorstep.

"I'm sorry?" The redhead offered uncertainty. The words made sense as a sentence. But the sentences made absolutely no sense to Wally. Dick lingered at the doorway for a second before walking in. He continued to talk as Wally led him to the couch.

"And we finally got a way to fix people's memory but we only have three. And we used one on Kon already and it worked. And Tim gave me one so I can give it to you. And please, Wally." Dick fumbled a little in pulling something out of his hoodie pocket. He opened his fist to show the object to Wally. It was a tiny weird looking thing. A blue crystal with random bits of tech poking out of it.

Wally flinched away and a flash of hurt flickered across the other man's face.

Wally glanced at the weird thing and quietly answered, "I-not yet."

"Yeah, of course. I wouldn't even trust myself if that happened to me," Dick chuckled bitterly. He was fidgeting with his hoodie strings, twirling the black thread in slender fingers.

Wally was still slightly put off by how human and normal this guy seemed in contrast with the yellow eyes, pale skin and veins and maybe that was why he asked, "Maybe you can explain a bit more?"

"Oh!" The man perked up a little, "Right! Sorry, Walls. Dick Grayson, as you know, ready to enlighten you."

Wally snickered and Dick beamed at him. Something twisted in Wally's gut at that smile.

"So who am I to you? Allegedly?"

Dick bit on his lip. He spoke tentatively and slowly. "We knew each other since I was ten and you were twelve. We were an iconic pair. KF and Rob. Kid Flash and Robin. The first two young heroes. We founded the Young Justice team. Went on that mission to rescue Kon with Kaldur. Roy threw a fit."

Something clicked for Wally. What Dick was saying was finally scratching at that unreachable itch. Wally really could remember how exactly that manage to get Kon out. But now as he focused on the thought with this tidbit of information something came to him.

"You hacked the motion sensors," Wally breathed out in awe.

Dick choked on a laugh and nodded. "I hacked the motion sensors."

"Oh my god. Wait, keep going."

"Then, well, you really liked flirting with M'gann, but you began dating Artemis? So I started dating Babs? You know Babs?"

Wally shook his head.

"Nevermind then. Well, I dated Babs for a while until we decided we were better off as just friends. Then you told me you were quitting the team. We argued. Then I met Kori. You got to know Kori, right?"

This time, Wally nodded.

"We tried dating for a while. It didn't work out. She realized that I..." Dick paused, eyes flickering around the apartment walls. "That I was still in love with someone else.

"And *you*—" Dick jabbed a finger at Wally, "—asshole chose then to get yourself sucked into the speedforce. So fuck you on that. You did, however, break up with Artemis before that. For...the same reason I broke up with Kori."

Wally remembered that conversation with Artemis, but the name was erased from his memory.

"But then you came back. And we had to talk out your supposed last words to me..." Dick trailed off, unsure how to continue.

Wally prompted him softly, "What were my last words?"

"You, you said," Dick choked on his own words. "You said to tell Dick that you love him. What the hell Walls? You don't just drop that kind of shit and then go die? Or, well, disappear into some fourth dimension force for like, a year! You promised that wherever I'm going, you're going! Or vice versa! I can't follow you into the *speedforce*!"

Oh. Oh. It was Dick's name that was erased from that conversation. Then something hit Wally.

*The ring!* Holy shit! Things started making sense for Wally all of a sudden. The little engraving of 'Wherever you're going I'm going.'

"We were boyfriends, Walls," Dick finished softly, a hysterical edge in his tone. Like he was grasping desperately for something, anything. And for some reason, it hurt Wally that he couldn't give it to Dick. "But then I wake up in a world where I'm a freaking Talon and you don't know who I am."

And Dick was crying. Something in Wally prompted him to reach out and hug the other man.

Wally was going to propose to Dick before whatever Dick explained happened. Then the idea fully registered into Wally's brain. He was going to propose. Holy fucking frack. He was going to *propose*.

"How do I gain my memories back?" Wally asked determinedly. Dick gestured vaguely towards the little device that now sat on the coffee table, too much of a mess to do anything else.

Wally picked it up. He had no idea how to use it. Dick wordlessly took the item from Wally with trembling hands. He made eye contact with Wally as if asking 'Do you trust me?' Did Wally trust him? He didn't know. But leap of faith, right? Wally nodded.

Dick placed the thing gently on Wally's fingertip and pressed a tiny little button. It pricked Wally's finger. Wally stared confused for a second. Was that it? Nothing was happening-

He let out a small cry when a sharp pain rocket through his skull. For a second he wondered if Dick lied and had poisoned him but then rationalized that getting his memories back would also probably also hurt like this.

Wally came back to his senses with Dick's yellow eyes staring worriedly down at him. That color was wrong wrong wrong.

Wally grabbed Dick's face and inspected it. Dick was chewing on a lip nervously. Did he pick that habit up from Tim?

"I like your blue eyes better, dude." Was what Wally blurted. Out of all the things he could've said. Maybe he should've said something like 'I remember now!' or 'I love you!' or maybe even 'Will you marry me?'. But Nooooo. Wally just had to open his big fat mouth and tell his boyfriend that he didn't like his current appearance. Who does that?

But Dick had lit up and let out a watery laugh, hugging the life out of Wally, who gladly hugged back. Dick mumbled into Wally's shirt, "I do too, but you're saddled with yellow for now."

"Good thing I like yellow too then. I even wore it for most of my teen years."

Dick's laugh right then was the most amazing thing Wally had heard in his life.

## Chapter End Notes

It's not a cliffhanger!!! :D

ARE YOU EXCITED AS I AM? AHHHHHH

WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'M GRINNING LIKE AN IDIOT

# **Tim, there's a thing called sleep. You might want some.**

## Chapter Summary

Tim's gone mad.

The team's getting mad.

Jon makes an appearance.

## Chapter Notes

I got it done, okay? T^T

I was just very unmotivated for this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I still don’t understand how he got out,” Cassie grumbled, tracing out theories on a holoscreen before scratching them out again. “I don’t want to blame anyone until we’ve run out of options.”

“Whenever you’ve eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.”

Tim nodded in agreement, before registering who said it. He turned to stare at Kon. “When did *you* start quoting Sherlock?”

Kon made a vague motion of his hands coupled with a shrug. Tim narrowed his eyes.

Cassie snapped her fingers, getting the two’s attention back on task. “Focus.”

“I found evidence that the security camera feed has been tampered with,” Victor stated, pulling up evidence onto Cassie’s projection. “Right here, someone started a video loop.”

It was a very minor detail that gave it away. A black speck crawled up a wall and ten minutes later, did the same thing. It was a tiny spider. *A very tiny spider* gave away the video loop.

Kon whistled. “Nice catch, Vic.” Tim sent the super a glare over his shoulder.

“Who do you think tampered with it?”

The cyborg shrugged, “Someone good at hacking, that’s for sure.”

Kon made eye contact with Tim, a single eyebrow arched to questioning perfection. Tim rolled his eyes in response, it wasn’t like he knew that spider was going to be there.

Cassie took a look at the clock and sighed. “We’re going to have to continue this conversation later.”

“In this ongoing mole investigation, we’re going to have to keep working as a team. Don’t let this tear the team apart. That might be what the enemy wants. Understand?” Cassie scanned the team with narrowed eyes.

“Yes, ma’am!”

---

Bruce walked through the empty manor, feeling strangely put off by the silence. For some reason, he's found that he focused better when he was playing some music or the radio in the background while he worked. He also wondered when he started referring to the manor as an ‘empty manor’.

His feet stop moving and Bruce finds himself in the upstairs hallway in front of a guest bedroom door. This is the third time he’s visited this room in the past few weeks.

It was an anomaly of a room. Why? Because on the desk in the far corner sat a half-finished wooden sculpture of a dog. Bruce had no clue where it came from or how it got here. Alfred didn’t know either.

There were actually a lot of items Bruce would find that neither he nor Alfred knew where they came from. Like the sudden increase of coffee and cereal in the pantry. Or the pair of small fighting gloves he found in the gym. Or that whole slew of bookmarks in the books in the library that Bruce hasn’t touched in a while.

The dog that was taking shape in the wood seemed to be a great dane. Initials were carved into the underside of the wood, marking a DW as the artist. Bruce still had no idea where it came from.

Another room housed a flying Grayson poster that Bruce had considered taking down but just couldn’t do it. The thought had actually made him physically sick. He had no idea where he even got that from. He has a vague recollection of hearing that Haley’s circus was in town years ago, but he never went. He really only remembered because the accident that happened there got broadcasted on the news.

In the room across from that, sat a stack of playbills for various productions that Bruce had no recollection of going to or planning to go see. Even if he did and somehow forgot that he did, he doubted he would keep the playbills. They were for musicals, theater productions, and plays, specifically Shakespeare plays.

But the most baffling item yet would be the ‘world’s okayest dad’ mug that sat on his office table. What practical prank was someone pulling when they gave him that? But like all the other strange items, Bruce felt physically repulsed by the idea of getting rid of them.

Bruce shook his head, ridding himself of those thoughts. He had more important things to consider, like the dropping stocks because of the recent attacks to WE and the situation with that snake of a man named Lex Luthor.

---

Tim and Kon arrived back to Metropolis to Jon home alone. The teen had greeted the two older heroes excitedly, chattering away about how he was going to accompany Clark on patrol. It seems that no matter how many times the boy gets to do so, the novelty of it never wears off.



“I’m so excited, I gotta tell-” Jon froze mid-sentence and frowned. Kon and Tim made knowing eye contact.

“Hey, Kon, you know what we should do?”

Kon raised an eyebrow.

“We should call Dami over for it.”

“Damian?”

“Yes. Do you know any other Damis?” Tim rolled his eyes, already pulling out his comm even though Kon hasn’t agreed to his idea yet. The functioning word being ‘yet’. Kon sighed, used to Tim’s spontaneous decision-making.

As they waited for Damian to arrive, they entertained Jon by telling him about their recent missions. Jon seemed to have gotten some information from Clark as well, as he didn’t seem all that surprised about the birds or anything.

Then the doorbell rang. Tim’s eyebrows shot up in surprise, he never pegged Damian to use the front door, much less the doorbell. But as Jon beat him to the door and opened it, there stood Damian in his scowling teenaged glory, looking as bored as he possibly could.

“You better have a good explanation, Drake,” The younger bat grouched, his eyes never leaving Jon’s though.

Tim grinned, “I have a very good one.”

When Jon finally stopped imitating a goldfish, he stammered out, “I-Is that...Ghul?!”

Tim shrugged, letting Damian inside. “Well, it’s not what it looks like.”

“It looks like you faked Ghul’s death and are working with him.”

Tim paused, re-evaluating his statement, “Okay, it is what it looks like. But it’s not what you think.”

Jon eyed Damian warily, but he took note at how relaxed Kon and Tim were around him and didn’t say anything else.

“So, who wants to explain to him?” Tim asked when they reached the couches in the living room. “Damian?”

Damian sent Tim a look that promised death, but Tim just pulled a Dick and kept on smiling.

"Fine."

Tim and Kon swiftly left the room. The super calling over his shoulder, “We’ll just be over there, shout if you need us!”

Damian sighed, giving up and turning to face his best friend. “You can hear my heartbeat, right?”

Jon nodded.

“Well, then you'll know I'm telling the truth.”

Jon eyed the other boy and Damian shuffled around the room.

With a preamble, Damian stated, “You are my best friend.”

A loud facepalm was heard from through the walls. Damian scowled. Jon looked even more uncomfortable and unsettled.

Damian went on, undeterred. “Our fathers knew each other through work. You would follow me around until I granted you my friendship. You should feel honored.”

A muffled bang was heard this time. Followed by a quiet, “Awe fuck, my head.”

Jon shifted his seat, clearly wanting to leave. Ghul was a dangerous assassin according to his dad and Jon was not getting any more comfortable sitting with him.

Damian took notice of Jon's nervousness and slumped in his seat. “I'm not good at this,” He admits. “Drake tells me that people's memories have been altered through methods of magic and science and thus you will have trouble recalling who I am.”

“You're Ghul.”

“No. I'm Damian. Damian Wayne.”

Jon eyes blew even wider. “*WAYNE?*”

Damian sighed. “Drake, I give up, hand me the cure.”

Tim's head popped up from around the corner, a red mark on his forehead. Tim just grinned at him. “Nope, you gotta get him to agree.”

“You are an imbecile!”

“Karma.” Tim smiled pleasantly and disappeared back behind the corner.

Jon was still staying at Damian wide-eyed. “How do you know Tim?”

“He is my brother.”

Jon sputtered.

“Jon. Look, Drake-Timothy has a device that can return your memory. Your brother has already taken one. You have to admit that memory alteration isn't that out of the norm for our line of work. In addition, you must know that I haven't told a single lie in this entire conversation.”

“You lied when you called Tim an imbecile.”

(Tim cooed in the other room.)

Damian crossed his arms and huffed. “I did not. He is a pain, a moron and an imbecile that cannot take care of himself.”

Jon, despite his nervousness, snorted. Damian looked up at him hopefully.

Jon weighed his options. Tim and Kon both trusted this Damian. Jon trusted Tim and Kon. The information Damian gave was quite supporting for the current situation. Watching how Damian interacted with Tim and now, himself, Jon couldn't see how this other boy could be a ruthless killer. Lastly, Jon didn't have another hero friend his age where he felt like there should be one. Something about Damian felt safe and Jon felt like, just maybe, he could trust him.

Jon made a decision. "Let's get my memories back."

"Really?" Damian looked so hopeful and Jon wondered how their friendship was supposed to be like.

Jon nodded, steeling his resolve. "Yes."

Tim and Kon charged out into the room, Tim cheering with sleep-deprived madness as Kon followed in mild amusement.

"Here is it!" Tim held out the tiny device. "Hold out your arm, Jon! You're going to be so much help in getting Damian to stop grouching so much."

Jon stuck out his arm and not a second later felt a prick in his wrist. He was out before he could even wonder what Tim used to break his kryptonian skin.

---

Tim and Kon were absent from the afternoon meeting, calling in about how they needed to babysit Jon.

Cassie sighed and started the meeting anyways.

"As we have discussed, Nightwing had escaped, seemingly with inside help. Is there any information anyone would like to offer that might help us?"

Victor raised his hand. Cassie nodded for him to continue. "There's a number on Tim's phone. I traced it back to its source. It goes to-" He pulled up a hologram and was interrupted by Bart finishing his sentence.

"Lex Luthor?!"

Victor nodded solemnly. Cassie's face was unmoving, her lips pressed into a thin line.

Bart shook his head viciously. "No, there's got to be a misunderstanding. Or Lex did this on purpose. He hacked Tim's phone or something. Come on, do you really think Tim would be working for Lex?"

Victor shrugged, "I'm merely presenting facts."

"Well, on that topic," Jaime snorted, "Kon is Luthor's...ya know."

Cassie's fist slammed the table. "I wanted to give him the benefit of the doubt but he's been using the Zetas a lot recently without a location logged. And the one that didn't have his destination marked as blank said it was to Gotham."

The room descended into chaos. Bart looked so distraught.

Cassie clapped her hands. “Attention! We have to keep a close eye on Tim. Don’t jump to conclusions just yet.”

A heavy silence befell the room.

Then Wally walked into the conference room, a bag of chips in one hand, a giant grin plastered on his face. The mood of the room flew completely over his head as he asked, “It’s a wonderful day today, isn’t it? The sun is shining, the birds are singing. What a great time to be alive!”

Roy snorted, “Looks like someone had some fun time.”

Wally laughed but didn’t refute Roy’s statement. He glanced around the room. “Where’s Timmy and Kon?”

Roy answered, “Babysitting Jon.”

Wally’s eyebrows shot up, understanding exactly what that meant. “Huh. Who would’ve thought.”

“Wally, we were in the middle of a discussion, would you like to contribute?” Cassie asked in fake politeness that had Wally shutting up immediately despite the girl being younger than him.

“So on the list of potential moles, we’re going to have Draken-”

Wally started laughing. Wheezing, more accurately. Between breaths, he managed to squeeze out, “Tim? Timmy? Being a mole? Oh, that’s the best thing I’ve heard in years.” Tim was more likely to be the one to have a mole on other organizations. Or he’ll play those who want to play him and win. Tim was a genius, and loyal to a T.

Cassie and nearly everyone else did not find it as amusing as Wally did. Finally, the redhead sobered up, but couldn’t wipe the smile off his face.

In the end, everyone compiled a file of the evidence that supported every member of being a mole and all the evidence that was against. Tim sat on the top of the list. Wally had to leave halfway through the meeting because he couldn’t stop snickering so Cassie kicked him out. Roy went with him.

---

The three of them (well, two. Damian fell asleep sometime in the last thirty minutes) were sitting around waiting for Jon to wake back up when Tim’s phone buzzed, lighting up with a message from an unsaved number.

Tim opened it and read it through. He rolled his eyes. “Oh, fuck off, Lex. You’re way too late into my chess game.”

Kon laughed next to him.

Jon groaned, blinking open one eye. He scanned around the room and found Damian’s asleep form before reaching Kon’s worried gaze on him. Jon gave him a thumbs up and Kon relaxed.

“You boy wonders get yourself in the weirdest situations,” The younger super whispered. Tim choked on air. As Kon grinned.

“See? He agrees with me.”

“Oh, shut up and go to sleep.”

"You need it more than me."

"I said shut up."

## Chapter End Notes

I am very bad at being on time. But I got it done.

Anyways, I would love to hear your thoughts on how the story's going to progress. Any theories? Anyone want to yell at me? Go ahead!

# **The risk I took was calculated. But boy, am I bad at math.**

## Chapter Summary

I'm churning these chapters out like butter.

Jason isn't having fun.

Damian had fun.

Tim remembers why he never sleeps.

## Chapter Notes

I just started this chapter late. Sorry, I have no excuse this time.

I wasn't dead. I wasn't busy. I wasn't *that* unmotivated. I just lowkey didn't want to open the docs.

Also, sorry, this one is a little short. :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“In the manor?!” Jason wailed, looked betrayed at the crudely made spinner on the table. Dick snickered and Damian grinned smugly.

They have gotten two more locations for possible crystals and split into two teams. Dick with Damian and Jason by himself. The only problem was that one of the locations was in the manor and none of them wanted to do that. So Dick made a spinner and left it up to chance.

Currently, Jason was considering his chances if he tried to jump out the window.

“Have fun, Jay!” Dick called out cheerily, already heading out the safehouse. Damian followed without and snide comments, as his visit with Jon had put him in a good mood. Little mercies. Dick then threw over his shoulder a, “Say hi to B for me!”

Jason growled. And flipped the older male the bird. “Hope you two die in Hawaii and no one ever finds your body.”

“Thanks! Good luck to you as well!”

Then Jason was left alone. Oh well, the sooner he leaves, the sooner he can get this over with.

Jason wondered if he could just waltz up to the front door and ask to look for a crystal in the manor. What would happen? Would Alfred politely close the door in his face? Would Bruce try and punch him? Would they send him to an insane asylum? Would they let him in?

As tempted as Jason was to find out, he could imagine Tim's exasperated and tired look if he tried and decided against it. Poor Timmy, he's been trying so hard and the rest of them are just having fun messing with people. What can he say? It's honestly such a golden opportunity.

Jason rode his bike the short way to the manor, parked it a little way off and hiked the rest of the way there.

There he stood, out of view of those within the manor, but close enough that he could evaluate where the best place to break in was. Wow, actually breaking into the manor for a *mission*. That's a thought.

Jason continued to scout out an optimal spot in the mansion and decided on breaking in through one of the upstairs windows, one near the roof.

Bruce had impeccable surveillance. There was only one blind spot in the cameras the man installed outside the manor and Jason has used it to his advantage to sneak out of his room many times before.

So this wasn't that new, only this time, he was sneaking *in*. Wow, what a time to be alive.

Jason pulled out a small EMP from out of his pockets and flipped it over in his hand, grinning ferally. Showtime.

He ran up to manor and pressed down on the small EMP, disabling the cameras in the vicinity for twenty seconds. With a grunt, Jason leaped onto a window sill and began scaling the mansion. Soon, he stood above his target window. The cameras came back online. Perfect timing, Jason mentally patted himself on the back.

The lock on the window was easy to get around, Jason was very familiar with it. After getting the window unlocked, Jason slowly pushed it open. Making sure the coast was clear, Jason flipped inside the manor and closed the window, locking it again.

There were many more blind spots in the manor than outside it, and Jason also knew them quite well. According to the information they got from Billy, the crystal was in the left-wing of the manor, while Jason was currently in the right-wing.

Sticking to the shadows, Jason slunk his way through the nook and crannies of the manor, edging his way towards his destinations. He finally got to a stretch where there were no blind spots so he pulled out another short term EMP, detonated it, and moved on.

He arrived at the left-wing now. He let out a heavy sigh, time to look for a tiny crystal in one half of a large manor.

Jason was honestly surprised he hasn't been found yet. He was pretty sure his two uses of the EMPs would have alerted *someone*, but nothing has come for him yet? Ah, maybe he was going to jinx it. But he searched most of the upstairs rooms and found nothing so he had to move downstairs. He had two options. Take the giant stairway with all the cameras that lead into the living room or the back stairway downstairs...in the right-wing.

Jason groaned aloud.

There was a third way actually. Jumping over the railing.

That sounded fun.

Jason landed with a loud thump as he tucked into a roll, popping to his feet in a shadowed corner. Swinging on the chandelier? Ha, he bet Dick never got away with that before.

On the first floor, Jason had one destination in mind. Bruce's office.

It wasn't easy to get there, but Jason wasn't your average joe. He made it to the door, but it wouldn't open. Ah, right, secret high tech lock.

Jason wanted to try something. He took off his glove and put his bare hand on the handle, seeing if his fingerprint would still be recognized. The door clicked open. Jason grinned.

"Hello, can I help you?"

Jason froze, halfway opening the door. He cursed internally and slowly held his hands into the surrender pose.

"Turn around," The deep gravelly voice continued.

Jason let out an audible sigh and slowly turned around to face Bruce. "Can we pretend you never saw me?"

Bruce had one eyebrow raised in a 'what do you think?' manner.

Red Hood was scanning the man for the best way to get out of the current situation, however, Jason couldn't see any weapons in sight. Before the armor-clad vigilante could try anything, Bruce shouldered his way past Jason into the office calmly.

Jason frowned. Why isn't Bruce being more weary of Red Hood breaking into his house? Jason could've attacked him right then. What is happening?

Bruce calmly sat in his seat and waved his arm at the other chair. "Please, have a seat, Red Hood."

Jason gaped at him. Did Bruce lose his last bit of self-preservation skills? Despite Jason's internal crisis, Red Hood still awkwardly shuffled over to take a seat anyways.

Bruce smiled at him, opened a drawer and pulled out something. Jason watched his every move.

"Looking for this?" The man dropped one of the crystal onto the table between them. Jason choked, looking between the crystal and Bruce in bewilderment.

"The fuck?"

Bruce snatched the crystal back up. "I'll give it to you in return for information."

Jason scoffed. "What makes you think I can't just take it from you?"

"Because you can't."

Jason's eyes narrowed behind his mask. "And what makes you think I have any information you want?"

Bruce smiled calculatingly. "I have this theory..."



---

“Should I be insulted that you forgot all about me?” Damian asked menacingly over his cookies and cream ice cream topped with chocolate syrup and way too many rainbow sprinkles.

“I mean it wasn’t really my fault, cut me some slack! How was I supposed to know that the life I was living in was a lie designed by evil masterminds?” Jon whined, but not too loudly in case anybody else at the ice cream shop overheard their conversation.

After Jon had gotten his memories back, Tim and Kon had set the two boys free for the rest of the day so they could “catch up on missed time”. Frankly, Damian found it pointless when he could be out looking for more crystals, but he supposed it never hurt to have a little ice cream.

“Well, wasn’t it obvious? I’m sure *I* would have been able to tell that something was off. Oh, that’s right, actually, I *did* get my memories back before you,” Damian replied smugly.

“Uh, yeah, what’s up with that anyway? How come you and your brothers could remember the truth when everyone else had gotten their minds wiped?”

Damian stuck his chin up in a ‘holier than thou’ manner, “In my case? Superior intellect. Honestly, I’m not so sure about the others.”

“So your oh-so-superior intellect is what compelled you to drench your ice cream in rainbows?” Jon teased, pointing his own spoon at the colorful confection. Damian made a face and pulled the cup closer to himself and nailed Jon with a joking glare.

Damian poked Jon’s own cup with his spoon. “Says the one who got a dollop of vanilla ice cream with his inhumane amount of toppings! I’m surprised you haven’t dropped dead already from heart failure.”

Jon gasped and pulled his ice cream out of poking distance. “How could you say such a thing? My gummy worm colony doesn’t appreciate your negativity, Damian. Look, you’re making them sad.”

Damian raised an eyebrow. “You do realize those are just blobs of gelatin the shape of small, earth dwelling creatures? *Lumbricus terrestris* aren’t even cute, so it’s pointless to pretend that these colorful sugar worms have feelings.” Damian reached for one of the worms to try and make his point.

Jon gasped loudly, shielding the poor worm from his grasp. “How dare you disrespect my children! I go through all the trouble of getting poked with Kryptonite so I can remember you, and you say these kinds of things? Damian, I’m ashamed.”

Damian rolled his eyes. “Just eat your diabetes in a cup, Jon.”

“Like yours isn’t also highly unhealthy?”

Damian grinned. “It’s also highly delicious, therefore your point is invalid.” Jon snorted at that.

---

Billy huffed heavily, his feet thumping on the ground. The familiar streets whizzed by in a blur of color.

Who was this crazy made and why are they attacking him?

When the door rang, the last thing he expected was for this hooded figure to start demanding “Where is it?”

“Where is what?” Billy had asked in confusion.

The person growled, “You know what. Hand it over, kid.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

The person made a move and alarm bells went off in Billy’s head. He ducked his way around the person and bolted out the apartment complex with the figure hot on his tail.

He found out his new friend was a mage when they started flying and swinging magic fireballs at him.

What could they possibly want from him? The only questionable thing he had was- Oh.

The giant crystal.

A quick glance around the alleyway he was in revealed the mage wasn’t in sight.

“*SHAZAM!*”

Lightning arced down from the sky, striking its target, the darkness of the alleyway running from the beam of light. The static left behind danced through its new master’s hands like butterflies.

Captain Marvel turned and shot into the sky, returning to facing his foe.

During the chase, the figure’s hood had fallen. Revealing a girl with shortish blonde hair and green eyes. A scar ran across her nose and fire sparked from her fingertips.

Her eyes narrowed at him.

“Let’s fight,” The Captain challenged.

“So you have it,” She stated passively. “Even I am not idiotic enough to challenge the champion.”

“Wha-”

A swirling rip in the space behind her opened up and she stepped through it before Marvel could even finish his sentence.

He needed to inform Damian or Tim about this.

---

Tim was not having a good time right now. All he did was go to sleep and he came back to the team in utter chaos. See, this is why Tim never sleeps.

There was apparently news about some suspicious threats from this shady science organization. It reminded Tim of Cadmus.

They were arguing about going to investigate without the League’s permission and who should go. Tim ignored everyone and went over to look at what exactly had everyone so riled up.

It was a plot of a series of robberies of places with dangerous chemicals all centered around a single location.

Tim stared at it for a while, long enough for Kon to approach up behind him.

“What do you think?”

“I think it’s a tra-”

“Cassie, Bart, Beast Boy, Tim, Kon, and I will go.”

Everyone turned to look at Wally who had walked into the room. For some reason, a least three-quarters of the occupants in the room turned to look at Tim as if for approval.

“It’ll be good to have a tech guy, so Cyborg can also come?”

Victor nodded.

As everyone dispersed to start getting ready, Tim sighed and rubbed his eyes.

Wally and Kon looked over questioningly. Tim shook his head.

“I just have a bad feeling.”

## Chapter End Notes

The next few parts are just going to get *spicier*.

Any theories on what's going to happen?

Also, a part of the Jon and Dami portion written by my good bud, [callie37](#).

# Hey, how you doing? Yeah, I'm doing just fine- I lied, I'm dying inside.

## Chapter Summary

This is honestly the spiciest chapter by far.

Jay and B chat.

Tim goes on a mission. It does not go how Tim hoped, but when do they ever?

## Chapter Notes

\*laughs maniacally\*

FUCK SCHOOL

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So I have a theory...” Bruce laced his fingers together and leaned back into his chair as if he was in total control of the entire situation. Jason shifted in his chair, still rather unsettled by the way Bruce was acting.

When Bruce didn’t continue, Jason took that as a cue to prompt him, “What’s your theory...Mr. Wayne?”

“Mr. Wayne? Now the way you say that implies that’s not what you usually call me.”

Jason hummed, forcing himself to feign relaxation and shrugged.

“My theory is that we know each other. I just don’t remember. It seems that the door still remembered you. Whatever happened to my memories, you’re involved. Along with all of those other birds of yours.” Bruce’s voice took on a threatening lilt that had Jason reflexively putting up all of his defenses.

Through gritted teeth, Jason carefully ground out, “Look, Mr. Wayne, I don’t know what you’re smoking but it ain’t got nuthin’ to do with me. I just need that crystal and I’ll be outta your hair.”

Bruce crossed his arms. Jason thought that the action made the man look more like a petulant child rather than anything else but he didn’t say so out loud. It made him think of Damian. However, instead of amusing Jason, the action ruffled his feathers even more. This man was stubborn, even as an amnesiac.

“I’m looking for a trade.”

“Well, I ain’t got anything to trade ya.”

“I think you do, and I’m not letting you go until you give it to me.”

Jason growled, growing more and more frustrated. “Give. Me. The. Crystal.”

“Do you think that just because you’re the Red Hood that you’re entitled to order me around? Well, I hate to tell you this, but you’re no better than any of the other criminals in crime alley. Another common crook.”

Red Hood’s hand slammed onto the table as green filled Jason’s vision. He tried to remember the breathing exercises he and Tim went through when they talked about controlling the pit madness. In the end, he still ended up screaming, “Well, fuck you, B! Even with your fucking memories of us wipe you still have to attack me, don’t ya? Always gotta make the family fuck-up know his place!”

Bruce looked a little taken back by Jason’s sudden onslaught of shouts, which made Jason feel just a little better and smug. Then a small grin crept up onto Bruce’s face.

The older man slipped the crystal across the table. “Thank you, you just confirmed my suspicions.”

Jason’s anger suddenly died and turned into confusion. “What?”

“Your fingerprint was registered into my office. You knew the security and house layout well. You call me by a nickname. Apparently you’re family?” Bruce lists out, counting on his fingers, “I don’t know what our usual relationship is like, but my reflexes are actually more relaxed around you than those sleazebags at those charity galas.”

Jason didn’t know what to feel. He never expected this to be the way Bruce would tell him that he trusted him. Or that Bruce wasn’t as guarded towards Jason as the man tended to pretend to be.

Jason was about to stutter out a less than intelligent reply when his comm went off. Dick’s frantic voice filled his ear.

“They got Damian! Jason, they got Damian and I can’t reach Tim!”

Jason turned away from Bruce as he replied, “Wait, calm down, D-Ni-Um...” He glanced at Bruce, who was smirking, meaning he hadn’t missed Jason’s slip-up. Jason cursed. Whatever, screw it. “Dick, stop hyperventilating and breathe. And please tell me who has the brat.”

“Ninja! League of Assassins! Ra’s al Ghul!”

“Fuck!”

Jason looked at Bruce and then at the crystal. Bruce made a shooing motion with his hand.

Red Hood grabbed the crystal and nodded his thanks and after a moment of deliberating, took off his helmet in on smooth motion and grinned at Bruce’s stunned expression.

“Thanks for your help. And say hi to Alfie for me!” Jason said over his shoulder as he sauntered towards the window. After a small pause, he added on, “Dad.”

The expression on Bruce's face when Jason jumped out the window and into the night would have him laughing for days.

---

It didn't take long for them to arrive at the location. However, in the short time, Tim's nerves had gotten dialed up to eleven.

There was just this sense of wrong in the air that's been putting him on edge. Despite this, he said nothing and followed the others into the target location.

It kinda reminded Tim of the chemical labs in Gotham. With giant vats of chemicals (like the one Harley got dunked in) sitting in the darkness. The ceiling was high, with the rafters and support beams born for everyone to see. Only small windows allowed a slight sliver of silver moonlight into the building, casting long faint shadows along the concrete floor.

Mission was to retrieve information and possibly shut down what was going on if it wasn't too out of their power to do so.

What bothered him the most was the fact that it was so eerily quiet. Despite it being rather late in the night, one would expect there to be guards, or some machine making noise, but there was nothing. Absolute silence.

It seemed no one else was as put off as Tim, apart from Wally and Kon, who knew his body language and went on alert with him.

Something whizzed by over their heads and Tim snapped up to look. Nothing except darkness. Maybe he was going crazy. Was he hallucinating on no sleep again?- No. He had just slept today.

The small group continued to slink through the darkness and silence, none the wiser to the internal crisis the non-meta member was going through. Something about this seemed awfully familiar.

Like a carefully planned out chess game.

Tim looked up, where the rest of the group were a little way ahead of him. Only Kon remained with Tim, lagging behind and flanking his side. In a little more, they would reach the smack center of the building, the furthest from any exits.

He suddenly knew who he was facing.

"IT'S A TRAP!" Tim finally shouted his suspicions, but it was too late. Black-clad figures swarmed then from all sides, silent in the night. Cassie cursed.

"Play to your strengths don't get baited!" Tim shouted at Cassie and Gar, the two more hot-headed ones. "Kid Flash! Team up with Superboy and get each other's back. Flash, you're with me."

Everyone followed Tim's instructions, no questions asked. A minute into the fight, Tim shouted again, "Beast Boy, switch with Bart! Wonder Girl, can you fly up and bust an exit for us?"

Cassie did so, but Bart paused for a second to voice out, "Wait, not that it's bad or anything, but why is Draken taking lead here?"

Wally barked out a laugh at that, "Don't question it now!"

Suddenly one of the ninja brought out a glowing green rock that brought Kon to his knees. Kryptonite. Where did they get kryptonite? Tim rushed to his friend's aid, throwing himself at the ninja responsible, toppling to the floor and trying to wrestle to offending objects from their tight grip. But before Tim could get the rock, Beast Boy, as a tiger was sent barreling into his side, winding Tim and throwing the two of them away from Kon. Bart took notice and tried to come help, however that made his trajectory more predictable and allowed a ninja to trip and restrain him.

This was what Tim meant as 'don't take the bait.'

It seemed Tim had hit his head in his tumble with Gar because his vision was fading out right now. Plus, the back of his head hurt a lot.

Right before the world turned even darker than it already was, Tim saw Cassie get dogpiled by deadly ninjas with pokey objects that discouraged movement until one wanted to be sliced and Wally get swarmed by the rest of them, taking a particularly hard blow to his face, sending him to the floor.

Well, fuck.

---

Tim came to in a cell. They were all chained to the wall with cuffs and the others had on inhibitor collars. It seemed that he was the first to wake up.

"Hello, Draken," A smooth voice intoned. Tim blanched but replied evenly.

"Ra's."

"It appears you wake much faster than your other acquaintances," Ra's glided through the room, movement as smooth as ever.

Tim didn't grace the demon head with an answer, choosing rather to stare at him with a deadpan expression,

It seemed that Ra's found Tim's insolence rather amusing, judging by the quirk of the corner of his mouth.

"It was a rather simple task to lure and capture your group of so-called heroes, wasn't it?"

Before Tim could bite out a retort, Cassie woke with a groan. She quickly came to her senses and scanned her surroundings, vision locking onto Ra's. She snarled.

Ra's merely laughed at her. "What leader this one is. Leading her team right into a trap."

Kon's foot shifted to nudge Tim's leg, indicating the super was awake but choosing to not announce the fact like Cassie did. Tim and Kon both knew that Ra's was most likely aware Kon was conscious anyways.

A shadow landed next to Ra's kneeling with their hand bowed, communicating something with a hushed whisper of another language. Ra's face hardened from his cruel smile as he turned and glided out of their sight.

Tim took this chance to check out his restraints. He tugged experimentally on his hands in the cuffs. It was looser than he anticipated, it'll be easy to slight out if he just dislocated his thumb. Tim made his move when Gar groaned into consciousness. Momentary confusion clouded his eye, but gave way to fear and panic as a hand flew up to his neck to feel the collar.

"Is this where I think it is?" Wally's voice asked, continuing to keep the attention of Tim as he tried to wriggle his hand out of the cuff without drawing attention from the guards.

Bart made a sound halfway between a groan and whine when he came to.

They didn't even try to discuss anything in front of all the guards. It was a check, they were out of moves, except for Tim. The king.

Ra's walked back in with a stormy expression, stalking right up to their bars and grounding out, "Do you know what I found?"

He didn't wait for a reply.

"I found a boy. A boy that I was lead to believe had been killed," Ra's hissed, and punctuated the last words by having some of his followers bring in someone into the team's view.

Damian trashed and shouted in the grip of two ninjas, unfazed by the thirteen-year-old's rather graphic death threats.

Tim was hyper-focused onto Damian, almost as if he could see his plans unravel. But that didn't matter much to him right now, anyways. All he was going through was way to get Damian out of here.

Tim vaguely registered the gasps of shock behind him along with the protective growl from Wally and stressed huff from Kon.

Ra's grabbed Damian by the hair, not sparing to be gentle and hefted the boy closer to himself. Damian practically screeched trying to get away, continuing his detailed description of what he was planning on doing to any who wronged him.

If Tim wasn't so worried right now, he would find the threats Damian was throwing rather funny. After all, 'Drake' has been on the receiving end of many of those and yet none of them has come true yet.

However, it only served to make Ra's upset, causing him to slam the teen into a wall.

Then Ra's kned him. All while sneering, "Hopefully this lesson will stick with you, Damian."

The boy let out a wheeze. Tim didn't know how, but Damian somehow made that wheeze convey that he had no intention of following Ra's.

Ra's didn't like that and practically backhanded Damian, sending the boy sprawling on the floor.

Damian whimpered, and Tim couldn't take it anymore. Screw the plan and screw keeping low.

Right now, he needed to help his little brother.



Tim let the unlocked cuffs to fall from his wrists and moving to the door, making quick work of the locks. No one paid Tim any attention, to engrossed in the one-sided fight between Ra's and Damian.

Ra's was now holding Damian by the throat. Tim wasted no time in pulling out his collapsible staff without slowing down his advance.

He smashed Ra's in the face with all his might when he got close enough.. It sent Ra's stumbling back a few steps. It also got everyone else's attention.

Tim's voice was laced with barely concealed anger when he hissed, "Stay the hell away from him."

Dark laughter filled the air as Ras rose to his feet, wiping the blood from his nose. Tim held his position between him and Damian, his staff at the ready. It was deathly quiet in the chamber.

Ras's voice was like acid when he finally spoke, "Well isn't this an unexpected turn of events," his lips curled upwards, "*Red Robin*."

## Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaaaanyways.

CLIFFHANGER. I give you the right to stab me. This is a really bad cliffhanger lol.

Anyways, thoughts? I love reading all your comments! <3

# Don't you hate it when shit hits the fan?

## Chapter Summary

Shit goes down and the stakes get raised.

## Chapter Notes

\*nervous chuckle\*

So....I never updated last week. Nor did I gave a notice. I have no excuses. I'm sorry guys ;-;  
Spring break was just...messy.

Oh, the first part was written by a good friend, [HyperactiveLectiophile](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Cassie couldn't process what she was seeing. Tim Drake, the same boy who preferred to cheer on his friends during sparring than actually participate, was staring down Ra's Al Ghul. His stance was perfect, the bow staff positioned so he could strike or defend at a moment's notice. Tim's expression was cool and calculating, there was a quiet confidence to him that confused Cassie as much as it angered her. This wasn't the Tim she knew, not in the slightest. "You alright Dami?"

Dami. Not Damian or Ghul or even Robin. The nickname reeked of familiarity and it made her stomach twist. The boy in question let out a groan of acknowledgment.

"I've had my suspicions that someone on your little team was playing double agent for a while now," Ra's sounded far too pleased for someone with a broken nose, "But I never suspected this."

"Tim?" Bart's voice was so small, "What's going on?"

Neither of them acknowledged the interjection. Tim's stance was tense, coiled like a snake waiting to strike. His easy tone contradicted his physical appearance. "You're far easier to trick than you think."

"Oh, but you didn't just fool me, did you?"

Tim didn't even glance at the implied victims as he shrugged, "Maybe I should go into acting, I'm sure they'd appreciate my talents."

"Hm, I can think of far better uses for you."

Next to Tim, Ghul struggled to his feet, "You will not go near Timothy." The protectiveness in his voice caught Cassie off guard.

“You know better to speak to me in such a way,” Ra’s spat, “Although, I wouldn’t be surprised if you forgot about consequences entirely considering your recent behavior.” The words made Ghul flinch. He moved closer to Tim’s side.

Tim laughed dryly at Ra’s words. “You have no one but yourself to blame for Robin leaving, torture and abuse can really drive a kid off.”

A scoff, “Only the weak ones, and he shall pay for his weakness. But you need not suffer the same fate if you cooperate.”

Kon yanked at his restraints, “I’d listen to Robin and stay away from him.”

The Demon’s Head scowled but didn’t take his eyes off Tim, “I understand my grandson’s misplaced loyalty, foolish as it is, but why do you defend someone who just betrayed you?”

Kon’s eyes widened like he’d realized what he’d just done and fell back with an angry huff. Beast boy looked back and forth between The Demon’s Head and their supposed weakest member while Wally kept glancing at the doors and windows with increasing desperation. Tears were starting to form in Bart’s eyes. It was true, Tim had betrayed them. She’d suspected it for a while now but this was far worse than just feeding intel. He’d been playing them for Hera knows how long. This couldn’t have been a new development, even if the cracks only started to show up recently. She’d seen what Red Robin could do and it would’ve taken years of training, the training he never once used to help them. He valued his secret more than his own fucking friends. Cassie let out a scream of frustration, tugging on her chains.

Ra’s turned to glare at her. “If you-“

Tim wasted no time in taking advantage of Ra’s moment of distraction, lunging with his staff and hitting the Demon Head right in the shins. The guy hissed, out in pain or annoyance, Cassie didn’t know. Not that she's scared, anyways.

Tim was meticulous in the way he fought the man, quickly spinning around to wack behind the knees with his extended staff. However, Ra’s had predicted this move and jumped out of the way, his gold and green robes fluttering with the movement.

Tim spun, graceful and practiced, hands sliding down the staff to extend the end and hit Ra’s in the back of the knees.

Ra’s softened the pressure of the blow by moving with it, his green and gold robes flaring around him.

The fight looked more like a practiced dance, the attacks of the two more fluid and smooth, rather than the usual raw exploding powers the Titans were used to.

A clink of a chain hitting the floor drew Cassie's attention from the fight to see Ghul pulling the restraints and inhibitor collar off Kon. The super nodded his thanks to the assassin and rolled his neck.

Ghul nodded back and moved on to help Wally. While Wally was being unchained Kon came over and began crushing the other chains on the rest of them.

Suddenly, the door to the room flew open as a ninja flew threw, flopping on the floor, unconscious. In the doorway stood two figures, one in a skintight black and blue suit, the other in a dress suit with a red helmet on his head.

Red Hood was still poised in the motion of hurling a person.

Nightwing rushed forward, shoulder checking Ra's without even giving him a glance. "Red! Robin! Are you okay?"

Cassie figured that Jaybird was Red Hood, there was no other explanation. Bart's chains came off and the boy fell limp to the floor, watching the showdown in some kind of despaired trance.

Red Hood was mowing down ninjas like a beast, his attacks raw and powerful, and yet with a certain grace to them. They've all been clearly trained.

"I'm fine. Check on Robin."

Nightwing moved over to Robin's side and began scanning the younger boy for injuries. Ghul quickly shook him off with a glare, pointing at Tim.

"Help Drake. He's just woken up from being unconscious, a fight before that, and no matter how well trained he might be, he will not be able to hold off my grandfather much longer."

Nightwing made it rather obvious that the only reason he was even considering the younger's words was the fact that Ghul wasn't that injured.

Watching Nightwing and Ti-Red Robin work together was a spectacle. The moment Nightwing got up and spun around pulling two (were those batons?) rods from...somewhere. (Seriously, where did the guy keep those in his skintight suit?) it was this additional person that had Ra's pulling out his sword. Nightwing fought with a rather dramatic flair, but no less graceful than Red Robin. It was a rather prominent display of his flexibility as he bent inhumanly around Ra's' sword.

Their teamwork screamed years of practice, cementing that this alliance wasn't a new development.

Tim's been on the other side from the start. Cassie still couldn't fully grasp that concept. Tim had been part of their team for so long. He lived with the Kents, for gods sakes, they could practically hear lies! And Tim, small helpless Tim, was somehow skilled enough to avoid that.

Ra's sword swung out in a wide arc, grazing Nightwing while Red Robin jumped back.

Nightwing glanced down at his torn suit and bleeding gash with a blank expression. Finally, he looked up at his audience and cheerily announced, "It's fine, tis just a flesh wound."

Wally made a noise and Cassie turned to see that the redheaded speedster had tripped and had let out a squeak when he fell.

When Cassie turned around, the wound on Nightwing's chest had closed back up, making her suddenly remember just who he was. A *Talon*.

Tim's been in a partnership with a Talon for gods know how long.

It made a strange amount of sense. Timothy Jackson Drake, of the Drake family, one of the richest families in Gotham, tangled up with Talons? Not as far fetched as it appeared. It appeared Owls

were exactly that: the rich families of Gotham. Cassie wanted to punch Tim really badly. She had trusted him.

Gar's face was blank and emotionless, he just stood there, staring. Kon's was watching the fight with a small frown. Bart appeared to be crying next to Cassie while Wally stood helplessly next to his cousin. She couldn't believe that Tim would do this to him. To all of them.

"Timbers!" Red Hood called, instantly gaining Drake's attention-gaining all of their attention. If Cassie wanted to analyze that, it said that they were close, close enough for that kind of teasing nicknames. "Watch out!"

Red Robin heeded the warning and twisted out of the way of a ninja approaching from behind, twisting into the air all while bringing down his staff onto his assailant's temple and knocking them out cold.

Drake was deadly and efficient, with no movement wasted, using his surroundings and body size to his full advantage. Cassie was in as much awe of his fighting prowess as she was furious at him.

She didn't know what to do anymore. Does she jump in and fight the Birds? Fight the League of Assassins? Run away? Stay where she is and don't move?

Then Red Hood was in front of her, towering over them with his height. "You should escape. You all are useless gawking like that." His tone was indiscernible through the heavy voice modulation.

Wally's face turned red. Cassie internally agreed, he was justifiably angry.

Red Hood just laughed at them, the chuckle coming out flat and dark with the distortion.

"Shit! Damian!" Tim's voice brought all of their attention back to the fight as the teen jumped in front of Ghul to block a blow from Ra's. Drake fell with a large diagonal gash on his back. He quietly and flatly intoned, "Ouch."

Cassie's body twitched with the instinct to help him, while her brain filled with vehemence for having that reaction in the first place.

During this moment, Red Hood whipped out his gun and fired a few shots at Ra's, all seemed to be tranquil darts that knocked Ra's out cold.

"Timothy! You imbecile!" Ghul shouted, catching the falling teen. "Nightwing, Hood, he needs medical attention now."

And if the Birds stepped on Ra's prone body a bit too many times, who was Cassie to tell them to stop?

Cassie saw Drake give them an apologetic smile as the others carried him out. She felt frustration bubble up within her. Her thought grew bitter. He felt apologetic? For what? He developed feelings while he was being a spy? Is he sorry for breaking Bart's heart? For making friends with them?

Cassie tried to run after them. But there wasn't a trace of the Birds outside of the holding room. They were gone.

She punched a hole in the wall.

---

"Ow!" Tim hissed as Jason jabbed him particularly harshly with the suture needle. Funnily enough, Jason was the best at stitching out of the four of them. They had Alfred and Leslie to help clean their wounds while Jason did his by himself. Which turned out that Jason's hand was considerably steadier than Dick or Damian's.

Jason rolled his eyes. "Oh stop being a baby, Tim."

Damian was watching off to the side with his arms crossed. "I could've dodged that, Drake."

Tim sniffed. "Would it hurt you to just say thanks?"

Damian's eyes narrowed. "Yes."

Dick snorted from behind him. Jason gave the youngest a bewildered look while Tim sputtered.

"What the heck, Dami?" Jason asked, incredulous in the face of Damian joking. Damian merely shrugged and turned away. They finished stitching Tim up in silence.

Damian pulled out one of his comms and hummed. "Batson has attempted to contact me recently."

"What's he saying?"

"He's been attacked by the enemy mage. He warns us that the enemies may be making advances to recreating the machine that made this reality."

Tim groaned from his position. "And the stars align to make me as miserable as possible."

"What else is there?" Dick asked.

Tim dragged out a long-suffering sigh. "Lex Luthor wanted to make a move as well."

Jason snorted but seemed curious, "Why do you know that, Tim?"

Tim shrugged. Without preamble, he started, "Fun fact: We're all villains in this reality."

Jason's eyes lit up with amusement, "Oh, do tell, little brother. How are you a villain?"

"You ever wonder how Draken, without Batman, came to be a hero and living with the Kents?"

Dick made an 'oh' face, pointing a finger at the boy on the bed, "Draken was picked up by Luthor!"

Tim nodded. With sarcastic jazz hands, he announced, "Ta-da! I'm still the spy, anyways."

Jason just started laughing. Dick frown and whacked the man over the head while Damian just watched Tim with a tilted head.

Tim stared back at his youngest brother, cocking his own head as well.

Damian took this as a 'go-ahead' to say what he's thinking. "The reality altering device may have achieved its purpose after all." He strode forward and handed his comm to Tim. "Batman is no longer a hero and his Robins are all villains. It's rather perfect, isn't it?"

"Then why are they activating it again?" Dick asked, peering down at Damian.

Jason answered instead, “Some material items didn’t disappear. But it wasn’t because of a mistake. It was because it wasn’t powerful enough.”

“So they need to fire it again. Like a second layer, in this new reality to achieve their true goal.”

Understanding dawned on Dick as his face grew grim. “Their goal of erasing Batman from the entire timeline. And us, by proxy.”

## Chapter End Notes

MAAAAAAYBE I CAN GET A (SHORT) UPDATE IN DURING THE WEEK? To make up for my random ghosting last week?

Anyways, not my best work, but I tried. :/ Any thoughts?

# **This is fine. Everything is fine.**

## Chapter Summary

Things get heated? Thats about it.

## Chapter Notes

This was such a dialogue and emotion heavy chapter and my sad extrovert brain couldn't do emotions to get this chapter out fast enough ;-;

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In the world, there are fallacies of logic. Mistakes of logic people make when drawing conclusions.

Wally remembered learning about them in English class way back when in Central.

Fallacies like the bandwagon, ad hominem, or circular reasoning and many more. They were the only things that stuck with him from English class.

Black and white, a fallacy in which two opposite sides are presented as the only possibilities, while more exist.

Wally watched quietly as Cassie fumed, Bart remained despondent and Beast Boy looked among the group, in a state of disbelief. Kon was staring out one of the jets many windows, face carefully blank.

Black and white fallacy. If Tim wasn't on their side, he must be on the villains. It was a fundamental flaw in the way they were thinking, but the way this reality was shaped pushes them for that way of thinking.

Wally picked at his chair, uncomfortable in the tension of the small room in the jet.

"I can't believe him. We trusted him! *I* trusted him! ARGH!" The girl chucked a pillow at a wall. "Gods, what has he been telling them? What do they know about us?"

"How much do you think he lied to us?" Gar asks quietly, eyes firmly trained onto a blank wall. "It just doesn't feel right."

Wally didn't know how to reply to that.

"Was he actually our friend? Did he find our trust in him amusing?" Cassie ground out in frustration.



Bart curled into himself even more. Wally glanced down at his cousin with a small frown and put a hand on the younger's back. Bart leaned into the gesture and Wally's heart broke a little for his cousin.

He hated the position those boy wonders put him in. From across the room, he made helpless eye contact with Kon, who now had a frown etched onto his face.

"Maybe he's playing double agent. Maybe he's going to help us?" Bart whispered quietly.

Cassie slammed a table, causing everyone to jump. The girl's eyes were livid. "Help us?! Did you see him out there? He's familiar with those guys! He's an experienced fighter! He's been doing this for the entire time! What part of that makes you think he's on our side at all?"

Wally frowned, that wasn't going to help Bart's mental state. So he opened his big fat mouth and said, "What if it's mind control?"

Bart's head whipped around to look at Wally with hope. The gloom that previously enveloped the younger speedster instantly vanished. Wally internally winced and Kon shot him a murderous look from across the room.

"Yeah! We found that mind control thing from Wayne's drive! Wayne probably has connections to the Court of Owls and the League and so they mind-controlled Tim!" Bart chattered, suddenly seeming more excited by the prospect.

Well, shit.

Kon's murderous intent only got stronger.

"Mind control?" Cassie repeated incredulously. "We're going to hang on to a thin hope in mind control? We can't let our feelings get in the way of this. The fact is, Tim-Drake betrayed us. He's working with the enemy. End of story."

"But what if they're just taking advantage of him? What if he needs our help? We can't eliminate everything and just label him as an enemy, Cassie!" Bart had jumped up from his seat in his outburst. Cassie looked a little taken back by the sudden vigor and anger coming from the usual happy-go-lucky member. "You have to face the facts as well, Tim protected us down there. None of the birds hurt us. Robin-Ghul let Wally go. Why are we fighting them?"

Cassie had nothing to say to that. Bart sat back down into his seat, the fight visibly flowing out of him.

"I'm sorry," The speedster mumbled, "I just don't believe Tim would betray us like that."

Gar finally looked over towards the group, "I don't think so either. There's something we're missing here."

"We can discuss this with everyone else at the base," Kon cut in.

Wally nodded in agreement. "An outsider's detached opinion may help us see this without jumping to conclusions based on emotions."

"Fine." Cassie relented.

---

“...Blonde hair,” Billy finished.

Tim nodded. “Sounds like the same person.”

“If what we think is happening is actually what’s going on, then we’re on a time limit,” Dick muttered, pacing around the room.

Damian glanced at the phone with Billy on the line then back to Dick. “We got that one crystal from Bruce, right? We should use it on Bruce. Since Hawaii was a bust.”

“On Bruce?” Jason repeated.

“Yeah, so he can help us, you know? We need as many allies as possible.”

Jason puffed up his cheeks before finally letting it out in a sigh to reply to Dick. “Fine. Okay. I guess so.”

Tim nodded and took the crystal Jason offered him. “I’ll get it done soon. Can you get it to Bruce once it’s finished?”

Jason frowned but nodded nevertheless.

“It’s so weird that it’s not weird to me that you all are brothers and act the way you do,” Billy mused from the phone.

Damian made a face at the acknowledgment of the term brothers. Dick saw it and laughed, ruffling the youngest’s hair.

And just for a second, watching from the sideline, Tim could pretend that everything else hasn’t gone up in fire like the shit show it is. It was nice. It was normal. They were normal.

Tim honestly felt like the embodiment of the meme of ‘*This is fine. Everything is fine.*’ His grip tightened in the crystal in his hand.

“On a serious note, our cover is blown, all of ours. Red Hood had betrayed the League of Assassins. Ghul is alive but also a traitor. Tim joined us in front of his team, marking him a traitor as well. The Justice League knows that Nightwing and Talon are the same person, marking him as a dangerous villain,” Jason pointed out. “But if the way everything is going and based on some intel I got from B earlier, the villains in this universe are also on planning to make a move soon.”

Dick and Damian’s demeanor instantly turned solemn. Dick was the one to ask, “Who are we looking at in these villain numbers?”

“Lex, Ras, Grodd, Klarion, maybe,” Jason began listing, “Actually, the Light basically.”

“Great, I’m injured, we have to worry about the Light, along with our mystery people who want to kick us out of existence, I have to make another cure, my teams out for my blood, what else is there?” Tim rubbed his eyes, stressed out of his mind. “Jason, you said ‘soon’, how soon is soon?”

Jason winced, shrugged then finally answered, “A week?”

Tim banged his head onto the table.

“What happened? Is Tim okay?” Billy asked, sounding concerned.

Tim, with his cheek to the table surface, grinned. It looked more insane than anything. “Don’t worry Billy. I’m fine. This is fine. Everything is greeeeeat.” Jason patted his shoulder in consolation.

---

“Drake was the spy.” Cassie wasted no time in easing everyone into the news. The just threw them all into the deep end. Everyone erupted into shouts.

“I knew there was a spy!” Roy cheered before the words fully registered, “Wait, it was Tim?”

Bart jumped up, “But wait, there’s more, that’s not all.”

Cassie barrelled on with her cold explanation, “We got captured by Ra’s al Ghul, where he found out Ghul wasn’t dead but rather his death was faked by the Birds. In which, Drake was-is Red Robin. And in the cell we all were in, Ti-Drake got out of his chains and went to protect Ghul. Then Red Hood and Nightwing charged in. The way they fought together implied years of practice. Nothing of what we’ve seen from Drake before.”

“But what if Tim is being mind-controlled? During that scuffle, he actively tried to protect us, plus Ghul helped us out of our chains. We did find that mind control device blueprint from Wayne all those weeks ago.” Bart tacked on before others’ opinion of Tim could plummet too far.”My gut says that Tim hasn’t betrayed us, but I also understand that I’m emotionally compromised.”

Victor hummed in thought, walking up to the computer and began sorting through files. “Tim hasn’t had much suspicious activity until recently. Except for his phone log, one unknown contact he’s been messaging for forever.”

“To be honest, Tim always seemed off to me. He was smart, terrifyingly smart. And yet, somehow he was the weak link? That never made sense to me,” Jaime added. “What about Gar, Wally, and Kon? What do you guys think?”

Gar made a pained face. “Tim betraying us doesn’t sit right in my gut, so I want to learn towards Bart’s theory.”

Wally held up his hands when the gaze all landed on him. “I am not picking sides.”

“Same here,” Kon grunted.

“We should search Tim’s room,” Cassie suddenly declared, turning on her heels to head in that exact direction.

Conner and Wally looked at each other with matching grimaces.

They did not, in fact, find anything incriminating in Tim’s room. They found some weapons, bo staff and weirdly shaped throwing stars but that was it. Nothing that gave them insight into Tim’s situation. Kon allowed himself a sigh of relief.

“We have to report this to the Justice League.”

Kon turned to see Roy leaning at the doorway with a frown etched in his face. Everyone looked to Cassie to see her opinion on the matter. Her eyes swept the room again before she sighed.

“Yeah. We should.”

---

Clark started sputtering in utter confusion at the news. “I have super hearing? I can hear lies?”

“He duped us all. We have no idea how.”

“No,” Clark denied, “No, something’s not adding up here.”

Bart pointed at Clark and sent everyone else a ‘see?’ face. Diana frowned.

“You’re both emotionally compromised. Tim is smart. He may have had a method for...sneaking around in a house of supers...” Diana trailed off. “It does sound rather implausible now that I said it aloud.”

“Wait wait wait. Tim. The small cute Tim was the mole?!” Barry sounded aghast.

So apparently the speedsters and the supers were unwilling to pin the blame.

“But he has been acting shady for a while. Remember- Richard and Peter from the mall!” Cassie suddenly shouted. “That’s-those two have to be Talon and Red Hood!”

Bart raised an eyebrow. “But Richard seemed so normal.”

“Well, we learned the hard way that they’re all good at acting, didn’t we?” Cassie growled. Bart shrunk back.

Alarms started blaring. Barry sped over to check the reason, effectively putting the current conversation on hold. The tension hung in the air, only the alarm filling the silence as Barry worked the computers.

“Some kind of large monster in Atlantis. Authur is asking for help,” Barry finally reported, silencing the alarm.

Diana nodded. “We’ll hold this conversation for later.”

---

Tim got back to Jason rather quickly about the next cure. Which was both exciting and annoying. Jason really didn’t want to confront Bruce again. At least not so soon.

It has been less than a day since he was suddenly appointed at the impromptu Bruce messenger because he somehow did it last time.

Jason still didn’t know how to feel about it. It was rare that Bruce ever came as close to straight-up telling Jason that he trusted him. That Bruce actually was comfortable enough around Jason that the old man’s subconscious continued to hold on to it. Dick said it wasn’t just because Bruce was ‘comfortable’ around Jason. It was because Jason was his son, and Bruce loves him no matter what. Dick’s a fucking sap.

The idea made Jason a little giddy and a little sad.

Why couldn’t Bruce just say it out loud?

The design was getting better as well. The newest cure sat firmly in Jason's palm, looking more like a sleek EpiPen than the wire and circuit abomination that was the first prototype.

Jason let out a long-suffering sigh before deciding to man up. After all, replacement got a hell lot more on his plate than Jason does.

Jason pulled out his phone to tell the others what he was about to do when a news notification stopped him.

‘Bruce Wayne meets up with Lex Luthor and Oliver Queen in a Star City charity gala!’

Jason stared blankly at the headline for a few seconds.

“Timbo’s right. The universe is fucking out to get us.”

## Chapter End Notes

I'm rather excited for the next chapter tho.

Also, comments always make my day. (And I need social interaction, spare a word for a sad extrovert?)

# **Damian learn what hyperventilating is.**

## Chapter Summary

So, some trigger warning, maybe?

Triggering content: Hinted domestic abuse, neglect, loneliness, and panic attacks

This is just one giant emotional rollercoaster.

## Chapter Notes

This is my promised mid-week bonus update because I missed a week a while back!

This was actually chapter 9's bonus in my drafts but I never got it done on time so it just sat there with two paragraphs.

But yay! Basically a double update!

Edit: I realized there's some confusion about this update...this is before everything. This is when Dami wakes up in the altered world. Not in chronological order. Sorry guys for not making it clear. Hopefully it's less confusing now.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He woke up in a dark room. There was no light anywhere. But he could make out the walls and furniture through the darkness. The room was terribly bare. The lonesome table on one side and a chair. The bed he was laying in and a closet for his gear were all that adorned the room. There was no television, no posters on the wall, no photographs on the dresser,

This...wasn't his room. While a part of his mind insisted that this is where he should be, his body doesn't relax and his hands won't stop shaking. He half expected Grayson to walk in or something but it never happened.

Of course, it doesn't happen. Because the door opened Talia al Ghul strode in. Damian leaped to attention and his muscles froze up in what he realized was fear. What was he scared of? He's not sure but he knew that he needed to be up, be alert and greet her.

"Hello Mother," Damian felt the words leave his lips before he fully processed what was happening.

Talia dipped her head in a form of acknowledgment, "Get ready for training, Damian."

Training? What training?

Training with Grandfather, of course.

“Yes, mother,” His mouth replied without permission from his brain. Talia nodded stoically before shutting the door again and walking out. Damian went through the motions of getting dressed, but his mind was entirely elsewhere.

Why was he with Mother? Why does part of him keep telling him that he’s on infinity island with the League of Assassins? He was Robin, from Gotham city. Not this-this Ghul!

He couldn’t be here. He never wanted to be here again.

What was that story again? The Allegory of the Cave.

Damian thought the way Ra’s beat him mercilessly was normal. It was how it was supposed to be. Everyone was treated like that. Grandfather was supreme, the sun rose in the east, his hand had five fingers. It was life.

But when Talia snuck him away to Bruce Wayne-his father. Damian suddenly understood.

He had thrown his chains to the ground and walked out of the cave to see the sunlight. He had left the world of those shadows on the wall.

Admittedly he hadn’t realized at first and thought he had to eliminate Drake to earn his place, like how he had to kill those other ninjas to prove his worth to Ra’s.

But Dick showed him compassion, and it was so different and so...nice. And Tim showed anger and hurt. Emotions that those in the League weren’t allowed to possess. Emotion made you weak, they said.

But Dick and Tim were strong. Dick was smart, able to use his flexibility to its fullest extent to gain an advantage even over the toughest enemies. And Tim was cunning, timing his strikes and calculating their every move. No, their emotions did not make them weak. It made them strong.

And when Damian finally met Jason, Jason was a whirlwind of emotions. Every action he took had a reason to do with his heart, whether it be anger or pain or frustration, Jason did things for himself. For his own emotions.

Damian never did that before. He’s only ever known to follow orders, to be ruthless and emotionless.

And then Dick and Tim brought him to meet others his age. Other...children. And they were so joyful and carefree. So innocent and free of bloodshed.

Damian realized Ra’s was wrong. That it was the world that he grew up in to be the broken one, not the one that these children live in.

And Jon came up to him and introduced himself. He was so bright. So kind.

And so, Damian decided, what good was the shadow, without a sun?

But this windowless, lightless room, Damian was been dragged back to that cave. The cave so he could look at those shadows on the walls again, but never be satisfied because he knew there were more than those shadows on the cave wall.

Was being free just one vivid hallucination? Did Damian just get a taste of freedom to now that he is not free, only for it be to forcibly pulled away again?

Why was it hard to breathe? He's taking in air, wasn't he? Why doesn't he feel it? He's coughing, choking on something. He feels head chest heaving for air, but all he hears is white noise. He felt like he was spiraling, he couldn't grasp anything-

"Damian!"

Suddenly it's over. Talia's sharp voice cut through the spell that was killing him. Or whatever that was.

Damian schooled himself and opened the door to face his mother. She scanned his appearance and nod curtly in approval before leading him down the passageways of the base.

While walking Damian realized it wasn't a spell or and kind of outside force that was killing him in that room.

He had hyperventilated or had a panic attack. He had witnessed Drake's attacks before but being on the opposite end of that was an entirely different experience. Tim suddenly gained a few points of respect.

"Grandson," Ra's voice held that lilt of superiority as he talked, "You are late to your training this morning."

"I apologize, Grandfather," Damian bowed because that was what he was supposed to do. He would've childishly stuck a tongue out of it was Dick or even Father. But that was Ra's.

"It better not happen again."

"Yes, Grandfather."

"Rise." Damian did. "You know that I must punish you. If it goes unpunished once-"

"I will be privy to make the same mistake."

"Good, you remember," Ra's sounded pleased as he pulled out his sword. "Then come here, Damian."

Damian tried to force his voice not to quiver. "Yes, Grandfather."

## Chapter End Notes

:)

Also, no, no DickxDami.

Ra's also is not sexually harassing Damian, and I apologize if it somehow comes off that way. Ra's is physically beating him though. Domestic abusing to a server degree.



Anyways, thoughts?

# Gee, it's swell to finally meet your other friends.

## Chapter Summary

Jason ends up in the gala. Things do not exactly go according to plan.

## Chapter Notes

Have I ever mentioned that I live to throw curveballs?

Well, now I have.

Also, look! I'm not *that* late!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Roy frowned down at his phone. Messages from Oliver flashed across its screen.

Roy was still trying to sort through his own feelings on the matter of Tim's betrayal. Like seriously? Tim? Sure, he was acting sketchy recently but... but it's Tim!

He very much did not like what he was reading.

A mandatory charity gala? At this time? What was Oliver even thinking?

But then he read further. With Bruce Wayne? Like supervillain Bruce Wayne? *Wait*. This is a perfect opportunity.

"Guys, I have an idea," Roy turned to face the quiet group of teens behind him. "Oliver's got a Gala."

"And?" Cassie snapped.

"And Bruce Wayne is going to be there."

Heads snapped up to meet his smirk. He continued, "I think we should have an interrogation session."

Cassie cracked her knuckles, a feral grin growing on her face. "Wow, Roy. That's actually a great idea. I'll get a dress ready."

"Who's coming?" Roy asked. Hands shot up.

"I'll take Kon with Clark's press pass, Wally as Barry's stand-in, Cassie as Wonder Woman's, and Gar because he's a famous actor."

Jaime hummed, “Basically all of you who can get in with the easiest excuses.”

Bart pouted from his corner of the sofa. Wally patted the younger speedster’s head while offering an apologetic smile.

Also, a plus side of Roy’s selection was that they all had suits for such events, so they didn’t have to buy ones at the last minute.

As they were getting ready to leave, Roy tugged on Wally’s blazer and whistled.

“Where’d you get this? I highly doubt you can afford this,” Roy joked.

Wally blinked, staring down at his suit. Of course, he didn’t buy it. Dick bought it for when Wally had to go to such galas with his boyfriend. But he couldn’t tell Roy that, so Wally just chuckled and shrugged.

Kon shot him an unimpressed look. Wally just met it with a hopeless one; on the spot lying was not Wally’s forte.

“Well, are you ready, guys?” Roy asked as they approached the giant doors of the gala venue.

“Ay, ay, captain!” Wally returned.

---

Jason ended up renting a suit.

God, he absolutely hated these penguin suits. Well, at least his new one wasn’t in that awful penguin coloration like his Red Hood one. The new one was a deep velvet color with a black button-up shirt and a silver tie.

He actually thought he looked good, for once. Or maybe it was just his desperate optimism talking.

“Stop, do you have an invitation?” The guards stepped in front of Jason.

Jason smiled pleasantly and produced an invitation from his pocket. He had swiped it from a man earlier. Sorry, random dude, looks like you’re not going to have an invitation now.

The guard took it, inspected it, and finally nodded and stepped away to let Jason through. Jason flashed the guard a grin and waltzed on in.

The room was ornate and completely over the top, just like how Jason expected. People in the most expensive clothing gilded around the room, hoping to strike up a connection for their own gains. A large crystal chandelier hung from the high ceiling and food was laid out in a row of tables to the far back of the room. Soft classical music drifted through the room from a band opposite to the food.

Ah, those stuffy, loud, boring charity galas he always hated. He ran a hand through his gelled hair, took a deep breath, plastered on a fake smile and pushed into the crowd.

He made idle small talk with the rich folk, keeping a forced amicable attitude, while also keeping an eye for his wayward father.

Twenty minutes after he descended into this hell, Jason finally got a glimpse at his target for the night. Bruce Wayne, in all his assholish glory. He was chatting up some buyers into whatever, Jason didn't particularly care.

He began discreetly pushing his way through the crowd. It was slow, but he was making progress.

Just as help was about to close in on Bruce, something grabbed his arm. Jason whirled around, physically restraining his reflexes to throw the culprit over his shoulder, to come face to face with his own best friend, Roy.

However, Roy's usual friendly expression was twisted into a disgusted glare, directed at Jason.

"Hello, you slimy bastard," Roy greeted with a false cheeriness.

Jason returned an equally cheery smile, "Mr. Harper, what do I owe the pleasure?" He took a quick glance at Bruce from the corner of his eye, seeing the man getting pulled further away. Jason had to get away from Roy, fast.

But Roy's grip was like steel, and Jason couldn't cause a scene here. Then from across the room, he spotted Wonder Girl with pure disdain written on her face.

Ah, he understood now. Cassie had met him in that mall that one time. And now that Tim betrayed them, she connected Tim's 'other friends' to the other birds, and thus picked Jason out from the crowd.

The fact that she here also indicated to Jason that the team thinks the birds have ties to Bruce Wayne. And they're not wrong, but just not in the way they think.

But no matter what, it clearly meant Jason wasn't getting away from Roy so easily. This was proven when Roy began dragging Jason away from the crowd, past the food table, into a hallway.

Jason, who's life goal is to just be as annoying as possible, wiggled his eyebrows, "Oh, are we doing this, Mr. Harper?"

Roy snarled, slamming Jason up onto the wall. "Shut up! We originally came to interrogate Wayne, but you're such a better option."

Jason hummed, pretending being pushed up to the wall was no big deal.

"What did you do to Tim?" Roy began.

Jason raised an eyebrow, "Tim? Who's that?"

Roy shook him out of frustration, tightening his hold. "Stop pretending you don't know who I'm talking about. Answer the question."

The placid smile slipped off Jason's face, being replaced by a cold expression. Roy visibly flinched back.

"Now, say, what do you want with our Timmy, Roy? He's our baby brother. We've never done anything to him," Jason grabbed Roy's arm that was holding him down. Taking advantage of Roy's slackened grip to pull himself free.

“You asshole!” Roy then went for a punch that Jason easily ducked under, making a dash for it. He needed to figure out a plan to get Bruce by himself.

Having the team here had suddenly made his solo mission so much harder. He now wished he took someone with him. Well, Damian would be rude, Dick was annoying, which left Tim.

Why didn’t Jason take Tim? Tim knew how to sweet talk, and he was probably in his element in these rich galas. Jason’s from the slums, he had no clue what he was doing. Unfortunately, Tim’s leading the investigation for the culprit of this reality switch, so Jason’s out of luck.

Jason looked over his shoulder, where Roy was hot on his heels, shouting, “Look, Roy, I’m going to be blunt here. We’re on your side. Shits happening and you guys aren’t able to see it, but if you just let me finish my mission-”

“Like I’m going to let you do that!” Roy returned, somehow pulling his bow and arrows out of the dress suit he was wearing.

Awe shit.

Jason kept an eye as Roy notched an arrow and just before the redhead released it, Jason dove into a room to his left, but couldn’t close the door in time before Roy barreled in after him. The door slammed shut, closing both of them in.

Roy was then standing above him, holding an arrow to his face. “Talk, you villain!”

---

Wally’s gaze had immediately honed in on the food in the back of the giant venue, giving everyone in the group a chuckle despite the tension that hung between them all.

“Hey look, it’s Oliver,” Gar pointed over to the blonde archer, was chatting with some random couple, as Dinah stood off to the side, a hand on Oliver’s arm.

“Where’s Wayne?” Roy asked aloud and began scanning the faces in the crowd for that cocky billionaire. Despite being such a prominent figure, the man didn’t seem to extrude much of a presence if Roy couldn’t find him quickly like how they found Oliver.

“Let’s split up, you got your comms?” Roy tapped his cuffs.. Cassie brushed back her hair to show off her earrings, Wally pointed at his tie clip, Kon pulled back a sleeve to show his watch, and Gar poked the pin attached to his suit pocket. Roy nodded and they all headed off in different directions.

Roy headed off toward Oliver to greet the man before anything. He weaved through the sea of upper-class people, all clad in expensive jewelry and clothing. He felt a gaze trained one to him from someone that he pushed past but when he turned to look, he found no one suspicious.

“Roy! I’m glad you could make it!” Oliver cheered, but his eyes were serious.

Roy smiled back, “Hello, Oliver, Dinah. It’s nice to see you two. I heard Bruce Wayne is in attendance. Have you seen him by any chance?”

Olver and Dinah looked at each other before looking back at Roy and shaking their heads. “Not since ten minutes ago.”

Roy gritted his teeth. “Ah, thanks. Well, I see you around.” Roy spun on his heel and stalked off.

Much like-

Much like-

His thought was going somewhere. He was thinking that someone would act the same way he would at a gala like this. But who? Someone similar to him. Someone close to him. Who was this person? The name felt like it was on the tip of his tongue.

Why was he even thinking this? What's happening? Roy ran a hand through his hair. Roy then heard the click of a gun being cocked. He spun in place, but saw nothing of the sort. He raised his hand to his ear to contact the team about his suspicions when Cassie beat him to it.

"I found Wayne!" Cassie's furious whisper emitted from his cufflinks. "About 18 feet nine to the center of the room.

That was close to where Roy was. Very close. He turned to look.

"And there's-" Cassie's breath hitched before she continued with a steely calm, "Peter. One of Tim's 'friends' from the mall. Five feet to Wayne's left."

Roy could feel the atmosphere drop through the comm. Suddenly the objective turned from Wayne to this 'Peter' wordlessly.

"Wait, that's where I am," Roy whispered back, scanned in the bodies around him to match with one of those bird's.

"That guy, right there, turn 150 degrees right and you'll be looking right at him."

Roy did as told and was looking at the back of a man, about six foot tall, gelled black hair and an obvious intent focused onto Wayne. Without much preamble, Roy's hand shot out to grab this man's arm.

He was suddenly faced with alarming teal eyes. Strangely familiar teal eyes. Roy didn't let himself be bothered by this fact. His mind might just be playing tricks on him. He had to stay focused on the task at hand.

---

Jason kept an eye as Roy notched an arrow and just before the redhead released it, Jason dove into a room to his left, but couldn't close the door in time before Roy barreled in after him. The door slammed shut, closing both of them in.

Roy was then standing above him, holding an arrow to his face. "Talk, you villain!"

Then screams erupted from the main halls, making both heroes pause in their own fight. Something was happening out there. Then gunshots. Some part of the old Robin flared up within Jason at the sounds of panic outside, feeling the urge to get in there and *help*.

Jason's eyes widened, he looked back to Roy. "Roy! Roy, we have to help. Stop being stubborn and focus on the more important thing!"

"You're the important objective here, Red Hood. Or maybe it's Peter?" Roy pushed his arrow harder on Jason's throat. "My team's got it handled outside. Now talk. Or die. Unlike the rest of them, I don't mind killing scumbags."

*I know. That's why we work well together.*

Jason had to think of a plan fast. His hand felt the edges of the EpiPen-esque cure in his pocket, maybe he can convince Roy-

"Okay, I'll talk. There's something in my pocket I need to show you," Jason started, slowly, as to not set off Roy. Roy eyed the pocket Jason was pointing to.

The archer scoffed. "Nice plan. You want me to release my bow to grab it for you? Not falling for it."

"I'll grab it myself then, I'll move very slowly so you can shoot me if you feel threatened?" Jason offered, just as another scream erupted from the halls. Jason needed to get out, possibly even help if he could. He didn't care but he just couldn't be here!

Then something slammed on the door, drawing Roy's attention, causing him to loosen his grip on the bow and arrow. Jason swung out with the weapon in his hand and nailed Roy right in the neck.

Aaaaaand, Jason had accidentally used the cure on Roy.

Tim was so going to kill him.

## Chapter End Notes

\*evil laughter\* This had been planned from the very beginning. :P I feel like such an evil mastermind rn.

Anyways, how are all of you dealing with isolation?

\*manic laughter\* I feel like I'm going slowing insane. :)

# Yare Yare Daze

## Chapter Summary

Roy is more confused but also less confused. It's not a fun feeling.

Shit somehow gets even more real?

I don't know what I'm doing anymore.

## Chapter Notes

I'm just not going to say anything other than I feel really bad.

Roy groaned as he came to less than five seconds later. Jason was rather surprised that the redhead recovered so fast. Tim mentioned the people fainted because of the memory rush but didn't mention how long. Jason had assumed it would've been much longer and he could've escaped during the time Roy was out so that he could question his life choices later.

He was being forced to question them now.

Roy blinked up at him. "Hey, Jay, I had the wildest fever dream ever."

"I wish it was a fever dream, buddy," Jason replied. Roy blinked a few more times before propping up and looking around the room. He let himself fall back with a long-suffering groan.

"Fuck."

And then the door chose that exact moment to give in. The large wooden structure collapsed with a loud crack as someone's foot took its place. Jason didn't hesitate as he pulled out his gun.

"Arsenal!" He shouted at his regained friend. Roy instantly turned serious, holding the confusion for later, and notched his bow again.

They worked together flawlessly. Back to back, full trust in each other, without ever needing to exchange a word. That was until Roy decided that his confusion couldn't wait until later.

"Tim's not a mole. But he is a mole. And now I'm a mole. And is everyone a mole? Jason, what the fuck is going on?" Roy wailed as he kneed a guy in the face. "Why is nothing making sense?"

Jason jumped over a man charging at him with a knife, bashing the man's head with his gun before turning and answering Roy. "Long story short: weird shit went down in Gotham, reality altered."



Roy turned his head to Jason with a suffering look as he shot off an arrow. It hit its mark of a man's chest and it exploded into sticky goo that stuck the man to the wall. "Way too short. Way too short, dude."

"Ugh, we don't have time for this right now."

"Fine."

It really didn't take long for the two to take out all of the gunmen that had charged in. They weren't that experienced in fighting so the only hassle was trying not to get shot. Thankfully, they also had horrible aim so the two got away with just a few grazes.

"Tell me what's happening."

Jason huffed, "Look, all I know is that some giant machine we found in Gotham went off and suddenly reality was altered, all centered around the fact that B never became Batman. According to the others, magic and mind control tech was involved. We're trying to fix it. The thing I stabbed you with earlier was a finished antidote meant for Bruce, but I panicked so now we're here."

Roy blinked owlishly at his friend. Slowly, he walked over to the taller male and placed a hand on his shoulder. Then the other hand on the other shoulder. He raised his head to look Jason in the eye.

Roy started violently shaking him, "WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT THE EVERLOVING FUCK?"

"Get away from him, Red Hood!" A voice shouts from behind them to reveal Cassie and Oliver, decked out in their hero gear, along with the other guys that came with Roy.

The two in the room froze staring at all the newcomers. Roy snapped back to attention first, pushing onto Jason, and snarling, "What is your agenda, Jay-bird?" He nearly called him Jason but caught himself at the last minute.

Jason caught on to the act quickly, pulling back on his suave mask. "My agenda? I just saved your ass, why should I tell you anything? Actually you should owe me something."

"Owe you?" Roy repeated incredulously, "I fought them off as well, you didn't save me at all. If anything, you tried to throw me to the wolves and run!"

"Po-tay-to, po-tah-to. It's not like Red Robin would disagree with me"

Roy was trying to stall for as long as possible. It seemed Jason was too, name dropping Tim to keep the team from attacking. If they thought Roy could get more information out of Jason, they'll hold off longer. The only problem was, Roy had no idea how to help Jason escape. Jason didn't seem to have any idea either.

Then Roy saw the discarded cure laying on the group near a cabinet. He prayed that the team wouldn't notice it. Wally strode into the room suddenly, discreetly kicking the device under the cabinet and out of view. Roy looked over to meet Wally's eye, wanting to know if the speedster noticed it or not.

Somehow, Roy just knew. Something out the way Wally stood or looked had tipped Roy off. Wally knew. Wally as a not-a-mole as well. He breezed past them to the window.

“There’s more of them coming, and it seems they’re bringing in the big guns!” Wally reported over to the team, kicking them into action.

“Go handle that, I got this asshole,” Roy shouted, nodding at Wally and pointing at Jason. Wally winked and ran out with the team.

Finally, Roy got to release Jason. Gods, his arm was getting sore.

“Thank god for Wally. Despite his usual idiocy, that guy can really pull out in a clutch.”

“Him and Dick both.”

Jason scoffed, “Don’t get me started on them. Some days I regret getting them together.”

Roy barked out a laugh at that. The two were quiet for a while before Roy said, “You know, I think Lian actually remembers you. She asked about Uncle Jay the other day and I was confused as heck.”

“Really?” Jason exclaimed, “Wait actually, that kinda makes sense. She’s young enough that this hero and civilian identity stuff doesn’t make much sense to her. So even though Red Hood the estranged Bat was wiped from existence, me, as Jason, wasn’t from her memory because I was rather important to her.”

“So do you think our civilian friends would know you? Like people who didn’t know your identity?”

“No. We don’t have close enough ties to any civilian like that. Plus they knew that there’s a person under the mask, which pulls back to us. Lian tended to see Red Hood as another person.”

“Hm.”

Jason looked outside again. “I should go.”

Roy nodded, “Yeah, you should.”

Jason opened the window and disappeared into the night in typical bat fashion.

Roy sighed, time for more chaos and migraines.

---

Jason didn’t get too far when he cursed. He forgot to tell Roy who the others that knew were. Too late now. Hopefully, it doesn’t get too suspicious as Roy tries to figure it out.

Oops.

Well, Jason had other matters to worry about. Namely Tim.

---

Roy schooled his face to look properly frustrated when he joined his team down in the lobby. The fight hasn’t ended yet, and it seemed the gunmen actually had them stretched pretty thin.

“He got away,” Roy announced while he released an arrow at a goon. The projectile exploded into fluff that coated the man and hardened, rendering him frozen. Cassie grunted in acknowledgment, a bit too distracted by the guns that were being fired her way to properly be upset at the news.

The matter at hand was getting too pressing to be bothered by anything else.

“Where did Oliver and Dinah go?” Roy called out, open for anyone to answer.

Wally did. “They went for backup.”

“Backup is in Atlantis!” Roy shouted back. “We don’t have time for backup either!”

“I don’t get it!” Gar complained from his corner of the room, “No matter how many we knockdown, more just seems to keep appearing!”

No, that wasn’t exactly true. Roy glanced around the room again. It wasn’t that more were going, these guys were just getting off the ground like nothing was wrong after taking concussive blows for all the superpowered people in the room.

Either they couldn’t feel pain or heal at an incredible rate. Either way, it was a bad matchup for the current heroes. Almost everyone there except Roy was based on heavy hitting and knocking the enemy out. However, the guys down seem to understand the concept of ‘blacking out’.

While they didn’t seem to get tired, Roy’s allies did. It was clear that the tides were not turning in their favor. Roy used all of his arrows that had something to hold them down, but it clearly wasn’t enough. And if they were just ropes, the other would just cut it open.

It made Roy think of Talons, just dumber and less dangerous.

“What do we do?” Gar asked helplessly, backing up slowly. Cassie seemed to be on the edge of lashing out or breaking down as well. While Cassie was smart and quick on her feet and had an inspiring personality, she loses her cool too easily. Tim led the team with a calm calculative mind, objectively focused. Cassie led the team like an Amazon, proud, hard-headed, and ready for a fight.

Roy huffed. Honestly, having any of the boy wonders right now would be amazing.

“Gods, I can’t do this,” Cassie murmured, sounding like she was giving up, she was clutching her shoulder as a fresh wound there dripped blood down her arm. This made Roy livid for some reason. Giving up? No matter how hard the fight gets, they always made it out. He wanted to scream at the distraught girl.

Instead, he snapped, “If we’re going to get out of this alive, you need to get traught.”

Wally’s head whipped around to face him, delight painted clearly across his features.

“We need to immobilize them. Tie them up. Chuck them out of the windows or something,” Roy decided to take command, as seeing Cassie wasn’t going to.

“Traught?” Gar echoed quietly, confused. No one explained to him.

“Our objective is to get out of here alive,” Roy shot Cassie a look when she tried to argue, “Most of the guests have escaped, there’s no point in us fighting them. Kon, fly Gar out, Wally, if you would, speed me out. Cassie, can you fly?”

Cassie nodded.

“GREAT!” Roy shouted, suddenly grinning, remembering one of Dick and Jason's antics back when either of them led the team, “Tactical retreat!”

---

Tim took a long inhale through his nose and let out the air in a rather loud exhale, also through his nose. Tim was staring blankly at a wall behind Jason. The shorter male then closed his eyes, brought his fists up to the mouth and did the breathing this again.

Then Tim trained an icy blue glare onto his older brother. “Let me get this straight. You used the cure, which was meant for Bruce, on Roy. Because Roy somehow got you cornered and you panicked and stabbed him with the only weapon you happened to have in your hand. Which also just so happened to be the cure, which was meant for Bruce.”

Jason winced, “Yeah?”

“Okay, okay. That’s fiiiiiiine.” Tim’s voice rose in pitch as his lips pressed together, the end of his words edging onto the hysteria. “We’ll make another one when we find another crystal.”

“Well, it ain’t my fault the gala got attacked,” Jason muttered.

Tim nodded, not really hearing the words.

Dick piped up, “On another note...”

---

At least Cassie kept level headed enough to call the jet not too far off from their location.

Everyone let out a collective breath once the jet left the ground.

“Okay, so WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?” Cassie shouted, gesturing vaguely in the direction of the gala venue.

Wally stood up, placing his hands on the girl’s shoulders. “Now now, let's all try and staywhelmed here.”

Kon’s head fell onto the dashboard. Roy looked over curiously, catching onto the super’s mutterings. “I am so not feeling the aster right now.”

Oh. So Kon is in the know as well. How many people knew before Roy? Roy felt a headache building up. “Good grief.”

Roy’s phone pinged, sending the redhead on a flashback trip of how the entire mess began when Oliver messaged him. Despite that, he opened his phone to check the notification.

*We have a drop on the Villian Association AKA the cause of this mess. Don’t ask, Dick named them.*

It was a message from Tim. Roy wondered why Tim even bothered to send it to him. Another message pinged in.

*Jason wanted me to tell you. Also, he tells you to say hi to Lian for him.*

Roy laughed.

---

“Okay, we know they have a rendezvous in Crime Alley in abandoned warehouse number 69,” Jason intoned dryly. “Courtesy of a street kid.”

Dick made an offended noise, “Alex was a sweet kid and her information seemed legit. And it was abandoned warehouse number 420, thank you very much.”

“Both of you are older than me!” Tim exclaimed from his position behind his computer, completely exasperated. “Act like it! It’s a building on 42nd street scheduled to be torn down.”

Damian just watched the entire exchange happen silently. He was more concerned with how to fix the world than where the drop was going to happen. He very much did not want to see Ra’s ever again.

“Okay, boys we’re moving out!” Dick finally called after they all got their gear on.

Upon arriving at the scene, it turned out, it was a lot more the four were bargaining for.

Rather than just finding the culprit from back in Gotham, it seemed like the man was teamed up with their usual villains. To list a few: Ra’s, Lex, Grodd, Klarion and more.

“It’s the whole damn Light,” Dick hissed while motioning for them to retreat.

Once a safe distance away, Jason grunted, “We’re going to need to call in backup.” He pulled out his phone and comms.

Damian turned, pulling out his own phone, “I’ll call Billy and Jon.”

Tim began pulling out contacts, muttering, “Ugh, please, gimme a break for once.”

# The Exposition that really was rather irrelevant

## Chapter Summary

Things get real. Real fast.

Also basically nothing happens here except for me addressing exposition lol.

## Chapter Notes

I'm quickly running out of steam for this story. Which I'm really sad about.

But instead of leaving it unfinished or something, I decided to just speed up the end just a little so yeah.

I had more stuff planned, but I'm just not motivated enough to write them :(

But here they are if you were curious:

- Jason and Roy hanging out outside of the fights and stuff and Jason meeting back up with Lian

- Nightwing and Flash II meeting up in a fight and Nightwing starts pulling a Catwoman, much to the discomfort of the others

- Tim abusing Lex Luthor's trust in him and getting information that way

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The four were sitting on a rooftop across the street from the warehouse. With the help of some binoculars, they could see the on-goings in the warehouse through some windows on the roof. It was well into the night, and for once, Gotham was cloudless and the moon cast a silver glow across usually gloomy streets. It was deceptively peaceful.

Tim message Kon first.

*There's a villain meet up in Gotham, we're going to need backup.*

Jason looked up from his phone, "Hey Tim, I think Roy's number might be different here, do you have it?"

Tim frowned but checked his phone anyways. Turned out, he did have it saved. Weird.

"Yeah, want me to message him for you?"

"Yeah."

*We have a drop on the Villian Association AKA the cause of this mess. Don't ask, Dick named them.*

"Oh, tell him it's from me," Jason added, "Also tell him to say hi to Lian for me."

*Jason wanted me to tell you. Also, he tells you to say hi to Lian for him.*

Tim's phone buzzed when Kon's reply came in. He switched back to check on it.

*Send me the coordinates, we'll meet you there. I'll get Roy and Wally.*

Tim typed a reply back.

*Thank you.*

"Jon and Billy are also on the way," Damian called out. Tim nodded.

"Okay, we need to hash out a plan of action," Tim directed. Dick, for once, nodded, his face serious. "There are four entrances I can see. Our goal is to get information on how to stop the machine and return the world back to normal."

"So capture a guy and interrogate them? Knock them all out and override the machine?" Dick asked.

Tim paused, then pulled up something on his computer. "Those blueprints...there was something off about them."

Jason looked over his shoulder. "They look incomplete. Wait, try overlapping all the pages."

Tim did as he said. They came together perfectly. "Oh shit. We had the blueprint the entire time."

Damian scoffed, "You are useless, Drake." Tim rolled his eyes at the boy, not feeling like indulging in bickering at the moment.

"Do you think you can figure out how to reverse the effects with the blueprint?" Dick prompted, pulling the conversation back on task.

Tim shook his head, "I won't be able to fix the magic part of it. I can do the tech part, though."

Dick hummed as if he expected that answer. Tim guessed he did, Dick didn't lead the Teen Titans for most of the teenage years for no reason. Tim sometimes forgot that his elder brother was just as manipulative and smart as the rest of them. Dick continued on, oblivious to Tim's internal musings, "We'll do that first, we'll find a magic-user to help us when we get there-"

"Why, what do we have here? A few peeping birdies?" A dry voice taunted from behind them. The four all whirled around at incredible speeds, weapons at the ready.

It was the mage from the cave.

Jason was the first to react, popping out a one-liner, "Oh sweetie, back so soon? Did ya miss us?"

This time, the four could clearly see her face. She wasn't wearing that cloak and the moonlight did nothing to hide her features. She had blonde hair pulled up into a ponytail, with a few free strands

waving in the wind. She had one of her hands wrapped in bandages, a reminder of their last encounter.

“Miss you?” She sneered, “You ruined everything! Everything!” With that, she fired down a bolt of electricity that the four boys dived out of range from.

“Ruined what?” Dick asked, sounding genuinely curious.

“You all run down in your brightly colored tights thinking you’re the greatest people for doing the right thing. You think you’re the only law enforcement for the city. You think you’re so noble,” The girl shouted, fire spells with minimal chanting between breaths as her voice grew steadily more mocking and spiteful. “You think everyone loves you! That you’re making everyone happy and the world a better place! Well, you don’t! You don’t care! You don’t know anything!”

The four boys couldn’t do anything more than dodge her erratic spells and listen to her rant. Damian occasionally tried to throw a batarang or birdarang only for her to zap and disintegrate them.

“You claim to help those in the worst part of Gotham. And yet, where were you when my family disappeared? I’ll tell you!

“Nightwing was in Bludhaven, destroying the city’s precarious balance between the law enforcement and its multitude of gangs. Red Hood was having a pissy fight over by the dock over some drugs and his territory or whatever! Red Robin was nowhere to be seen, probably out of town!

“And Robin here, oh little Robin, I found him. I asked him to help. He told me he and Batman had something more urgent. He asked if anyone was actively being killed. If it had anything to do with the Arkham breakout that night. Of course, it didn’t. Of course, saving my mom and dad and little brother wouldn’t get you in the news so of course, it doesn’t matter! You left my family to die,” The girl chuckled dryly, tear-stained tracks falling down her face. “And do you know the worst part? The biggest news the next morning was a rumor that Batman and Catwoman were spotted kissing that very night. Hah! That’s hilarious! My little brother just died that night, brutally killed by those men you keep letting go, hoping they reform. Well, newsflash! They won’t reform until you fucking fix the jails so that they actually help them reform! Black Knight of Justice my ass.

“Others might not understand. But I think if you asked most of us that live in the slums or in Bludhaven, we’ll be happy you’re gone.”

Nightwing interjected, “What am I doing wrong?”

“You? Have you seen Bludhaven? It’s corrupt to the core. Everyone is either part of a gang or dead. I’m sure you’re unaware but your actions in trying to stop the drug trades and gang fights are causing them to kill even more. That’s the way that cities live. You can’t go in there in glowing spandex and hope to magically fix it overnight! It’s not the gangs that are the problem. It’s the economy,” Her eyes narrowed into Nightwing as she hissed, “There’s no other way to earn money or survive. You all keep meddling in the thing you don’t understand, think you’ll fix them because you know more. But I don’t think you’ve ever stopped to consider that the things are that way for a reason?”

Tim stopped Jason’s fist clenching. Tim wasn’t sure if the guy was feeling anger or guilt or something else. But she wasn’t entirely wrong either. Especially for Tim. He grew up rich, he got adopted rich. He didn’t know what it was like in the slums.



But he did know one thing.

“Erasing use isn’t going to fix your problem either,” Tim stated in his typically blunt and cold fashion. “Aren’t you doing almost the same thing you’re accusing us of? You say that we never bothered to understand how your world works, but have you ever tried to think of how our world works?”

Tim stepped forward, pressing his advantage as he could see that he'd thrown the girl off guard.

“You only see us as masks. As symbols. But I don’t know if you realize...we’re people too. We’re not different from you. We don’t want to kill. We make mistakes. We mess up. Sometimes...sometimes he has to see our loved ones killed as well. But we want to stop that. We want to have fewer people having to go through what you have. You say what we’re doing is wrong. That we’re solving the problem in the wrong way. But aren’t you running away from the problem? Wouldn’t erasing us just send you back to square one? Why can’t you tell us how to do it correctly? After all, doing this won’t make you better than us, or those killers who murdered your family.”

“Also, you’re pretty new at this whole stuff aren’t you?” Jason asked, keeping his voice level nonchalant. Pretending at the earlier conversations had no bearing on his mental state at all.

“Huh, what do you mean?”

“Well, I’ll give you a 10/10 on villain monologuing, but 0/10 for paying attention to your surroundings.”

Jason nodded at Damian who yanked hard on a string, causing multiple snaps to sound on the rooftop around them. Wires came snapping inwards, trapping the girl in a spiderweb of string, unable to move unless she wanted her limbs cut off by the wire.

“So,” Tim smiled at her, sitting down on the ground near her. “You’re going to help me on this blueprint while those guys try to get to the machine.”

“What.”

---

“Why are we suddenly changing coordinates? Why are we going to Gotham?” Cassie demanded, looking wildly between the uncharacteristically stoic faces of Roy and Wally. “We just got back, where are you going?” She threw at Conner, who was preparing to fly somewhere on his own.

They had just arrived back at the tower. On the ship, Roy and Wally had suddenly grown as quiet and serious as Kon. Now, Kon, and Wally, it appeared, were preparing to rush off somewhere while Roy was rerouting the jet to somewhere in Gotham.

Wally regarded her impassively, “We have information on a drop on some villains in Gotham. We’re going to help. You can choose to come or not.”

“This is too sudden but of course I’m coming! We’re a team!” Cassie glanced around at the gathered teens around her. “If it’s a group of villains, I think we all should come.”

“Sure. Wally, Kon, you two go on ahead, I’ll get these guys with the jet,” Roy ordered curtly, nodding at each person he mentioned.

Wally and Kon didn’t need to be told twice, in a blink, they were gone.

---

Nightwing, Red Hood, and Robin were gathered around the roof window the warehouse on 42nd street had. It appeared that the people inside haven't been alerted to their presence yet, which was good.

Red Robin was on the rooftop a little way off, with a tied up mage being forced into helping him decode some magic on some blueprints.

This was the scene that Captain Marvel and Superboy (2) arrived upon. The two young boys—one parading as a full-grown man—looked at each other before wordlessly deciding to approach Tim, deeming him the safe option.

The teen looked up when he sensed their approach and eagerly waved them over. “Marvel, Superboy! Perfect. Superboy, you go back up those three idiots over there,” Tim gestured vaguely in the other’s direction, “And Cap, you’re gonna help me with this until they need help or something.”

“Yes sir,” The two chimed. Billy settled down next to Tim, listening as the older boy began explaining what was on screen.

Jon drifted over to the other batboys. Damian noticed him first.

“Ah, Kent, you’re here.”

Jon smiled at Damian. “Yup, so what’s happening?”

Jason pointed at the window and scooted over to Jon and peer through as well. The super noticed the collection of villains all gathered inside and his eyebrows promptly shot up in alarm.

Then, at that very moment, one of the double doors to the warehouse swung up and Black Manta strode inside.

“Those pesky Leaguers were poking their noses where it doesn’t belong in Atlantis,” The masked man announced with his arrival, “It took longer than expected to avoid them.”

“Nevermind that, you’re here now, we can start the meeting,” Lex said with his uncomfortably smooth and friendly voice. “Why doesn’t our guest go first?”

A man, maybe in his late thirties, walked up near Lex. He was dressed in an army jacket (plenty of room to hide weapons, Damian noted) and jeans. He had a small beard growing in but otherwise looked well put together.

“I am going to erase the Justice League from existence.” His voice was strong, his statement even more so. All at once, the villains started talking, shouting actually Klarion seemed excited by the idea, Manta was clearly confused, Lex seemed smug and Ra’s had his typical mask of indifference.

“Damian, Damian, look!” Jon whispered frantically, pointing at something.

“At what?” Robin snapped, unable to follow his friend’s finger’s target.

“Black Manta! On his shoulder!”

Dick was the first to spot it. “It’s a tracker,” The eldest breathed.

“Oh no,” Jason intoned, suddenly understanding. “Manta didn’t escape the JLA, they let him leave to use him as a beacon.”

Dick turned on his comm to Tim, “Hey, Red, it looks like we might have some company soon.”

“What does that mean, Wing?”

“It means that the JLA has a tracker on one of our guys over here. And we believe they might be on their way-”

“Heeeeeeeey!”

“Oh geezus! Wally, be quiet!”

“Is that Wally? Oh yeah, I see him. Where Kon?”

When he looked over, Tim could see the red and silver suit of the second Flash, who seemed to have just arrived and announced his arrival by flinging himself over his boyfriend’s shoulders.

“Here,” Kon’s voice came from somewhere behind Tim. Tim turned and lo-and-behold, Jon’s brother all there in his leather jacket glory, grinning down at Tim.

“Where Arsenal?”

“On his way with Wonder Girl’s jet,” Kon answered simply, “And possibly the rest of the Young Justice teens.”

“Ugh, great. Well, if this succeeds we won't be needing our covers anyways.”

## Chapter End Notes

Also, I can't do weeklys as evidently proven to me by the past month, so this tory will have to be put onto a bi-monthly update schedule. ):

So...every other Saturday will be the update dates.

# Pirates of the Carribean

## Chapter Summary

I once again revert back to the crack origins of this fic.

## Chapter Notes

3am on Sunday...with 5% left battery on my computer...not too bad. Nvm, comp died while writing author's notes, had to run out of my room to charge it...D:

FINALS HAVE DESCENDED UPON US DURING THIS EPIDEMIC. What a time to be alive.

\*weak cheer\* Wooo...Calc BC in three days. T^T

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There's this thing called tact. Tim's pretty sure Dick and his boyfriend never heard of it. Honestly, Tim doesn't even know how they got to this point. But first, he should address what happened before anyways.

Tim ran through all the information he knew with Billy while the super nodded along and warily watched the tied up witch.

"I don't know much about machinery, Red Robin sir-" Billy started, only to be interrupted when Tim blanched at 'sir'.

"Please never say that again."

"Oh, okay. But as I was saying, I don't know much about robotics or coding so I'm not sure how much help I'll be."

Tim shook his head, "Don't worry about that, I just need you to figure out the magic stuff going on here." He then turned to address Kon. "You should go over to help my brothers. Also maybe catch Roy up when he gets here."

Kon saluted and flew off, leaving Tim with the mages.

"Okay you two, let's get cracking."

---

Kon flew up to the others, keeping himself out of a view from the window.

He joined them, settling next to Jon. No one made any indication that his arrival surprised them.

“Plan?” The super prompted.

Dick nodded, “We’re hoping to have two teams, team A will burst through the front door as a distraction while team B will drop in from this window to approach the machine. Hopefully when we need to act this plan out, Tim and Billy would have figured out the machine and Marvel can help team A.”

“I’m going to assume that me, Jon, and you will be on team A as well?”

Dick nodded. “Wally, Jason, and Damian will sneak in. Wally’s quick and the other two did have ninja training after all. Possibly Tim will go with them, we’ll see.”

Kon hummed in contemplation before asking, “And what do we do if the League or Titan arrive?”

Someone elbowed his side and Kon turned to face Jason who had a grin plastered on his face. “We wing it, as usual.”

Kon grimaced, “Well, I think Roy’s kinda here.” The super could indeed hear the jet pull in on a rooftop not too far away.

“Figures our luck would turn out that way,” Wally shrugged, sounding nonchalant by the turn of events. He had an arm wound around Dick, and in return, the bird was tucked flush to the speedster’s side. Damian cast a look over the two and blanched. Jon snickered at his side.

“Tim told me to catch Roy up when he gets here so I’m going to head on over, you guys keep tabs over here.” Kon explained and the others nodded.

It wasn’t hard to locate Roy, the team wasn’t exactly quiet. Kon touched down on the roof just as they began filing out of the jet.

Roy saw him first. “How's it looking?”

“There's a lot of them,” Conner informed him seriously, “Ra’s, Klarion, Manta, Lex, just to name a few.”

“Would you mind telling me what is happening?” Cassie demanded, butting into the conversation.

“You didn’t tell her?” Kon asked Roy. Roy shrugged.

“Not everything, I mean, what am I supposed to say?”

“Oh, that’s fair,” Kon sighed, “Okay, follow me and don’t freak out.”

Kon led them over to Tim’s rooftop, landing with a soft shuffle to alert Tim. Tim had his back when everyone arrived at the rooftop, so they didn’t recognize him at first.

In a strange moment of deja vu, Tim slowly turned around, “I’ve been expecting you.”

Everyone except Roy and Kon immediately went on the defensive, sliding into fight stances.

Tim rolled his eyes while Captain Marvel at his side held his hands up in a surrender pose. “Roy, had Kon told you the plan yet?”

All the head swiveled to the two called out, noting their relaxed posture. Roy shook his head, “I think it’ll be better if you explained, Red.”

“YOU’RE WORKING WITH THEM?!” Cassie glanced frantically between Tim and Kon and Roy with a twinge of desperation in her gaze.

Tim sighed, “I know what you’re thinking, so, no. We did not brainwash them.”

“Why should we believe you?” Gar growled from the back.

“You really don’t have another choice,” Tim turned with an over-dramatic flick of his cape.

“Marvel, you got it figured out?”

Captain Marvel nodded, holding a computer out to Tim. “Yeah, I think I got it.”

“Cool, then we should go help the others,” Tim stated flatly, unbothered by his audience. Marvel scooped up the older boy and floated off, only casting a quick glance at them.

Cassie grabbed both Roy and Kon before they moved over to follow Tim. “What did they tell you? Are they blackmailing you? You can’t possibly be joining up with them too, right?” It was clear that this girl was distressed and all the sudden (what she perceived as) betrayals were taking their toll on her emotional stability.

Bart was also not doing so well thinking that both of his best friends were evil. The rest of the team also looked to be in various stages of shock, disbelief, and betrayal.

“Look, it isn’t what you think it is and you all really need to snap out of your black and white thinking,” Kon said as he pulled free of her grip. “You have it backwards. I’m not brainwashed. You are.”

Cassie recoiled. “I-what?” Roy took this chance to slip out of her grasp as well, for normally, the girl’s strength would have Roy indefinitely trapped.

“The general gist of it: Your memory has been altered. You forgot about the Robins. The end. Now-”

Something exploded behind Kon. Said super pinched the bridge of his nose. “Please don’t tell me that the warehouse behind me just exploded.”

Bart winced, looking behind Kon. “The warehouse behind you didn’t explode?” His voice rose in pitch at the end, clearly lying.

Conner looked Roy dead in the eye and muttered, “Ten bucks Jason got trigger happy.”

“Twenty it was Dick and Wally.”

The two paused for a second staring at each other.

“We should go help.”

“We should.”

Cassie and the other team member's head swiveled back as fourth in the exchange like watching a tennis match, but clearly not following. Roy and Kon didn't bother to enlighten her, only holding their unofficial staring contest for a little longer.

Jon shot up to them in that instance, startling those who didn't see him coming. "Ra's and Lex brought a whole army! The plan is completely thrown out the window."

Roy cursed while Kon sighed. There's the predictable unpredictability about working with the batboys. It was strangely familiar, albeit unwelcome.

Not a minute later, the entirety of the team was dragged into the fight, well, closer to the fight.

There was a clear epicenter if the fight, a direction all the ninja and other goon were running towards. And...was that an alien? Not that Kon had any right to judge.

"Is that Wally?" Cassie shouted, pointing at a figure in the fight. It was indeed Wally West, who was fighting back to back with Dick as they worked wordlessly and flawlessly together.

"Yeah," Roy answered her, even though it was fairly obvious, with the fiery red hair and signature second Flash suit. "But what's more important is probably that machine there."

Kon nodded in agreement, "Red's figured out how to reverse the effects, we just need to follow his orders on how to reconfigure the machine to do so."

"Ugh, this will be fun."

Cassie cut in again, "You guys treat this as if it's normal."

Wally zoomed on by, eliciting to answer that, "It kinda is, Wonder Girl."

"Just help with keeping this mass of goons back, okay?" Kon asked, before diving in and joining the fray.

The team really didn't have another choice in the matter. Afterall, Ra's and Lex and all the other villains were still their enemies.

Cassie quickly realized that these guys were eerily similar to those untiring monsters from the gala. While these guys seemed to go down, more just kept appearing and it got to the point that Cassie was thinking they just recovered after being out of commission for a while.

It also kind of scared her how easy it was to work with the birds. Especially Tim with the bo staff and thrown star-thingys.

They were getting tired but it seemed the numbers were going down.

---

The batboys plus friends all crowded around that one window, waiting to the right moment to strike.

It really was just a careless error. Someone within the room had looked up, caught sight of the silhouettes in the skylight, and alerted all the other villains.

Cover blown, Dick signaled Jason to set off the explosives before the villains could do anything. Wally grabbed Dick, Jon got Damian, Captain got Tim and Jason, pulling them all from the blast

zone.

Klarion had floated up to them. “Erasing you would be boring,” The bringer of chaos declared, “I don't like their plan, but I would enjoy watching it unfold.”

“Hey, Klarion?” Billy called out.

“Hm?” Klarion didn't look up at Captain, more focused on petting his cat. Billy wasn't deterred by that, more or less used to it.

“Thanks for not advocating to kill my friends, but it would be nice if you stayed out of the way-”

“Oh, of course, I don't plan to help those clusters of brain-dead fossils, I just plan to watch.”

Billy gave a thumbs up and left Klarion alone. Sometimes, the boy's uncanny ability to befriend things terrified Tim.

Tim didn't dwell on it, instead, he dropped down when Captain got close enough to the floor and turned to address their group of villains. “You don't have your mage. You don't have Klarion. How do you plan on activating your machine?”

The new guy scoffed, “Do you think that girl was the only one that knew arcane arts? Llaberif!”

Jason cursed as he ducked under the fireball that came flying out at him.

Billy hummed and quickly muttered to Tim, “His magic is weak and novice, it would take a significant amount of time for him to pull off anything as complex as the magic used in the machine.”

“Good to know.”

That's when ninjas and enhanced humans alike began leaking into the room.

Dick was quick to react, his many years as a vigilante paying off for once. “Jon, go inform the others on what's happening. Rest of you, prepare to fight, we just need to get through to the machine.”

---

Wally loved watching Dick fight. Well, he loved watching his boyfriend do anything, really. But the way Dick danced around his opponents, using his inhumane flexibility to twist out of reach, frustrating his adversaries, it was just so incredibly hot. The spandex did not help.

But it was that feeling of fighting side by side, in sync, that was the most amazing. Wally just really loved this man. He wanted to spend the rest of his life with said person.

So, at that moment, Wally made a decision.

“Hey Dick,” Wally called out over all the fighting, catching the attention of the figure fighting back to back with him. Dick grunt out an acknowledgement, prompting Wally to continue. However, the speedster had to send a goon who was getting too close flying first.

“Marry me.”



Dick made an indescribable noise before finally choking out, “What?”

Wally paused to dig through his food pouch to pull out something. It was a red velvet box. Wally had actually stopped by their apartment earlier to grab it, there wasn't a specific reason, he didn't actually plan on proposing during a fight. It was just nice to carry around, he supposed.

“I said. Will you marry me?”

Dick gasped, hands flying to cover his blush that was beginning to build up. He had to pull a hand away to whack a goon that was sneaking up to him, but his eyes never left the box Wally was holding.

Wally opened the box to reveal that simple black ring he's been carrying around for forever. He never really thought he would end up proposing in this fashion but no better time than the present, right?

Wally considered getting on one knee to make it more romantic but Dick's “Hell yeah!” stopped him when the man barrelled both of them over. Dick planted a quick kiss on Wally's lips. The redhead laughed and pulled out the sleek black ring, tugging a glove off Dick's hand to slip it on. Nice, it was a perfect fit.

“Congratulations, but really bad time there!” Tim's dry and unimpressed voice cut into the moment, followed by a ninja swinging a katana wildly.

Jason's bark of laughter was clear above the fight somehow, “They finally did it! Oh that took so long!”

So, Tim would like to reiterate. Dick and his boyfriend, sorry, fiancé, had absolutely no tact at all. But he was glad for them, excited even. Possibly even help with the wedding plans. But first, he needed to FREAKING FIX THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE. PRIORITY, DICK.

## Chapter End Notes

We're nearing the end y'all! Thank you all for sticking around for so long and commenting on these chapters.

Honestly, without them, I would've dropped this fic ages ago, so I'm just really thankful for all of you.

This would be the first work (of this length) I have ever finished so I'm pretty elated. ^-^

Love you all!

# Stalemate (just like my brain, halp)

## Chapter Summary

Second to last chapter bois

Ya can guess what goes down right?

## Chapter Notes

If you haven't already guessed, I had the worst case of writer's block churning out this chapter.

I don't know when Ill update next and I don't want to make promises I can't keep but I know what I want to write so...we'll see.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Justice League did not expect this when they arrived at the place their tracker stopped at. The rundown warehouse was pure chaos. There were bodies strewn across every surface of the building.

And in the middle of the chaos was a gaggle of teen and pre-teen heroes, bickering and shouting over the ongoing fight. In all honesty, the scene looked more like a high school party aftermath than a battlefield for some reason.

“What is Jon doing here?” Clark exclaimed upon seeing the scene. They were a decent way away, far enough that the kids haven’t noticed them yet. Clark’s superhuman eyesight made it simple for him to spot his son fighting in the mass, along with...was that Ghul?

Upon further inspection, there was a cluster of villains fighting against and with the children. Which wasn’t worrying at all. Nope.

“Jon? Your kid?” Oliver parroted, squinting in the direction Clark was facing. “Whew, looks like chaos over there! You sure you're seeing right?”

Clark shot the archer a deadpan stare, unimpressed. "Yeah, and I also see Roy. Back to back with Red Hood."

Oliver blinked. "Okay, now I know you're pulling my leg."

They crept closer to the scene, trying to avoid alerting the people within the building.

"Tim, my boy, can you pass me that computer?" Lex's voice drifted to the super's enhanced hearing.

Tim? Lex was speaking as if he expected Tim to obey him. Superman turned on his x-ray vision to look through the wall at the scene inside.

Tim was standing there, in an unfamiliar suit, holding a computer. Behind him stood Ghul, Red Hood, and Talon, well, Nightwing. Same person. Also Red Hood was wearing a leather jacket and boots rather than his usual suit? Ghul was dressed like a traffic light rather than in green and gold? Huh, maybe Clark was hallucinating.

Then, the second Flash, Wally West, reached over to grab the Talon's hand, leaned over and planted a kiss on its cheek. Okay, Clark was definitely having a fever dream.

"What? No! Fuck you!" Tim replied, sounding absolutely offended by Lex's tone.

Lex frowned, "Timothy, I taught you all you know. You pledged loyalty to me-"

"Yeaaaah, no can do, buckaroo," Red Hood cut off the man nonchalantly, stepping in front of Tim and holding a gun level with Lex's head. "Now, you keep your mouth shut and your bald head stays where it is."

Tim smirked. "And the player gets played. Checkmate. Better luck next time, Mr. Luthor."

Clark could swear that in those five seconds, Lex's face went through all the stages of grief.

"Can someone help me?" A voice spoke up timidly, Clark turned to see Captain Marvel holding down Grodd and Ivy.

Kon flew over, "Yeah, hold up, incapacitating Ivy is tricky. You either have to knock her out cold or slap an inhibitor collar on her. And see we're fresh out of the latter..." The teen knocked the villainess in the head, hard enough that she went limp in the Captain's arms and the vines crawling up from the floor stopped. Kon then pulled out some rope to help tie Grodd and Ivy up.

Bart and Jaime were struggling to fight Black Manta. The others were busy with the masses of ninjas with weird heartbeats.

Hallucination or not, Clark should help.

Turns out, Barry beat him to it. The speedster had shot on in and tackled the villain to the ground. Clark decided to take a short cut and smash right through the wall. Dust and debris sprayed everywhere in the dark warehouse. He was followed close behind by all the other heroes.

"Superman! Flash!" The Talon seemed to cheer. Which was strange. Clark had never heard a Talon say anything outside of the creepy nursery rhyme and the 'you are sentenced to die' much less express emotions.

Clark and Jon made eye contact from across the battlefield and Jon offered his dad a sheepish shrug.

Barry seemed to want to tackle the Talon as well, only to be stopped by Wally.

This action seemed to put a lull in the fighting as the JLA all seemed to hone in on that action. After all, Talons were deemed one of the most dangerous villains for their skillset and inability to die.

“Move aside!” Barry shouted at this nephew.

“Stop it, he’s on our side!” Wally shouted at the same time the Talon waved its arms and hollered, “Dude, I’m on your side!”

Okay, so either this Talon is just really weird, or Wally is being weird.

“You’re siding with a Talon?” Barry yelled, sounding distraught and disbelieving.

Wally frowned under his mask. “He’s Nightwing, and yes, he’s on our side.”

“So I don’t want to alarm anyone, but I think they called in the big guns,” Kon shouted above the ruckus, pointing up through the destroyed ceiling and at the sky.

The Talon wailed. “Please don’t tell me that’s Darkseid.”

Timothy squinted up at the sky as well. “Hate to break it to you, bro. I think that’s Darkseid,” He stated nonchalantly. “I’m going to go work on that machine now. Make sure nothing distracts me.”

“Stop him!” A man shouted, someone that Clark didn’t recognize, pointing at Tim. A ball of fire followed the teen, only to be stopped by Kon.

“Sorry, man, the leader has spoken!” The super taunted. “He’s not to be disturbed!”

“Hey any of you that can fly, how about you go greet our unwelcome visitors in the sky?” The Talon suggested, in a tone that implied it was more of a command than anything. Clark frowned, why would he listen to a Talon?

However, Kon, Marvel, and Jon seemed to have no qualms whatsoever, as they nodded and shot off.

“The rest of us will clean this up and move it outside.”

Wally and Roy saluted and got to work.

Why was this Talon acting as the leader here?

It seemed Diana had the same concern as she drew her sword out towards the Talon and demanded, “What did you do to them that had them obey all your commands?”

Another sword appeared and pushed Diana’s away from the Talon’s face, level with Ghul, efficiently reversing their position. Ghul was the one holding the blade to Diana and he was scowling. “Back away from Grayson, Prince.”

“And what will you do, Ghul?” Diana snarled back.

Ghul’s nose scrunched and haughty sniffed, “I see where Sandmark gets it from. My name’s Robin. Get it right, you cretin. And if you believe your mediocre swordsmanship can beat mine, you are sorely mistaken.”

“Now now, let’s not fight,” Talon put his hand onto the unsharpened side of Ghul’s sword-katana and gently pushed it down. “We have bigger things to worry about, Robin.”

Robin sheathed his sword with a disgruntled huff, he then spun on his heel and stalked off.

---

Tim darted into the far corners of the warehouse, searching for that giant machine from in his memories. He didn't think it would be hard to miss.

The blueprints were pulled up on his glove computer, ready for Tim to pull up.

Somehow he almost missed it anyways. The mess of machinery and metal was tucked away deep into the shadows that it blended in seamlessly with the bare metals of the building. It looked so unassuming.

Who would've thought this hunk of scrap could basically reset the entire universe?

Tim quickly set to work by plugging in his own computer and hacking open the code.

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This was going to take a while...

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"Oh god, that's an alien invasion," Kon whistled from where he hovered. Marvel, next to him, chuckled nervously.

"Hopefully Tim can get that machine working and activated before this escalated too much," Jon inputs. "Also before Dad questions me too much."

Speak of the devil. Right behind the three were the other flying heroes. Namely Clark, Diana, and Cassie.

"Would either of you like to explain what's happening?" Clark asked a frown on his lips. Kon and Jon glanced between themselves and offered synchronous shrugs, Kon's nonchalant while Jon's was more sheepish.

Cassie decided to fill in with her own version of the events. "They're trying to do something with a machine in the warehouse. Originally the Light had it. They're trying to stop them. Somehow they're teaming up with the Birds. And from the way they fight, the team-up isn't recent either."

"Why does everyone still think the Robins are evil?" Kon threw his arms up, exasperated.

Jon looked at his brothers with a raised eyebrow. "Because they're supposed to?"

"What do you mean we're supposed to?" Cassie parroted, turning her attention back to the Supers.

No one answered her, their focus pulled to the ships that were quickly approaching. They didn't get too close before the black dot started coming out the side of it. From far away, it reminded Kon of those pictures of lotus swarms they would show in history class. Those masses of black bugs that flew on by and devoured everything.

This gave him the same foreboding feelings.

“It's Parademons,” Cassie breathed.

Kon got ready to fight while rolling his eyes. “No shit.”

The winged aliens descended much like those lotus swarms, gnarly, hungry, and with no discrimination.

There was no time to chat with each of them fighting so many foes at once, so conversation ceased.

It didn't take long for the others to join them. Announced by one of Roy's arrows whizzing by near Kon's face, knocking a parademon straight out of the air. The super looked at the source to receive a cheeky thumbs up from his friend.

“How long do you think we can hold them off?” Jason shouted from the ground, glancing worriedly at his ammunition.

Kon hollered back, taking a breather now that more people are here. “I'm not sure, but as long as we can!”

“That's not very clear!”

“Too bad!”

Wally paused next to Kon. He pointed at Dick who was elegantly fighting for multiple aliens at once. “That's my fiance.”

Kon stared at him flatly. “Please don't tell me this is going to be a thing.”

Dick seemed to feel the eyes on him as he turned to catch their eyes. He waved at Wally and blew a kiss in his direction. Kon groaned and decided it was a great time to rejoin the fight.

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The computer beeped as Tim looked up from the small device he was building. Now that the encryptions and firewalls are completely down, it's just a matter of rewriting the goal of the code, which shouldn't be too hard.

He was right. The rest took him less than ten minutes to have the machine fully ready and prepared to fire.

Just one final thing. Tim pulled out the large crystal Billy gave him earlier and slid it into the slot in the machine. It fit perfectly.

Tim couldn't say if his adrenaline came from excitement or nervousness. Maybe both.

He grabbed the device he made while he waited. It was a wireless remote that he connected to the machine. This way, he could activate it without having to be at the machine itself.

With everything ready, Tim ran outside to inform the others.

It seemed he was just in time.

No one seemed too terribly injured, but many of them were clearly tired or out of ammunition.

Tim waved his arms and shouted over the fight. His voice wasn't one of the loud kinds so it took a while to get their attention.

"It's ready!"

"What's ready?" Gar sounded worried. Tim didn't elaborate.

Dick's eyebrows rose. "Shit, it is?"

"Yeah, although I'm pretty sure no one but us with memories will remember this-"

"You're erasing our memories?!" Cassie shrieked, alarmed. "I thought you were helping us!"

"Stop him!" Clark shouted.

Ah, misunderstandings. Such a wonderful thing.

Before anyone overreacted anymore, Tim pressed the button.

The world turned white.

## Chapter End Notes

We're almost there folks.

(So I've gotten into Jojos recently, if you couldn't tell, idk, and so any works I post in the future might be that just warning ya'll)

# Tim finally gets some sleep

## Chapter Summary

Just some aftermath fluff. This is the end bois!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wally woke up in a familiar bed, staring at a familiar baby blue ceiling. Dick was wrapped in his typical octopus style around him, slow breaths tickling Wally's neck.

Was that crazy mess just one giant dream? That would suck because that means he and Dick aren't engaged yet.

Oh! Wait...Wally shifted so he could see Dick's right hand and, yup! There it was, the sleek black ring.

So it was real. Wally turned to look at his fiance's face, only to find two blue eyes staring right back at him and a grin plastered on Dick's face. He then ducked down to nuzzle into Wally's side.

"Mornin'," The younger hero mumbled into Wally's shirt.

Wally felt a grin stretch onto his own face. "We did it. We fixed it."

"We did," Dick confirmed, "Now, I want to sleep more."

Unfortunately, his plans were interrupted by his phone ringing. Dick looked up, scowling while Wally laughed at his fiance's misery.

Dick slapped the nightstand blindly looking for his phone and picking it up once he found it.

"You better have a good reason for waking me up," Dick grouched into the receiver.

The voice on the other line sounded young, but Wally didn't catch what they said. Instead, the gingered spent the time staring at Dick's blue eyes.

Dick's expression softened as he listened to the other talk before finally answering. "Huh, I can't say I didn't expect that. But I didn't know you would remember."

Pause again. A chuckle.

"Oh, well, that's strange and cool. Tim would probably be interested."

Pause.

Dick laughed, "Thanks! Have a good day, Billy."



“What did he say? It sounded like he remembered?” Wally nudged Dick.

The raven shook his head. “Nah, he said he just felt the need to check up on us for some reason. Must have to do with his magic. He just has this gut feeling or something. He said he might go talk to Tim.”

“Huh,” Wally rolled over onto his back. “It's strangely surreal that we'll be the only ones to remember that whole fiasco.”

Dick hummed softly in agreement.

“Oh speaking of which,” Dick sat up in the bed, “Actually this is off-topic, but I just remembered.” The twisted around to reach into the drawer of his bedside table and pulled out a little box.

Wally's eyes widened.

Dick chuckled and rubbed his neck, doing a weak jazz hand with the one holding the box, “Ta-da, I also have one for you!”

---

Tim woke up in his own apartment in Gotham. A glance at the clock indicated that it was five in the morning, the time his body was hardwired to be up and about. Tim yawned, some things never change.

Tim decided that he's going to take a nice long nap after checking in with everyone about the whole ordeal.

Tim pulled out his phone and began scrolling through his contacts. He probably shouldn't call Dick or Jason right now, seeing as they're most likely not awake, or would be very annoyed at being woken up. As he was contemplating who would be awake at the ass crack of dawn like him, his phone rang.

A call from Billy.

He answered. “Hey, what's up?”

“Hi, Tim! I just got off the phone with Dick. He told me to tell you.”

Tim hummed to indicate for the younger boy to continue.

“So I have this weird feeling that I needed to check in with you...” The boy started slowly, “Some hazy not-memory but hunch about something with magic and stuff, I guess.”

Tim chuckled lightly, “Huh, that's pretty neat.”

Billy made a questioning noise.

So, for the nth time in his life, Tim recounted the events. This time, it was significantly less exasperating. He even looked back on some moments with amusement. Billy hung onto every word, feeling the concept of it being rather surreal. The younger boy had just completely forgotten that giant mess like it never even happened despite how much chaos it caused.

So weird.

Tim shrugged and told the boy “it was what it was. Plus, it's a good thing people don't remember, there were way too many other villains that knew our identities than I would be comfortable with.”

“Ah, that's true,” Billy laughed.

They bid their farewells and hung up the phone. Tim glance at his bedside clock again, noting that it was now six. He should probably actually get ready now. It'll be a good idea to set up a meeting.

He rolled off his bed, not very gracefully, and headed for the bathroom to wash up.

After washing up and feeling much better, Tim pulled out his phone to set up a meeting with all of the JLA and Teen Titans and Young Justice and whatever hero he could think of that was involved.

‘Got something big to share. Meeting at HQ in two hours. This is for everyone. Not an emergency or anything, though.’

He sent the message.

---

“WHEN DID YOU TWO GET ENGAGED?”

Barry's shout of disbelief and betrayal was the first thing Tim heard when he arrived at the base later in the morning.

The older speedster was holding Dick and Wally's hands, staring intently at the rings. A few others were scattered about partially watching the situation with amusement.

“Wally you didn't tell me you were going to do it! We could've made it so cool!”

Tim announced his arrival by butting into the conversation, “It was the most dramatic thing I've ever seen, don't you worry, Barry.”

“What? I wasn't invited?” Now Barry sounded even more betrayed by his nephew.

Tim, just to confuse the man even more, decided to tack on, “Oh, you were there. You just don't remember.”

Kon and Jon arrived together, the younger being courteous enough to clear his throat to notify everyone of their presence.

“Ay, Tim!” Kon cheered, “You're no longer a mole!”

“WHAT?” Bart shouted from the other side of the room, zipping over to his best friends. “Come again?”

Tim laughed, patting the boy on his shoulder, “You'll understand soon.”

Bart pouted.

Damian turned out to be just a few paces behind Jon and the two preteens were now quietly talking about something in the corner. Tim paid them no mind.

He was just waiting on Jason and Roy now.

A minute passed. Then two. It was already ten minutes past the proposed meeting time and Tim got impatient.

He called Jason.

“Yo, Timbo, what’s up?” Tim could hear the wind in the background. Maybe he was driving?

“Where are you? Meeting today?”

Jason hummed, “Yeah, I’m on my way.” A gunshot in the background. Some faint shouting. Tim frowned.

“Jason,” Tim said flatly, clearly, Jason was in a fight or something.

It took a few seconds for Jason to respond, and when he did he sounded somewhat out of breath. “Ah, kinda busy right now-”

“I’m not afraid to sic someone after your ass. This is important.”

“I know, I know. Just start without me. I’ll be there soon.”

Tim let out a long breath, “Fine.” He tried to put every ounce of annoyance in his body into that one word and hoped Jason understood. Tim hung up. Glancing up, he noted that Roy had arrived so he guessed he could start.

“So, a little while ago, Dick, Jason, Damian and I found something while patrolling Gotham...

...

“-and then everything faded away and the next thing I knew, I woke up in my own bed.”

“Hey, sorry I’m late to the party! What did I miss?” A familiar baritone cut into the conversation without a care in the world. Tim turned to see Jason, jacket covered with traces of dried blood, and a cheeky grin plastered on his face. Tim felt a vein twitch in his forehead. He turned to greet his brother, leaving the others to mull over the tale that Tim just told them.

“Jason,” Tim greeted sweetly through gritted teeth. “Nice of you to finally join us.”

The man rolled his eyes, “Not my fault I had a run-in with some drug traders on the way over,” Jason shrugged, “You got it handled anyways, right?”

“Like I believe that for a second. You were late for well over an hour. Well, what did you find out? Is the machine still there? Do any of the villains remember?”

Jason let out a sigh with a grin. “Guess nothing gets past ya, Timmers. And nope. None of them remember. The machine is gone without a trace too.”

“What proof do you guys have then?” Cassie asked, more curious than inquisitive.

Tim grinned, holding up his arm, “This.”

“What,” Uttered at least half of the room.

“Oh, I didn’t turn it on,” Tim then proceeded to turn on the computer in his arm guard, a holoscreen popping up with a blueprint to something.

Bruce’s eyes narrowed into the images and finally muttered, “Send that to me.” Tim nodded. Then, seeing nothing further to discuss in front of the League, Batman spun around, cape flaring dramatically and made his exit.

Before he left through the zeta tube, however, he turned to his kids and said, “Be at the manor at seven. Alfred is making dinner.” Before anyone could respond, he was gone.

“Gah, stupid old man. Can’t he just say he misses us and wants to have a family dinner like a normal human being?” Jason threw his hands up into the air.

Barry, having finally finished processing the story, turns to face Dick and Wally. “That engagement doesn’t count. We’re doing it again. Also, when are you guys planning on having your wedding?”

Wally’s eyes widened at the mad glint in his uncle’s gaze. The redhead grabbed his fiancée’s hand and screamed, “RUN!” and booked it out of there in a red and yellow streak, closely followed by another.

Clark walked up to Tim and placed a hand on his shoulder. “You did good work, son. You have my thanks for watching those two troublemakers over there.” The super tilts his head in the direction of his sons, who were in the middle of trying to convince Damian to do something.

Tim laughed, “They’re my friends, that’s a given. On a whole other note, however, I really need sleep.”

“WOAH, the great Timothy Drake admitting he needs sleep?” Bart shouted dramatically, speeding up next to his friend to put a palm on his forehead. “We’re not still stuck in some weird made-up world right?”

Tim swatted the hand away. “I get to indulge myself every once in a while.” Kon happened to pull up behind the two and put an arm around both their heads.

“On coffee? Or sleep? Because the implication of either is not exactly healthy.”

Bart laughed.

Tim nodded to himself, the unbeknownst tension finally ebbing away from his frame, seeing how everything is as it should be.

---

Tim ended up having a decently long conversation with Bruce over the entire ordeal. But it wasn’t just Bruce. Sometime in the middle, Stephanie, Cass, Duke, and Babs popped in to listen to the storytime. Tim turned the tone from analytical to adventure story for them. All the way up until dinner time. The group didn’t even realize time had passed so quickly, it was because of Dick, who made a huge ruckus descending into the Batcave.

“DINNER TIME YOU, WORKAHOLICS! Everyone is here-Oh, wait, everyone’s down here.”

Half faked, Tim let Dick drag him out of the cave, with Bruce trailing behind, an amused expression on his face. The rest of them followed.

At the dinner table, Dick proposed a toast.

“A toast to not being on the League’s villain list anymore!” The eldest of them cheered. The rest of them laughed at that and agreed.

Time leaned back into the chair and sighed, “It’s nice to just be able to sit together and eat like this, ya know?”

“Yeah,” Jason agreed, “Even for me, that situation was not as enjoyable as I would have hoped.”

Damian stayed stubbornly quiet on the matter, but Tim could tell the little gremlin was infinitely more relaxed than he has been for the past months.

The atmosphere in the room was something like Thanksgiving dinner. Everyone was talking loudly, Alfred prepared a feast and it was nice.

They were finishing dinner when Stephanie said, “I think my favorite thing that they did was pretending to blow up Damian,” She pointed her fork in Tim’s direction.

She managed to catch Damian’s attention, instead of Tim’s, however. The boy’s head whipped up to face the girl with a scowl on his face. “Was that a challenge, Brown? I’ll blow you up!”

“I’d like to see you try!”

Damian was shooting across the dinner table with the eating knife in his hand, despite Dick’s best effort to hold the boy. Jason had his phone out to record the fight that ensued. Tim sighed. Cass went in to help break up the fight while Duke looked like he was questioning his life choices.

“Jason! Send me the vid later!” Babs called from her seat over the shouting. Jason gave her a thumbs up without looking away from his phone.

Tim stood up from his seat and took his dirty plate into the kitchen, where he was greeted by Alfred.

“I will take that, Master Timothy,” The butler took the items from the boy swiftly, before he could protest. “You appear tired, I must insist you rest. I have prepared a room for you upstairs.”

As if on cue, Tim yawned. The boy grinned at the elder man, who had a knowing twinkling in his eyes.

“I think I’ll take you up on the offer, Alfred. Thanks. Wake me up only if the world is somehow ending again.”

With that, Tim left the chaos behind him and went upstairs to sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

WE MADE IT. EXTREMELY DELAYED BUT WE MADE IT!

(if you want to know what I've been up to, it's one word: Applications. College apps are a bitch ahfdjkal. Also like [art](#) and stuff.)

KUDOS IF YOU MADE IT THIS FAR AND YOU OWN MY HEART. I LOVE YA'LL. I never would've made it this far without all the support you guys kept giving me. This is by far the longest pier of writing I have ever done and I'm low-key really emotional rn

## End Notes

Updates every Saturday! (Well, I try to at least.)

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